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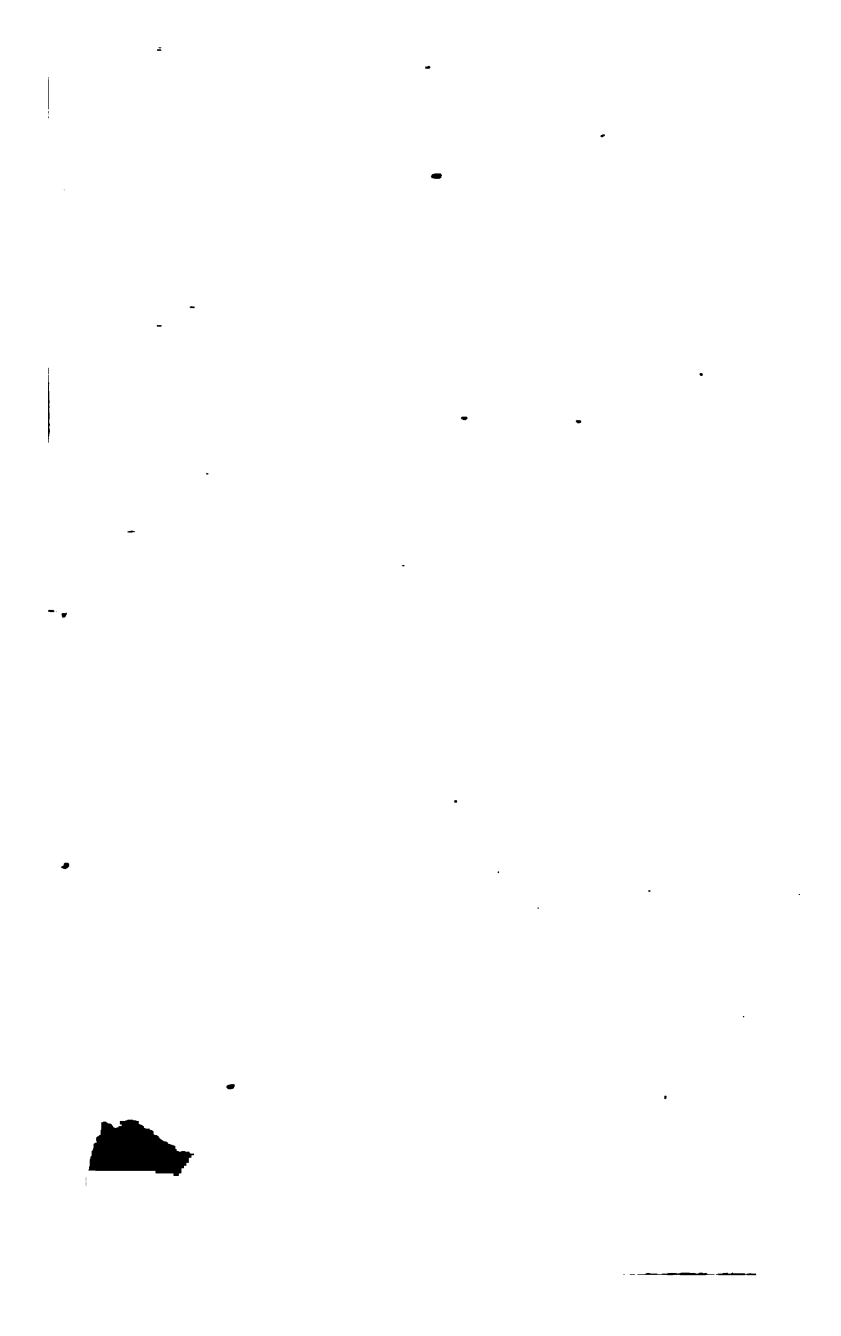
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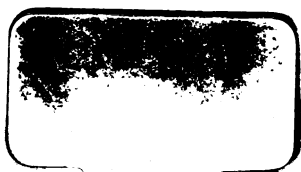
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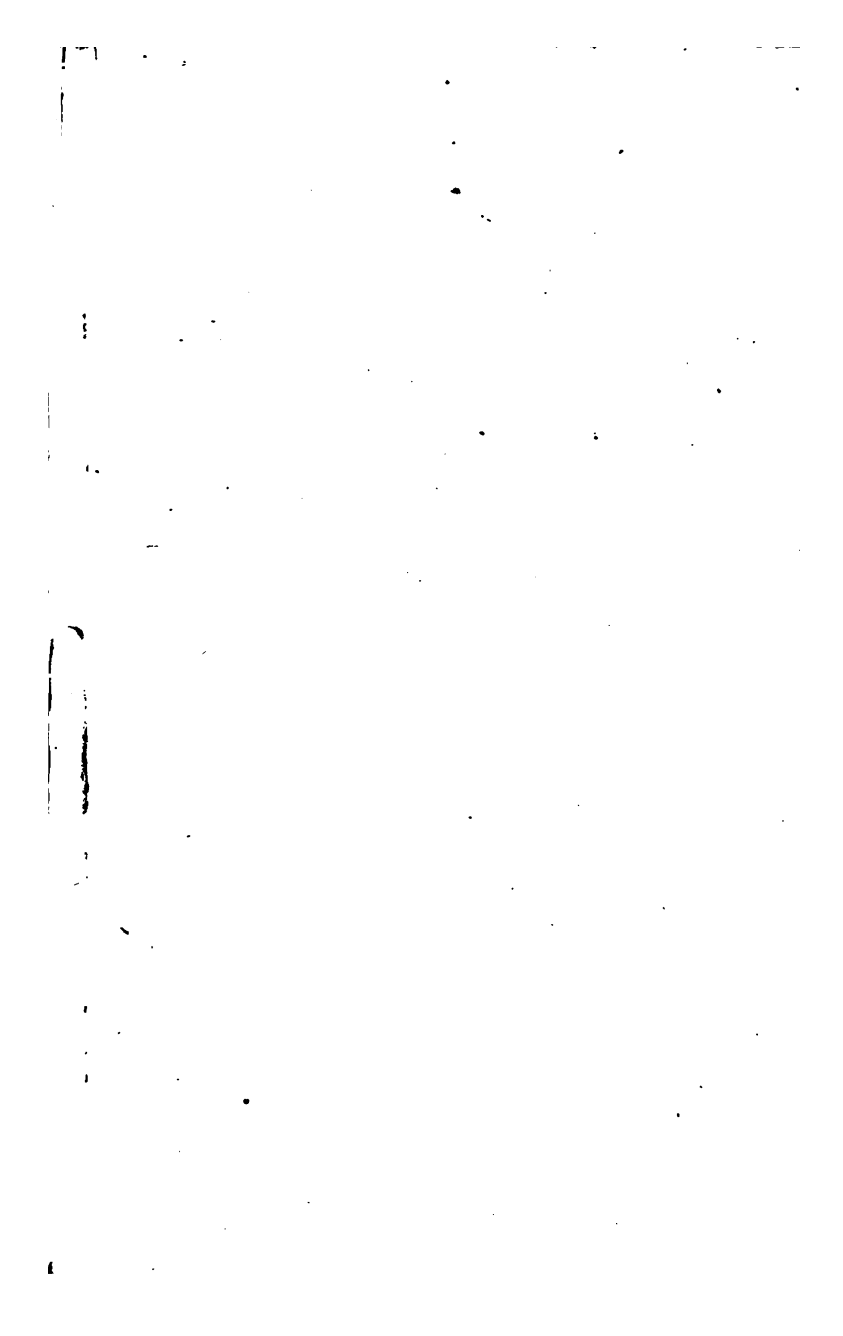






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JACK HAZLITT, A.M.

(COMPANION VOLUME OF "AILEY MOORE.")

A HIBERNO-AMERICAN STORY.

IN WHICH

THE INDISPUTABLE ADVANTAGES OF UNSECTARIAN
EDUCATION AND FREE THOUGHT ARE ILLUSTRATED,
AND SOME STARTLING SCENES, AT HOME AND
ABROAD, ARE SET FORTH.

BY

RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D.D.,

DEAN OF LIMERICK.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu."

Hor., Ep. 2, lib. i.

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PREFACE.



T is pretty well known that the story presented in this volume was intended for the *Irish Monthly*, and, for the most part, was published in that magazine. In developing the tale, the author found that the time required for completing it would be too protracted for a monthly periodical, and he, therefore, retained such portions of the novel as could be withheld without injuring the unity of the work. The whole tale is now presented to the public in the hope that it will, to some extent, perform the mission upon which it has been sent.

In more than one place it is stated that "JACK HAZLITT, A.M.," is founded on fact: and that statement is quite true. Hazlitt himself was a real character; and was really—as he appears to have been—a victim to circumstances. The deeds for which he suffered are not at all exaggerated; nor even the singular combination of "confessions" in the court which sealed the fate of the unhappy pirates. Hazlitt pleaded under a false name—denied that he could read or

write—and, by a skilful management of the circumstances which were gathered together by the reporters, he rendered any discovery of who he was or whence he came an utter impossibility. The author was by his side during his last hours ; and the wonderful calmness of his manner when he refused the chances of a run for freedom proved him to have possessed at least the courage a hero.

The circumstances and the facts of the piracy and murders are known to hundreds still living : all other facts and circumstances, though in the main true and real, did not come within the life of the hero, or indeed of any one man. The only things which are to be regarded as historically exact are the awful scenes on board the *Caliph*—the awful retribution which followed—and the fact that the only repository of the pirate's name was the clergyman who prepared him for death. We may add that the unfortunate young man had not reached his five-and-twentieth year, and that no one on board the ship had divined his nationality. He was an Irishman, however, and it was generally understood that he was of gentle blood. His presence was very striking, and he inspired attachments as romantic as his history, the effects of some of which no writer would dare to set down without being prepared to be rejected as extravagant.

Some will doubtless imagine that Jerome the Indian is a bold invention of the author ; yet Jerome lived, and may-be still lives, in the valley of the Mississippi or the Rocky Mountains. An esteemed friend of the author's had the honour of making the "Lion's" acquaintanceship in the

year 1850, when the Tipperary man appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was just such a man as we have endeavoured to describe ; and an attempt to bring him into civilized life ended just as we have intimated. He lived a couple of hundred miles away from any church, however, and contented his conscience with going to Mass twice or thrice in the year, on which occasions he was attended by two children then able to travel. Our friend, who is a clergyman, baptized the children, and made an active mission in the Hiberno-Indian family. The lady was more content, though an Indian woman, than King Jerome. Jerome came under the Stars and Stripes for two months ; but he found the habits of labour and restraint too slavish for his free spirit, and he vacated a situation which our friend had procured for him, without notice to his employer or to his patron.

We need not say that there is no intention of giving the Brackenbridge system of religion or morals as a picture of the United States society. "The Hall" is introduced simply to develop the character of the chief actor, and to indicate a phase or a section of American life, which is not, unfortunately, exclusively transatlantic. We have from Sicily, within a few months, accounts of an organized system of robbery and assassination which is even more intensely diabolical than that of "the Hall," because the officials who shield the evil-doers pocket three-fourths of the fruits of the plunder, leaving impunity and the remainder to the villains of the forest and the mountain.

The main object of the story is obvious

enough, and we have endeavoured to accomplish it with as little conflict as was practicable. We have aimed at amusing a class of readers whose time might be worse occupied, and we have addressed the intelligence of all observent men upon various topics of transcendent interest and importance. We think we have unveiled the chief dangers of modern society, and pointed out the chief hopes of progress. Paganism has come to the front, to court mankind in the name of science, and the pride and prejudices and passions of men—which means those directed by EVIL—at once accept paganism as an ally because it clothes brute force in good garments, and abolishes all law. When Christianity should unite to fight the battle of order, we have the King of Italy breaking it up in the Peninsula, and smashing (as far as he can) its mainspring at Rome. We have Bismarck in Germany, and Mr. Gladstone in England, all going in the same direction ; while the Commune hides in the lanes and alleys, petroleum in hand, waiting for the moment to spring forth and burn up in a sheet of flame the civilization in which it has been generated.

We must add that even the orthodox and well-disposed in most countries manifest an inactivity which would be significant of fore-doom, only we know the faith of those who appear apathetic. The great but unarmed masses are still looking on, not knowing what to do, but prepared to do their duty. Who is to be given them as the leader of the future God only knows ; but when the leader comes he will not want hands and hearts to follow and to do battle

in the cause of God and humanity. Meanwhile all the energies of the friends of order ought to be directed to the education of the rising generation, of whom Evil in those times endeavours to make a spoil. The worst condition to which society has been reduced can be only temporary if we mind the rising generation. The Bismarck of the 13th century, *Pierre de Vignes*, set his master, FREDERIC THE SECOND, at the Papacy, and chased Pope after Pope from the Holy City. He even had a reign of thirty years of iniquity and anti-Christian hate ; yet the chancellor and the emperor had a bad end of it, and the many whom they robbed got their own again. The chancellor had his eyes put out by the king, and the king was the last of his bad family.

The history of Grace Brackenbridge is founded on fact. We knew the clergyman well who attended her mother on the tragic occasion mentioned in the text, and who knew herself very well also. The scene in the fever-ship is drawn from life, and has come within the author's own experience. Much more could be said of the scene and the suffering, if the author indulged his recollections ; but every tittle which he has set down occurred on the sad occasion of which he has given a rapid description.

The terrible Indian COCHISE departed this life only since the last sheet of this book went to press. His burial is described in many of the American papers—the number of blankets in which his body was wrapped, and how his three horses were shot at intervals of a mile each from the other, and the first beside the great chief's

grave. What he was in life, and how far beyond the author's portraiture, may be seen from the following, which has been taken from the *St. Louis Despatch*. The writer, speaking of Cochise, says :

"When I saw him last he was 52, six feet tall, with delicate feet and hands, sharp, angular features, a piercing dark eye, and a great Roman nose, wide about the nostrils, and thin where it curved ; if his soul passes after death into anything that has a face akin to his own, instead of the Indian there will be the bold eagle. He hated the Americans so bitterly that if one of his tribe learned a word of the English language Cochise expelled him or forced him to forget it. A Scotch interpreter, named Englehart, had fallen under his displeasure, and he received word from his desperate enemy that the feud was mortal, and that he meant to kill him whenever and wherever found. Englehart affected to laugh at the threat, but he nevertheless went about warily. One day news came to Tueson that Cochise, at the head of a small war party, was in camp thirty miles to the south-east. A Federal captain took thirty men, an Indian agent, and Englehart as interpreter, and went out to have a talk with the Apaches. It is supposed that the captain was ignorant of the feud existing, for upon Englehart making some objection to the proposed expedition, the officer insisted, and finally prevailed upon him to go. The meeting was most friendly, and lasted several hours. Neither Cochise nor Englehart referred to the subject of the quarrel between them, and sat upon their horses in friendly

converse, while the soldiers of the escort and the Indians of the war party were getting ready to march and separate. On a sudden, and with a wild yell that had hatred and vengeance in it, Cochise leaped from his saddle, seized Englehart by the collar, drew him up clear from his stirrups and over upon his left leg and thigh, and dashed off at a furious rate, partially dragging and partially carrying his struggling victim. So instantaneous was the attack, and so unprepared was the escort for any intermediate rescue, that some distance had been gained by Cochise, followed by his entire band, before the captain's presence of mind returned to him and a charge was ordered. It was too late, however, to save the poor Scotchman. Taken at the terrible disadvantage he was, he yet strove desperately, and tried to draw his revolver and make the best fight he could for his own life. Once he nearly succeeded, but, with the strength of a giant, and a rapidity that almost defied calculation, Cochise stabbed his victim seven times in the neck and breast, even while holding him up upon his horse, and that horse rushing along over broken ground at the top of his speed, managed to tear the reeking scalp from the still breathing yet dreadfully mutilated interpreter. Waving this three times in the face of his pursuers, and dropping the gory corpse like a log in the road, he made his escape without the loss of a single follower. For this deed the price of 2,000 dollars was put upon Cochise's head, and many was the borderer and plains'-man who entered his domain to look for him, and to lie in wait upon the road that he sometimes travelled.

They did not find him—certainly none ever returned to claim the blood-money, and many there were who returned not at all. In a report made to the War Department some three or four years ago, the actual statistics were given of Cochise's own killing, and from the actual figures there presented the almost incredible total was figured up of twenty-seven Americans, four Apache Indians, three Germans, two Englishmen, one Frenchman, and forty-nine Mexicans and half-breeds who had come to their death at the hands of this monster alone. He never would make peace. His hatred of the white race surpassed anything ever portrayed in fiction, and the desperation with which he fought and butchered has given him a name and fame that will endure for half-a-century in Arizona."

So much for the "companion volume" to "*Ailey Moore*." The genial MR. M'CANN and EDDY BROWNE are the only characters of whom we have said much, though very willing to have a glance at SHAWN-A-DHERK, only that worthy legislator could not be easily dismissed. But SHAWN is a great man now as well as M. M'CANN, the North-country pedlar, and would almost require a book to himself.

We have no more to say—only that if one young man take warning, or one family take more heed of their offspring's education; if one man or woman strive more to realize that "the kingdom of God" is "within" them, and to test the power which LOVE possesses both to spread happiness among men and unite earth and heaven, the author's reward has been superabundant.

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JACK HAZLITT, A.M.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS OUR HERO'S FATHER, AND HOW OUR HERO MET JOHN HENNESSY THE FARMER.



HAZLITT-VILLE, if not the most beautiful residence near the banks of the Shannon, above Balboro', is a house whose exterior inspires a certain genial feeling, and suggests taste, comfort, and competency within. The house is not immediately on the banks of the river, but on a fine day it can be easily seen looking over a green hill that, in most graceful curvature, adds to the attraction of the mansion, which it partially veils or hides from the passer by. In the old times of canal boats and Shannon steamers, travellers and tourists often paused to glance across at Hazlitt-ville; and if it were the summer time, and the sunshine made Father Shannon look like a rich millionaire carrying a back-load of silver, and the trees blossom in light, and the shadows all alive on the grass, you could not pass by, we must repeat, without saying, Hazlitt-ville is handsome, indeed, and he is a lucky dog who is there on a long visit. And it would not be quite fair to Hazlitt-ville to suggest that the fair dwelling is in winter a whit less attractive; because if the ideas of flower-beds, shady walks, and fountains outside, and flashing carpets, shining furniture, mirrors, hangings, and so forth inside, send a message to the soul in the summer sunlight, it must be admitted that on a November evening a poor fellow

passing by the said Hazlitt-ville, and looking at the laugh of the ruddy window-panes, and the warm, gathering folds of the window hangings, and the tidy security of gates and doors and sashes, would feel perhaps more the attraction of that "dream of home" which Americans don't understand, than even if the skylark, thrush, and nightingale sang him along his way. In fact, Hazlitt-ville was a very handsome place.

The horizon behind Hazlitt-ville far away is guarded by mountains; and though they are very separate when you are near, they look like one traversing along for miles when you are some distance away. The country is well wooded and well watered, as the Shannon most benevolently makes its way inland from time to time, to leave some of its life to green fields, and some of its fish to the fishermen. The woods are made to half-circle the dwellings, which are mostly looking southward; and you have numbers of good roads, crossing sometimes, and at others hiding their heads far away towards the hills, or down in some hollow where the trees seem to absorb them. We must add that the ground or the country in some parts affords capital hunting convenience or capacity; and that the country gentlemen begin in October, and never stop till April, in showing how to value it.

Mr. Hazlitt was the owner of Hazlitt-ville—John Hazlitt. He was a man of five-and-forty just now, and had been three-and-twenty years of the time a married man.

Mrs. Hazlitt was an O'Brien, kind, gentle, and beautiful as the greatest belle can pretend to be three-and-twenty years after she changes her name. We are quite aware that, even three-and-twenty years after a lady has changed her name, there are people to be found who mistake her age, and "guess that she is about thirty"—and, moreover, we are aware that such mistakes give infinite enjoyment to some ladies of forty-two; but we make no such mistakes, and ladies who enjoy them do not belong to our part of the country, so we have no temptation to go astray.

Mr. John Hazlitt was a character—quite. He was of the middle size with dark, bright, but unsteady eye, and very nervous bearing. It was a moot question whether Mr. John Hazlitt had ever agreed in the opinion of any

other man before or after a discussion ; or ever believed anything right unless he had had something to do in originating it. If a day were to be named for a hunt, or an object selected for charity, or a book to be chosen for a winter night's reading, or a name selected for a baby, all people took care to be on their guard when treating with Mr. John Hazlitt. Quietly they should approach. Quietly they should guess, hint, and in the end appear to be led by him, Mr. John Hazlitt ; then, all went on fairly. We say fairly, because we cannot say "well." We cannot say so, precisely because Mr. John Hazlitt's habit of differing with every one, particularly if the person happened to be above him in station, was so inveterate, so constant that no one could calculate on protracted peace—and peace itself sometimes bore marks of severe trial and punishment, notwithstanding the meek face it presented after the lessons to which it had been obliged to listen.

Now we feel bound in conscience to say that Mr. John Hazlitt got on very well with his lady, or, may be, she got on well with him. Whether she made Mr. John Hazlitt imagine that he always had his way, even when she made him follow hers, or that she really contrived to follow his way in everything and always, we have not been able to discover ; but we have discovered that they lived peaceably, indeed happily.

"Bride, my dear," Mr. John Hazlitt would say, "you are an excellent woman ; but you have very little head, you know." "Well, Mr. John Hazlitt, what do I want of head when you have so much of it?" Mrs. Hazlitt would answer. "Well said, Bride, on my honour, and you are a good old puss, so you are."

Mrs. Hazlitt then swept the dark eyes—dark hazle eyes (no pun permitted) right across the frontal of Mr. John Hazlitt, and round his left shoulder, until the last ray fell on the floor near his left foot ; and Mr. Hazlitt felt very comfortable, electrified-like. "What a fine creature !" he thought with himself.

Ah, we should have said that Mrs. Hazlitt was tall, straight, queenly-looking. She had a brow quite Roman—low, smooth, and splendidly defined. Even at two-and-forty she was lithe, graceful, and elastic, and, with that sweep of the eye to which we have taken the liberty of

directing attention, she was omnipotent. Her movements and her temper were all alike—no angles, no corners, all gentle curves; and then she was good—so good to the poor—and so considerate that the whole country round said, “God is thankful to Mrs. John Hazlitt!”

Many a time we have heard the declaration, and many a time it has made our hearts beat warmly. There is the poor man’s description of God’s love working in light and bounty for those who keep near Him. “God is thankful to Mrs. Hazlitt!”

Mrs. John Hazlitt was a devout woman, a well-reared Roman Catholic. Early in life she had been sent to a convent of the *Sacré Cœur* in Blumenthal, near Aix-la-Chapelle; and she had imbibed all the tender piety of a country that even in modern degeneracy knows how to worship God. The pleasantest thing in the world is to meet a couple of hundred of the German or German-French inhabitants, going in long line of pilgrimage to their sacred fanes, and making the skies re-echo with the psalmody that wraps together earth and heaven. And blessings upon the working men’s heads! to see them on the summer mornings going along the roads to their work, and the boys of the family gathered at either side, and the harmony of footstep, voice and souls uniting, as they counted their long beads, and said “Hail, Mary, full of grace!” Among this people Mrs. John Hazlitt was brought up, and the graces of her person—great they were said by all to be—never equalled the beauty of her mind when it came from the hand of this training. “Radiant,” “angelic,” she was called. It is a mercy we cannot see all the way before the children of high hope—all the way they have to travel.

Mr. John Hazlitt we have glanced at; but we have said nothing of his training. He was brought up partly in Belfast and partly in Norwich. He had been taught to ride well, and to box a round, and to wrangle, if teaching in the last branch was necessary; and he had learned that the last consideration in the world ought to be what a man thinks about religion, or where he went to worship. This religious view, if view it be, was a very favourite one—indeed so favourite, that he could hardly bear to hear religion spoken of. “Let women have it,” he would

say. "Bride has enough for herself and me, though she is a Papist. I hope, however, she will not worry Jack. Why should a young fellow be plagued between a thousand conflicting forms of faith?" It must be added, to his credit however, that she, he said, might make what she liked of Nanny—Nanny Hazlitt—as it made no great difference in the world what girls thought about church or chapel.

Then who and what was Nanny? Well Nanny was a charming child. She had just attained her nineteenth year, and she emulated her mother in everything that makes woman the illustration of an angelic message to man. She had had an education, perhaps hardly finished, but her mind had grown more rapidly than her learning; and though she played well, and sketched fairly, and need not go astray on the Boulevards through ignorance of the language of *la grande nation*, it was certain that a year, or even two years, more at school would have been an advantage. Nevertheless, Nanny had the good sense of her mother, and nothing of her father's idiosyncracies; and she had derived from faith and nature a schooling frequently destroyed by conventionalism—that the truest road to happiness is the one from which you pick up all the thorns yourself, and that every bliss you bestow is a thousandfold poured into your bosom.

Nanny was not so stylish as Mrs. Hazlitt at Nanny's age. She was not so tall as her mother, and she had an *embonpoint* that modern belles seemed to disrelish. But Nanny was so good! Her eye was dark, dark blue, and her hair was dark also; and she had quite a treasure of shining glory around a forehead pale and smooth; and her mouth wore a smile, natural and constant, and her rosy lip was half turned up, with a kind of piquant humour that at once made the heart of an observer genial, and made little children doat upon her. Then Nanny knew how to dress. The finery which mocked simplicity and crowds a petite figure she knew how to shun; her dress was not any one's but her own, Nanny's; and the colours, cut, and style were as though they came to seek her as their mistress. She dressed as the flowers dress; there was no putting on of a rosehue on a tulip, or decorating a hawthorn with a fuschia. Alas! for the tastes of many of our young people, in

these days of barbarous innovation, when the hood, which so becomes the Celtic countenance, is replaced by the brazen shako or the shovel-bonnet ! and innocence is transformed into impudence, as if one put an ass-collar upon a hind. Well, Nanny had a life of her own, mixed up with her mother's, and interwoven with her mother's thoughts and cares. She saw much to pain and much to warn her in the state of society around her ; and she thought more than was good for her felicity on how things would be by-and-by with her father and her wayward brother Jack.

Jack Hazlitt was poor Nanny's pre-occupation, and of course was Nanny's mother's also. He was twenty-one years of age, and, so far, no career seemed open for him or cared for. He had his mother's benevolence and his father's indifference ; and, in fact, whatever small impression her virtue and teaching were likely to make were torn up by the root when he listened to his father's latitudinarianism. With an opponent to his mother's faith he was dogged and even offensive ; but if any one questioned his father's belief or practice, he was equally ferocious. *Nil unquam tam impar sibi*, of which "every thing by turns" is an admirable translation, made the character of Jack Hazlitt a conundrum.

But Jack Hazlitt had strength of character and energy of will, in anything to which he finally determined himself. He might change, and often did change in a month, a week, or even a day ; but for the time that his mind was constant his vigour was a kind of necessity, and he wrought on with a wasting application. He was a magnificent sailor. His feats in the yacht were evening stories for the peasantry ; and he was not only an excellent shot, but he handled the foils with a dexterity that showed he had claims upon the name of a swordsman as well as that of a rifleman. For a long time he was devout in his mother's way, but for nearly four years now he had picked up with his father's. He had seen the absurdity of self-restraint and the uselessness of churches and chapels, and any particular dogmas of belief ; and yet, as has been remarked, he would fight for any side according to circumstances, and empty his pocket into the hands of a beggarman, if the beggarman happened to come at the proper time. If good and evil were equally balanced

in man's nature, Jack Hazlitt would have gone through life with nearly an equal amount of folly and benevolence ; but alas ! the absence of guiding principle, or the principle which pursues its present object, only calculating the danger or the expense, has bad passion for its guide, and its career must be filled with wretchedness and sorrow. But better stick to our story.

The month was November—better not say the year, because it is not a long while ago—and Jack Hazlitt had left his father's house by a postern, and was making his way towards the interior of the country. The day was one of those ill-tempered ones of which dark November gives us a brood, most generally. When the sun shot a ray down, it was in a quick, passionate kind of manner, and had more of the look of cold than the very snow, if snow was on the sward. It was pale and fitful—the ray was—and as it withdrew over the half-withered leaves that still clung to the shaking bough, or swept along the wet grass, or ran along the cold flowing water, the ray made everything more chill and drear-looking, because decay and wretchedness seem only mocked by the sunshine that brightens without warming them. The fallen leaves were in thick layers or gathered up in small mounds on each side of the road ; and one heard the constant fall of those yet clinging to the half-bare branches, as like drippings of rain they “ticked” “ticked” before, behind, and on every side of you—the dead falling upon the dead !

Jack Hazlitt was approaching a small bridge which crossed the road about forty or fifty yards before him, and he could see the stream, or half-torrent, now tumbling down angrily, and now quietly enough making its way to the great river, above and below where the little bridge spanned it. A man appeared on his left, a considerable distance above the little bridge, and looked as if he would cross the torrent without descending lower. He looked active and powerful, comfortably clad, and about the middle age. Jack looked and examined the new-comer, and his hand closed tightly upon his rifle. He looked again, and he thought he recognised the outline of the face and figure. While yet looking intently at the stranger, he saw him take a brief run ;—was he going to leap the torrent ? In a few moments he seemed

to move perpendicularly over the waves ; just as if he had been shot like a projectile he landed on the other side. "Grandly done, by Jupiter !" cried Jack Hazlitt, "grandly done !"

By this time the man approached nearer to Jack, though he still kept above Jack's line of march, and Jack soon recognised him quite perfectly. He was a man very brave, of very high principle, and, like many such men, not very fortunate. The stock had this year been attacked and the crops had been very short, and the landlord needed the September rent in November. That was the condition of the man who leaped the torrent ; and who, strangely enough, was going in search of Jack Hazlitt.

Hazlitt had some presentiment of this, it would appear, for he changed his route and placed himself somewhat more in the road of the man with whom we are now concerned. The distance between them was shortening ; but Hazlitt had apparently no intention of going directly to meet the stranger. At length, however, the stranger's eye was attracted. A moment after, he knew Jack Hazlitt, and with a clap of his hands and a cry he turned down to the spot where Hazlitt now awaited him.

"Why, Hennessy, is it you ?" cried Hazlitt ; "what brings you this long way from home so early ?"

"Master Hazlitt, my business and my thoughts ain't very pleasant," answered the man.

"Ah, yes, I was sorry to hear you had a bad year, John, and I know that your landlord Sykes is not very indulgent."

John Hennessy shook his head.

"Is the sum large ?" asked Jack Hazlitt, continuing the conversation with Hennessy.

"Well, a matter of forty or to fifty pounds."

"And he has you regularly served ?"

"Oh, regularly served ; and when one's hand is in the lion's mouth, dragging it out is only tearing it."

"What do you mean, Hennessy ?"

"I'll go."

"Go ?"

"Emigrate."

"Why, man, you have a fine interest in your farm, and

one bad year or two may straiten any man ; don't think of leaving your beautiful spot."

"It can't be helped."

"It can."

Hennessy again shook his head.

After a pause, Hazlitt looked up at the sky, then right at the farmer who stood before him, and he coloured.

"Hennessy," he said, "how soon must you have the money?"

Jack Hazlitt had got into one of his fits.

"After to-morrow evening at four o'clock."

"Fifty pounds?"

"Fifty pounds."

"And so much," continued Hazlitt in a dreamy kind of way, "so much only is needed to keep the fire warm on the hearth, and the jessamine blooming in the summer, and the garden singing its flower-song to the passing stream, and—

"John Hennessy," said he, "John Hennessy, I'll get the money for you."

A change came over the farmer's countenance—pain and passion struggled for mastery. He steadied himself a moment, and then looked fiercely at Jack Hazlitt.

"And so it is true!" said the farmer. A fire flashed from his eyes and he seemed like one with a strong grasp on his throat. He appeared choking.

"So it is true!" repeated the farmer; and there was another pause during which the farmer shook.

Quick as lightning he now sprang at Hazlitt. In a second he held the young man's rifle in his right hand, swung him round with his left hand as if Jack Hazlitt had been a baby, and held him at arm's length powerless, as if he had been pinioned.

"Come!" cried Hennessy, "come! have you been coming after my little girl? Come, Jack Hazlitt, answer me! come, breed of the Cromwellian black-breed, coming to an honest man's home, answer me! So you will give her father fifty pounds? Eh! Oh, you doubled-dyed villain."

And he raised the gun.

"No, no, you wretch! No! You have a mother! You have a mother!"

"Hennessy!"

"Villain !"

"Are you mad ? I am not afraid of you. You have more strength than I have, but not more courage. Are you mad ?"

"Silence !"

"I have done you or yours no injury."

"No injury ! no injury ! Why, you weak Sprissaun, if I thought you did the injury *you think of*, your brains would be scattered on the road this hour ! Injury ! Wasn't it an injury to be looking after my daughter ? How dare *you* meet her privately ? How dare *you* hold conversation with *her* ! Isn't your presence where she is, a sign of a bad heart in you, though she may be as innocent as an angel ? Isn't a minute's conversation defamation of a poor man's house ? And you know it ! You know it !"

Hazlitt struggled.

"I defy you !" he cried. "I defy you !" he repeated.

"Come !" cried Hennessy, "swear ! swear you will never see my child again. Swear !"

"No ; I won't."

"Swear you will never see my Minnie again."

"Never."

"Swear," cried Hennessy, with a voice of thunder.

"No," shouted Hazlitt.

"Then your death be upon your own head," he exclaimed. He raised the rifle, shoved the unfortunate man away a pace, and fired ! But the barrel of the gun had been touched up from behind ; the contents of the piece brought down a shower of dead leaves and some branches, and a young man stood between the assailant and the victim, and the young man was clearly able to hold his own. He, too, carried a rifle. I must add that, immediately after, two policemen arrived on the scene, and helped to make complications. They have great skill in that business—the police have. Fortunately for the trade, they had heard, while passing by, the firing which the fine young man, by his presence of mind, had rendered innoxious.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHO IT WAS THAT SAVED JACK HAZLITT,
AND HOW JACK HAZLITT BECAME AN A.M.



NOT far away, but on the opposite side of the Shannon, was another residence, called by the peasantry "The Great House." It really had some pretensions to the name, and at one time must have presided with great dignity over the residences of all the country side. It was a square mansion, built entirely of stone; and it had its stone balustrade, and its great stone vases on the four corners, that looked like servants in waiting upon a pile of great stone chimneys, which shot up in a very bold manner from the roof. The window-sills were deep and massive, and the moulding was chastely carved; while a stone porch hooded a stately hall-door, which gave the world notice that the people who dwelt inside either belonged to the "ould stock," or ought to belong to them.

We may as well add, as it will save time hereafter, that "The Great House" was in the centre of a lake, and had a handsome bridge connecting the front with the land. Between this bridge and the mansion, all around were flower-beds, and there were walks running among them, and ever so beautiful yellow pebbles rolling along between the fringes of heavy boxwood, and every so many statues admiring the flowers—all of them coolly dressed for a November day, but well enough for July or August. Beyond this residence, as if all had retired to a respectable distance from "The Great House," was a circling wood of noble trees, looking as if they would like to embrace the chateau, and were crowding down for the purpose, if they dared. They were artistically planted or cleared at the extremities of the curve, and gave you glimpses of green upland, and hills far

away, and spreading verdure nearer, with the figures of comely women sometimes, and stalwarth men, who, like fairy apparitions, passed to and fro in the perspective. It was more dreamy to look at than Hazlitt-ville, and had more assumption of old aristocracy ; and nothing is more sure than that the good folk within quite justified the position assumed by the family dwelling, and deemed all the Hazlitts—at any rate on the father's side—a people who would look very well and becomingly accoutred if they were decorated always with a soldier's canteen and a linen wallet called a "haversack."

The writer has no notion whatever of raising questions which should be discussed only by antiquaries, or by that tribe who wrap themselves up in a garment of ontologies, that turns them preternaturally into fossils. But he may be allowed to remark the matter as interesting to modern inquirers, that a canteen of tin, a drum, a linen wallet, heavy boots of untanned leather, and a big nose, are the traditional appendages of a "Cromwellian" among the "ould stock ;" and that when they see one of the "Cromwellians" at hunt or meet, or on bench or highway, the "canteen" and the wallet, or haversack, come to their minds as things the "Cromwellians" ought to have with them. We are not sure whether this remark is to be succeeded by any warm discussions on the merits of the case ; but if so, we declare beforehand that we shall not have hand, act, or part in the same.

In the house aforesaid there dwelt, eight years ago, O'Connor Moran—the father of Frank Moran—precisely the young man who saved Mr. Jack Hazlitt's life. In the house at present—that is, the time of the events detailed in this part of our narrative—were Mrs. O'Connor Moran (*née* Moore) and Lelia Moran, of whom we shall have much to say by-and-by—dear Lelia, the very ideal of a beauty which painter never caught or chisel never traced, because they never have caught the morally incomprehensible of a whole life and soul, past, present, and future, in one face and figure, in what may be termed transparent being.

We have said there dwelt, eight years ago, in that house Mr. O'Connor Moran ; and we might have said that he died about that time. He left after him young Frank, just twenty years old, a dashing young fellow,

great at a rowing match even in boyhood, well accustomed to arms, and already a general of division in his dreams and his nurse's prophecies. Frank was destined for the army—his father liked the army because *his* father had been an officer before he “came in for the property,” and he thought that, in that long time which he Mr. O'Connor Moran gave himself to live, Frank might carve his way—amass some means—and then “come in for the property,” more richly to dower the charming Lelia, and prepared at all points, even in the vulgar one of money, to “hold his own” against the many pretenders to respectability whom trade, commerce, and England had taught to contest the palm of social position with the natives. When we employed that word, “hold his own,” in relation to Frank Moran the day he stood behind Hennessy the farmer, we had the honour to quote the mind and maxim of his venerable father, Mr. O'Connor Moran himself.

We have a single word to say about the “social position of the natives” in Ireland. We do not want to be in the smallest degree political, for our object can be accomplished without even political bias. That object is to remind all parties concerned that no amount of legislation can make a people *free*, if the use, advantages, and position of freedom be impossible to them. You cannot legislate a lame man into freedom for a foot-race, or a man who has not learned to read into freedom for competing with a university lot of senior wranglers. And you can never make a people who have been for centuries off the rail—out of the groove of progress—free to advance, unless you put them *in* the groove or *on* the rail once again. The only real “freedom,” so far as social status is concerned, must be found in giving people what you have taken away from them; for, if you merely declare them *qualified*, while you take care that all the results of qualification are enjoyed by others, they are practically what they had been the time they were duly branded. “What's in a name? a rose,” &c., &c., is an exceedingly apposite quotation, only too well-known and too trite for the story of Jack Hazlitt.

Well, if the reader think that Mr. O'Connor Moran was a mere enthusiast, we hasten to correct the thought, because Mr. O'Connor Moran was no such thing. He,

Mr. O'Connor Moran, had no very large property, not more than a thousand a-year; and of that thousand a third and more was duly paid off in interest on mortgages which preceding O'Connor Morans had found convenient, in times past, when all good fellows were better than every other good fellow, and far better than the income their fathers left them. Mr. O'Connor Moran came into a world of growing common sense, and, alas! that we should be obliged to say it, of growing selfishness. The remnants of the rampant good-fellowship that beggared so many families, and burdened his own, were very disgusting to him; and from the time he "came in for the property," he "made the two ends meet." In fact, he was a very sensible man, Mr. O'Connor Moran was; and a well-read man moreover; and if the names which he inherited from forty generations made him toss his head a little, and, from a height of six feet, where his head stood upon his broad shoulders, look down somewhat proudly upon the "recent importations" of two hundred years or over, it was no great fault, and never made his heart the harder. Mr. O'Connor Moran had fine grey eyes, of strong, steady light—just like Frank's, at this time of which we are writing—and strongly and steadily he employed them when he would enforce a command or censure an evil-doer. Then he had grand principles, Mr. O'Connor Moran had, and he took great care to rule the household by them—stranger than that, however, he ruled himself by them. He liked athletic exercises for young men, and he sometimes showed Frank and Lelia that a middle-aged man could practise them. He was a fine shot, crossed the country nobly, even when he rode fourteen stone six pounds; the yacht seemed to know him when he touched a cord or a tiller, and the dogs, when he came in their direction, seemed to lose whatever little sense they possessed, and to go mad for joy. They all, however, recognized the claims and position of a great brute, who always followed Mr. Moran, a Newfoundland dog of singular frontal development—all except, perhaps, the terriers, for that cross-grained race, like many a one of a higher breed of animal, made it a *casus belli* if any dog ever appeared more fortunate than themselves; because, of course, they thought no dog could ever be so deserving. That is the real theory of snarlers in general.

As we have said above, Mr. O'Connor Moran was a man of high principle—a man who might at any time oppose you, but who never would deceive. "Diplomacy" and "management" he always called "lying," and he remarked that they were masks made by the devil to give sin an honest exterior. He always called such things "cowardice," because he contended they were subterfuges, always, to which only fear had recourse; and hence any appearance of insincerity was the last appearance Mr. O'Connor Moran allowed a man to make before him, if he could; and his appearance—we mean the man's—was sure ever after to be dispensed with at the great stone mansion with the drawbridge before.

We give Mr. Moran's character at goodly length, because Mr. Moran's character had a deal to do in shaping this present story.

Little Lelia was only ten years old when she lost that grand stay and guide. Frank was nearly double her age. The people from the other side of the Shannon often crossed by sail or oar; and Jack Hazlitt with Nanny often gambolled over the green, or ran around the gardens with Lelia and Frank, in that happy season when the flowers have a soul for the young, and the odorous air has a sensible lovingness. We have not at that period departed far enough away from the paradise of innocence, and all nature speaks to us like a friend, as it speaks to the jubilant lark or the thrush swelling with its summer melody. A time comes, comes too often, when "hearing, we do not hear, and seeing we do not understand;" and the luminous power by which "light is seen in light" works for us no longer.

Frank was more than five years older than Jack, and hence Frank was a "big boy" when Jack was eleven. Nanny was quite a child, and Lelia was not much beyond the dolls and Swiss cottages either. Of course the usual infantine "courtships" gave their roseate hue to the intercourse; and both the little ones—the little ladies—had a beauty that touched the hearts of their mothers, and often sent the blood with a dash of delight to their mothers' cheeks. They thought of the glorious lights that would shine around them when the shadows of the hoary years would begin to dim the homes of half a century! and the thought made them young again and

happy. What mercy it is that knowledge is forbidden to deface the pictures of a happy ideal ! We are spared the double death !

Very early in the young people's intercourse the divergence of taste and training began to be obvious. The old people of the stone mansion observed it frequently ; and, indeed, it finally brought about a coolness between the two sides of the Shannon, as cool as the Shannon itself in November, and it prepared for that condition of affairs which requires an explosion, in order to make a permanent and normal state of living possible. A thunder-cloud must burst.

We ought to say that the girls had little to do with the cooling process. They loved with girlish devotion until they parted—one for her convent in the south of Ireland, and the other for the favourite haunt of the Emperor Charlemagne. There was no end of vows of constancy, and reams of letter-paper were packed in their portmantaus, all for the constant correspondence which should never, never be interrupted. And who would wish the vain hope of a changeless affection to be dead and buried, and duly celebrated by verses on the tombstone ? Alas ! we are not to fight with the unreal in this world of fancies, or we shall never have a peaceful hour !

In the garden, one day, all the children were assembled, Lelia's dark brown hair fell nearly to her waist, and the ringlets trembled or floated in the daylight like those of an angel moving rapidly. Her arched brows were a little raised, and the orbs, darker than black in their depth of life and intelligence, caught the light as if the light was seeking them. She looked very lovely, the child did ; and her brother, Frank, had made Nanny cry because he fixed his attention so much upon his sister Lelia : " he didn't care for her," she said, and of course she wept. Lelia turned suddenly round—

" Jack Hazlitt !" she cried, " Jack !" "

" Well, pretty Lelia, well."

" Are *you* one of *our race*, Jack ?"

" One of your race, pretty Lelia ?"

" Yes, Jack ; I want to know."

" And why ?"

" Of course you won't say. Oh ! I know, you are not one of our race ; I have known it this long time."

"Really!"

"I heard you call 'going to *mass*,' 'going to *prayers*,' and you always say '*chapel*' instead of '*church*.' That shows you are not one of our race, Jack."

"What *am* I, then, sweet Lelia?"

"Oh! well, I do not know that yet, until I go to school; but I shall know, Jack. Of course, you have no 'O' to your name like papa, because you know papa comes of princes; and—stop; I know what you are going to say; but I heard papa say that Moran has a right to the 'O,' too: and I intend to have the 'O' before 'Moran' when I'm old!"

"Well, Lelia, I am guilty of all you charge me with; and worse than all, I believe I am only half Irish."

"Then, Jack, I shall not like you."

"Shan't like me, Lelia?" and, boy as he was, Jack blushed.

Lelia turned towards Nanny, and she saw two big tears in her fine eyes—the anguish of division, so soon! Quick as a flash Lelia's arms were round Nanny's neck, and Nanny cried bitterly, and Lelia cried for company; and Lelia begged her and prayed her to remember that she was *her* sister, and "it was Jack, *that* Jack, so it was, that she was going not to like; because he laughed at the holy wells, and he flung a ball after an old beggarman, so he did; and he called 'Father O'Neil' that 'old Mr. Nail,' and he never went to Confession." And, in fact, Nanny was "a regular true Irish girl," Lelia insisted; because she had "courage," as papa said, "and always said and did what was in her heart."

The storm, it is to be supposed, blew over, but the elements of a hurricane were left behind. We repeat, an explosion became necessary, in order to make a permanent and normal state of things even possible.

Mr. John Hazlitt had made up his mind to send Jack in due time to college; but circumstances should determine the college and the country. Frank Moran had been sent to the Jesuits, and had four years or more the start of his younger companion. He came home every year laden with honours; and, although things were not quite happy within "The Great House," his coming always gave the heart a holiday. In fact, times were bad with Mr. O'Connor Moran. Tenants failed and tenants

fled ; and rent was not to be obtained from many of them. Interest on the old borrowings should be paid ; and Mr. O'Connor Moran found it hard to knock out of the portion of the estate which he farmed, enough of hard cash to "make the two ends meet." Very few, however, suspected how the times griped Mr. Moran. Frank was coming towards twenty, and saw the signs ; though the old man never explained his real condition. But the old man guessed, and more than guessed, that his son was not blind to the realities. Frank "did not want money" at one time, and at another he had "plenty of clothes ;" and then "he would rather not come home this vacation, he could improve himself so ; and the Fathers all recommended him not." That letter wrung the very first tear from Mr. O'Connor Moran ; it was not a bitter tear, however—it was a homage to the young heart of his boy, Frank Moran.

There was one other became acquainted with Mr. Moran's growing necessities—and that was the Father O'Neil of whom Lelia spoke when she piled up her girlish accusations against Jack Hazlitt.

Father O'Neil was old—sixty-three or four. He had been a distinguished man in various ways, and his scholarship and sympathy made him a kind of fascination for Frank and Lelia as well as Mrs. O'Connor Moran. He strayed into the Great House very frequently ; and it became a kind of new morning if he entered the drawing-room when the shadows began to fall. As for the owner of the mansion, he regarded Father O'Neil as the dearest friend on earth—a feeling reciprocated, as far as a sharp discipline of the affections allowed Father O'Neil to go. Neither ever spoke much in the strain of profession, but both felt that a life and death reliance would have safe footing in the other's manly regard.

Father O'Neil appeared one day in his little phaeton, and Lelia was at the hall-door in a moment ; the next moment she had hold of the old man by the hand, and skipped around him in all the elastic joy of a girl's love. She brought him along the hall, holding and running before him, until her mother joined the "happy antithesis of youth and age," as the good priest rather grandiloquently called himself and Lelia. Immediately following them was Mr. O'Connor Moran, who that moment arrived.

The good man looked full of pre-occupation, and though he smiled it was the sun's smile in a storm. All the strength of his character could not entirely veil his feeling. He gave his hand to Father O'Neil, and the pressure was much stronger than usual; so was the returning pressure of the good old clergyman. They entered the drawing-room, and had a ready topic of conversation in the latest news from Frank, and the latest news from England generally. Lelia was on the sofa reading, and the lady of the house had gone out a few minutes—gone out on the summons of a servant. Father O'Neil asked Mr. O'Connor Moran whether they could not go to the study for a few minutes—just two or three. Mr. Moran assented, and both ascended a short flight of stairs, where, right before them, a small door opened upon a short corridor, at the end of which the study looked back upon the woods and hills.

"Well, Father O'Neil," opened Mr. Moran; "anything the matter?"

"No, I thank God; I only want a favour from you."

"A favour?"

"Yes, a favour."

"I wish I could grant one, or get one worth conferring."

"Well, to be brief, I have here some money. I don't want to have the charge of it; and for years I shall not employ it."

"A sum of money?"

"Yes."

"I see," said Mr. Moran, and his voice was not very clear. He took a bundle of notes.

"What!" he continued, "four hundred pounds!"

"Even so, my friend. I intend that to dowry a girl for God; and she waits some two or three years before she goes away."

"To a convent?"

"To a convent."

"And this money?"

"You are to do what you please with until then."

"If I should lose it?"

"You will not; oh, no, you will not!"

And now the old man's voice gave way, and in his bright eyes the moisture showed that his heart was giving way also.

"Ah, Father O'Neil—dear old Father Ned!—where is the use of deceiving one another, or pretending to deceive? You know all—you know all! You have found out I am *in want*! You have found out that this very day my honour and credit were jeopardized—you have found it!—and the father has come to save the son! Is not that it—is not that it, Father Ned?"

"Well now, well now!"

"Oh! how I wish Frank were here. It would be—but no, Frank will understand it."

"And would do the same, and *will*," said Father Ned, very emphatically.

"And would—certainly, Father Ned"—and Moran took the old man's hand—"because Frank has your training of spirit."

And so Mr. O'Connor Moran got a respite, and got round a little in a year or so; and Frank remained with the Jesuits; and Lelia was destined for the *Sacré Cœur*, some place or other, and very soon.

By a singular coincidence, on this very day, when Father Ned O'Neil came to the Great House, Jack Hazlitt matriculated in one of the Queen's Colleges. Mr. John Hazlitt had consulted his lady, and had received from her very wise counsel; for she said, as Jack was very impressible, changeful, and easily led, a steady hand would be necessary to hold him direct, and even correct him, until his mind became mature. She suggested various places of education eminent and successful; and she pointed out the examples among their friends and acquaintances which proved her views to be well-formed. She moreover took care to remind Mr. John Hazlitt that he had himself always held the same opinion regarding Jack, and was more rigid with the said Jack oftentimes than he would have liked, in order to rear him as became wisdom and prudence. Mr. John Hazlitt remembered perfectly that he had always been of that manner of thinking; and "Puss was a wise little baggage," and did well to "remind him" of what they had been saying regarding Jack.

How near Mr. John Hazlitt was to acting rightly. The whole arrangement was upset by an accident.

Mr. John Hazlitt, by the merest chance, met the Rev. John Riordan, Parish Priest of the place on which the

Hazlitts were settled down. They happened to come the same road, and very naturally fell into conversation. Father Riordan had been informed by some one that Mr. Hazlitt had made up his mind not to send Jack to the Queen's Colleges—"that they were too loosely governed, and Jack required a strong hand," was the observation with which Mr. Hazlitt was credited; and many remarked it was "well for Mr. Hazlitt he had a good wife."

Now, nothing was more natural than for Father Riordan to congratulate Mr. John Hazlitt on his discretion and determination; and, by way of confirming him in his resolution, he gave him a number of sound arguments, in which "Christianity" and "Morality," and other important issues found a place. In fact, Father Riordan went home with a happy heart that evening, and was surprised at the docility of Mr. John Hazlitt, and at his own courage.

Father Riordan spoiled all. Mr. John Hazlitt was not going to be dictated to by priests; the ultramontane dodge would not and should not deceive him; Jack Hazlitt was not to be moulded into a Jesuit, and come home to turn everything up-side-down. Not a bit of it. He was not to be led by Mr. Riordan, or any other "Mr." He was sorry for Jack's mother; but then why should those priests interfere?

And so Mr. Hazlitt went home in a most independent mood of mind. Even "Puss" had no chance; and the sweep of the eyes had lost its magic. Indeed, the poor mother employed the eyes that evening in a sadder way than she had ever done since the day she kissed her father in his coffin sixteen years before.

And so Jack Hazlitt went to the Queen's Colleges.

We are seriously inclined to moralize here a little, but we resist the temptation. The question is wonderfully interesting—viz., what is the statesmanship of giving a man a schooling which he cannot take unless he be untrue to himself—and refusing him the education he can take honestly, and employ advantageously? *Item*, by what process of calculation do you render two men thoroughly educated, when, in order to keep them together, you clip away a great share of the education which each would obtain if you kept them asunder? These were observations of Mr. O'Connor Moran, and in

justice to him we must add a third—that is, that if we could find the reason, *au fond*, which makes all this absurdity palatable to the logical tastes of serene legislators, we should find something extremely like the mind of Geneva in this nineteenth century.

Jack Hazlitt did not join the "*Great Cuban Fire Company*" for nearly a year, and to the last he resisted "*The Royal Havannah Squad*." During the first six months he wrote home frequently, and went to church every Sunday. His mother was delighted to find he had boldly put "R. C." to his name in the college lists; and that, as years grew, she might indulge the hope that good sense would strengthen faith and virtue.

But Jack soon fell in with "good fellows," some of whom had less money than himself, and some of whom had more. They both wrought according to their kind. One party made him pay out, and the other gave him an ambition to do so. He thought of his mother sometimes, and his heart smote him. He made a resolution, and, as long as the mood lasted, he was a changed man. But then he waked up, and it all ended by, "Ah! what can a fellow do? A fellow can't set himself up; and then the Governor likes a dash," and so on.

Jack's studies were not severe, we may well imagine, and he did not want Burse or Prize. He read Thackeray, however, and Dickens, and, unfortunately, Taylor, Huxley, Francis Newman, and others. He had never been able to be earnest in faith, and his abused freedom now led him far beyond his venerable father. He began to have new views of human "instincts" and "subjective religion"—which means all truths are equally false; and he dabbled in *Comte*, and half-read *Plato*—helped to his meditations by the vigorous observance of the rules of the "*Great Cuban Fire Company*;" and at last Jack Hazlitt had a dreamy notion that, to make yourself comfortable, intellectually and physically—in other words, to attain to the happiness of a certain sceptic who asserted "a good stomach and no conscience" to be felicity—was not far from the true goal after all.

After Jack Hazlitt had spent four years in the practice of a little quiet gambling, some genteel dissipation, a good deal of money-spending, reading the current literature, and hearing the current opinions of the College, he had

the whole benefit of a free, liberal, and mixed education ; and he came home bringing nothing back but impulses—and passions, of which the impulses were perfect masters. Religion was an “imposition,” not fit for an advanced state of society ; and the clergy of all creeds victims, or actors of a fraud !

And thus Jack Hazlitt became an A. M.

It is a pity to delay our narrative, but it would be a much more serious thing not to understand it. We are not sure whether we have intimated so much before ; but it is worth saying again, even if we have, that imagination plays a very small share in the drama of life which the reader is witnessing, and that every act and every scene, nearly, has a reality that makes it worthy of being an instructor.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF FRANK MORAN ; WHAT OCCURRED AT THE OFFICE OF “THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,” PUBLISHED IN PALL MALL ; AND THE WONDERFUL FEAT PERFORMED BY JACK HAZLITT’S YACHT.



FRANK MORAN came home one day. He had received a telegram that Mr. O'Connor Moran had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill ; and when he arrived near the mansion of his family, within a mile of the avenue, a sort of cold, with a shadow, seemed to wrap him, and night seemed suddenly falling. But Frank was not a timid man, though, like all his family, not free from the sensation of presentiments, and he turned his mind away from gloomy foreboding. He was driving fast, and his tilbury made a good deal of clatter over a rough road ; and, in fact, the noise had a certain agreeableness to the feelings of the traveller. He wanted action—action, though his excitement was quiet, considering all the circumstances.

A sweep of wind suddenly shook the trees at the side of the road next the Shannon, and travelled across with a hiss and a moan ; and, in that sweep of wind, there came a cry—a cry so prolonged, so agonized, so intense in growing pain until it subsided, that Frank Moran's strong heart began to beat. He raised the whip : the horse flew. And as the vehicle tore along its way, Frank could see approaching, at a good distance off, something dark, large, and galloping for life or liberty. He pulled up. The creature approached ; and, stopping right in the mid-road, raised its head, and gave such a terrible howl, cry, shriek, that the well-trained horse became almost unmanageable. Frank mastered the animal, but he burst into tears and sobs—the sobs of a strong man that never sobbed before !

Before him stood Lion, his father's great Newfoundland dog, giving one more great howl and cry of anguish !

The sagacious creature never came as far as the tilbury. He galloped away in the direction of the mansion, and, a quarter of an hour after their meeting, Frank found him crouching by his master's coffin, where no one, even of the family, dared approach him. He seemed to say : " You have only one way of removing me. Kill me, if you please ! " They did not kill poor Lion, but he died on Mr. O'Connor Moran's grave ; and he certainly deserved a monument—that dog Lion did.

Next day the heir of the O'Connors and the Morans returned from the churchyard to the mansion of the widow and orphan ; and he needed little information to know that he had hardly any means, and had great responsibilities and urgent claims upon exertion.

The blow to his mother was dreadful—stupefying ; and poor little Lelia lay like a fair young rose upon the sofa, having wept herself into weary, weary repose.

Frank looked at the amounts, and mastered the liabilities. Balancing resources and responsibilities, he found that the Great House could not support itself very long—could hardly pay for its own keep, not to speak of the keep of the family ; while he had only just taken out his degree, and had never earned a guinea in his life ! No ; we withdraw that observation ; because Frank had begun, some time before, to try his hand at the magazines, and had done fairly ; and at the newspapers, and had

done much better. How, nevertheless, was Lelia to be sent to school, and the widow cared for, and himself made a barrister-at-law.

Frank was his father's son. O'Connor Moran broke down, through the necessities of others, in bad times, crowding upon the necessities entailed by his ancestors' good living. But he looked the necessities in the face—he never shrunk; and, had he been spared, he would have freed the old mansion.

Frank had the father's courage, and even more than the father's knowledge, young as he was; and he had a duty. In fact, his heart felt a little of the pride of responsibility mixed with his sorrow; for Frank was proud of the two beings that leant upon him, as well as fond—doatingly fond.

He soon made up his mind, not without the counsel of dear Father Ned, of course, nor without his help in various ways. He would pay off the most pressing demands, particularly the poor servants; get rid of stock; suspend farming; let the whole property, unless the mansion and garden; place mother and Lelia in the hands of Father Ned; and cast his bread upon the waters in London, to earn enough for all of them and obtain his profession.

Brave Frank! Are you to fail or succeed? Courage, frankness, a heart that can unveil itself to the angels, an honest and noble resolve—Frank had them all, because he was O'Connor Moran's son, and he believed in God. He "minds the little sparrow." Frank thought "The lily's life is heeded. And mamma and Lelia! He loves *them*!"

Poor Lowry M'Cabe was to be sent away; and so was Peggy Downes, and Nelly Mooney—away from the Great House; after they had spent almost all their life there!

"Wages, sir!" cried Lowry M'Cabe, when called up for "settling." "Wages, sir! I doesn't want no wages. Lay them in the dhraw'r for me. Wages, *anah*! I got lots of 'em from the masther! oh! the masther!" and Lowry broke down utterly.

"Well, but you know, M'Cabe—"

"I knows nothing, Master Frank, on'y that I wants no wages now, an' that I'll stick to—an' I'll stick to th' ould house, so I will."

"We must send away some, M'Cabe. Mamma and Miss Lelia do not want so many servants, you know."

"Oh! as for that, Nelly Mooney went to her uncle last night. 'She'd dhrop dead,' she said, 'if she'd see the mistress or Miss Lelia'—God bless th' angel!" said Lowry; "an' Peggy is to stay, an' I am to come up from my sishter's every day; an', och! I'll mind ev'rything right till you come home, Master Frank. Ask Father Ned, if I won't!"

Clearly, it had all been settled by the servants their own way, and Nelly Mooney, like Lowry M'Cabe, had got "lots o' wages from the masther!"

God bless the Irish working-man and woman! We have known them in many a country and tried them in some emergencies. True, true as the needle to the pole, their hearts turn to worth and kindness; and no bribe or penalty ever stayed their loyal devotion. If they were better known, the world would be more just and more happy.

Two months after this, two gentlemen were seated at a round table, in one of the best houses in Pall Mall—in what appeared to be the study; and they appeared in deep and earnest conversation when the servant knocked, and entered with a mourning card on a salver, which salver he presented to the younger of the two. One of the gentlemen was about fifty, the other about sixty-three.

"Pray do not stir, M'Cann," said the younger, seeing his companion about to move. "I am sure you can be of assistance to me just now. This is the card of the young editor of whom I have been speaking."

"Ye-s-s," answered Mr. M'Cann, in the indisputable nasal prolongation of a New Yorker.

"O'Connor Moran is his name."

"O'Connor Moran, eh? Please show me the card."

Mr. M'Cann looked singularly long at the card, and, not puzzled exactly, but surprised.

"*Frank*, too," he muttered.

And, by this time, Frank O'Connor Moran occupied a third chair at the round table.

"Mr. Moran, sir, I am Mr. Partylink."

Frank bowed.

"I have a good many strong testimonials of your ability—some of them from men distinguished in politics and literature."

Frank bowed again.

"You think yourself competent to take the junior editorship of 'The Nineteenth Century'?"

"I am hopeful that I shall give the readers satisfaction."

"Quite so," answered Mr. Partylink; which meant "of course you are."

"You know our line, Mr. Moran?" continued Mr. Partylink.

"Well, I guess," put in Mr. M'Cann, "he's struv to, eh! neighbour?"

"I have read up the files. I take it that the line of politics is liberal on the whole, and that the paper tends more to the advanced liberals than to the older school."

"Perfectly right," answered Mr. Partylink. "But we must now be stirring, and *en avant*! you know. The free spirit grows in England. Old landmarks are being worn away. Dogmatizing Conservatives and dogmatizing Whigs are equally obnoxious—ahem," continued Mr. Partylink. "We are in the nineteenth century, and the body of men—those who are written *for* and written *to*, in great commercial speculations like this newspaper—must be represented. The management have made up their minds to that."

"I comprehend," said Frank.

"One of your duties, therefore, in the 'make up' of the paper, will be to select only such news, or permit only such news, to be inserted in 'The Nineteenth Century' as shall suit the advanced party. And entirely exclude old-fashioned things about churches, and all that sort of obsolete matter."

Frank bowed.

"Then, you know, when facts of notoriety or importance, which seem to clash with the liberal views of the paper, turn up from time to time, your duty will be to give these facts their true shape and bearing; and take heed that the description of them shall be satisfactory to our patrons."

No answer; but Mr. M'Cann had put on a very quizzical look with which he regarded Frank.

"No correspondence, you know, unless on our side; we have fixed that, you know. And then no quarter for the Pope, the priests, and the monks!"

Frank had laid his hat on the floor beside him at the

beginning of the interview. He now raised it—very gently, however—and placed the leaf of it somewhat on his left arm, and, ever so little then, he raised his right hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Partylink," he said, "am I to understand that the public opinion, as formed by 'The Nineteenth Century,' is to be only the public opinion of the extreme party—or the nearly extreme?"

"Yes."

"And, for this purpose, all opposing facts are to be suppressed; or, if they cannot be suppressed, they are to be shaped according to the tastes of the supposed patrons?"

"Certainly, ahem! to be sure, sir."

"And all correspondence that vindicates our opponents, or corrects the facts or arguments of our side, is to be burned?"

"Why—why—ahem! yes."

"And as the patrons of 'The Nineteenth Century' malign and abuse the Pope, and ——?"

"Stop, Mr. Morau! Are you a Papist?"

"*A most uncompromising Ultramontane!*"

A long pause.

"Well, ahem! well, how stupid! and Sir John Fardenwall writes to me! Mr. Moran, I fear we cannot *entirely* understand one another."

"Well, I guess *not*," added the quizzical Mr. M'Cann.

Frank was just withdrawing.

"I beg your pardon, young gentleman," said Mr. M'Cann; "is it too much for an American to ask you a question?"

"Certainly it is not."

"What was the maiden name of your mother?"

"Moore."

"Moore!" repeated M'Cann; and he leant back in his chair, catching his left foot in both his hands, and raising his left toe nearly as high as his forehead.

"Mr. O'Connor Moran," the American went on, "I am staying at the 'Grosvenor.' Here is my card. Will you give me a call in two hours."

Frank looked at the card, and his face lit up. The owner had asked what his mother's maiden name had been, and the stranger's own name is "M'Cann." Two

facts that stirred young Frank to his soul's centre. Why? Ah! the reader must have some patience, or read a certain novel.

Moore, of Moorefield, had a niece—well-beloved, and that niece is Mrs.—the Widow O'Connor Moran. The lady, when young, had known a *Mr. M'Cann*.

Mr. M'Cann was the millionaire who had founded the "New York Morning Star," and "The Pennsylvania Democracy," and "The Rising Sun of New Orleans." That evening Frank O'Connor Moran went back to his lodgings at Somerstown, near the little Roman Catholic Church; and he held in his breast pocket an engagement at £10 per week to correspond with two of the aforesaid papers, and he had a *carte blanche* as to matter and form, as Mr. M'Cann "had seen all the testimonials," he said. "Same time," added Mr. M'Cann, smiling, "I know that these Jesuits stand to their boys always, and that you may not personally be known to the noblemen and baronets who introduced you to the luminary called 'The Nineteenth Century.'" And Mr. M'Cann again smiled.

"It *must* be," Frank said to himself; but he dared not ask any questions.

"And see," Mr. M'Cann said, after he had been writing for half a minute, "see, sir," he said, rather stiffly, as a thing is said when a man is not going to discuss the matter—when it is to be, and no mistake—"this cheque is for £200—a small sum to help you into the saddle, you know. Do not say a word, pray! Only see here, sir, that sum is to be repaid *in time*. The £10 a-week shall be regularly to your credit at the bank of '*Edmund Browne & Co.*,' Piccadilly." Not any more time now, Mr. Moran; pardon me."

"I am not going to make speeches, Mr. M'Cann. I accept your offer, precisely in the spirit in which you make it. And permit me to say only, that, in my conscience, I believe what you do, gives you as much happiness as it gives me."

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. M'Cann.

"Farewell, sir," answered Frank.

And they shook hands and parted.

We may feel easy about the Great House now. In fact, we might in any case. Did not Lowry M'Cabe shoot snipe—the thief—and plover, and fish the Shannon's

streams, and not only keep nice things on the table, but supply the honest Peggy with money from Dublin market, and enable her to make her mistress wonder how far Peggy "made money go?" And didn't the neighbours generally bring their taxes to Peggy in the way of poultry, and a lamb, and a ham, and no one knows how much—not a single one of them ever wanting "the mistress to know." And "bad right they'd have to hurt the mistress's feelings, because she was always a poor woman's friend, and a poor man's, too, God bless her! And sure Masther Frank is a great man, they say, in Lun'un, an' will soon come home in a carriage."

Well, Master Frank *was* a pretty considerable man "in Lun'un." He had made his way to the English bar. He had sent Lelia to the convent, the dear soul, where she grew to be—oh, such a lady! He had saved the old house at home, and he had furnished it anew, and he had prepared a new home for his mother and sister in the Great Metropolis. Not that they were to remain there! Not at all. Frank was to let the Great House to a great man, for a term of years, because the great man had a great deal of gold, and a great love for hunting and fishing; and by the end of the term of years, as Frank could pretty well support his family in London, the old estate of the O'Connor Morans would be free.

Eight years after his father's death, Frank came over about this great business, and had been a week arrived when he saw what he thought demanded an honest charity in the case of Minny Hennessy. Minny was a favourite of the Moran family, and so was the able-bodied John, her father, and this made them vigilant and interested in her regard. Frank called upon the mother of Minny, to say that "meetings" between her daughter and Jack Hazlitt were not prudent or right, and that parental authority ought to be employed, but all things should be done quietly. He had that day crossed the Shannon to call upon Hazlitt, much in the same spirit as he had called upon Mrs. Hennessy, little knowing how changed his former young companion had become. He was on his way to Hazlitt-ville, when Providence sent him to the spot where Jack Hazlitt was about to fall.

Frank Moran returned home that night not nearly in such good spirits as he left. But he found before him

something to animate any soul—his own mother and Lelia Moran. It was shortly after this we saw Mrs. Moran the first time—and another time was not necessary to remember her for ever. Tall, commanding in figure, pale and grave of aspect, yet when she smiled almost transformed to youth, her smile was so genial, with dark eyes and beautiful arched eyebrows, under which rose and fell the long, silky lashes that gave the dark eyes a greater brilliancy. Frank's mother, at fifty, was still "young and beautiful."

As for Lelia, we have been putting off a presentation, because we have felt awkward alongside any picture we have ever drawn, and we have drawn some already. Lelia was nineteen and a little over; she was above the medium height, with dark eyes and the darkest auburn hair, from which a radiantly fair forehead pressed forward; the nose was a little aquiline, and the lips, rich in youth's hue and freshness, were beautifully chiselled; her neck was graceful and dazzling fair; her motion was like music, and her general presence was surrounded by an atmosphere almost supernatural. Then such a voice, and such angelic expression, and such a gentle lady's manner. No one would ever think of her unshakeable resolution, unless he watched an occasional expression of her beautiful mouth, and the steady inquiry of her eye while she examined into character. Then Lelia was so good. "Papa always said that good deeds are always to be done *when they can*," she used to say, "just as much as bad ones are to be avoided."

"Where have you been?" Miss Shoreditch would ask.

"Why, I have been down at Ned Guiry's, looking after the children, as his wife is in the hospital."

"Looking after the children?"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Moran!"

"So, you see, papa and mamma have brought up Frank and me. Papa used to say that any one who declined to do a considerable *good*, if he could do it without much trouble to himself, *was not a Christian*; and, in the same way, that any one who did not prevent an evil, which could have been easily prevented, was no Christian either."

"Why, you do not say, I am sure—"

"Really, Miss Shoreditch," the old lady would interpose in her own dignified, leisurely manner, "do you not find it hard to imagine one 'loving one's neighbour,' and refusing to make an exertion for him which will cost little or nothing, or 'loving God,' if one does not care how another acts towards Him, and will not prevent the other from acting badly, if he can?"

The truths are grand, but, alas! how often are they ignored or forgotten.

One month after this time, about the middle of December, a note fell on the path which ran round the hedge enclosing John Hennessy's cottage. It fell at Minny Hennessy's feet.

Minny stooped, looked around blushing, and put the note in her bosom hurriedly.

That night it blew a gale. Towards the morning, in the light of a fitful dawn, a yacht shot like a meteor down the Shannon. Right on to a bluff-rock it swept! Its destruction seemed inevitable, when suddenly the sails wheeled round, the beautiful vessel bowed in recognition of the touch of the helm and the message of the wind! The rock was rounded, as if by magic, and the yacht ran madly to the other side. It was magnificent handling.

The next day Minny Hennessy and Jack Hazlitt were missing; but two men and two women were seen landing in the morning from a yacht, near Shannon Harbour. Inquiries in the town showed that they had made their way for Tullamore; but whether they took train for Cork or Dublin could never be discovered. The yacht was found safely moored, and it appeared to bear the name of "Hazlitt-ville," which gives the reader a clue.

The newspapers of the following evening announced:

"ABDUCTION OR ELOPEMENT!"

"An A.M. of the Queen's College and a farmer's daughter, who lived near Balboro', suddenly disappeared two days ago from the banks of the Shannon. Up to the present the young woman's character has been unblemished. The whole thing would be a mystery if the gentleman were not one of our 'fast young men, and just finished his university education.'"

So we know the comings and goings of Frank Moran, and what happened in Pall Mall.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING SOME OF NED THE YACHTMAN'S QUALITIES,
AND WHAT CAME OF JOHN HENNESSY'S PURSUIT.



NED the Yachtman, and O'Kennedy by name, is destined to a prominent place in our history, and we must say he began to earn such a place very early. We have no notion of drawing his character at present, because Ned will be his own limner by-and-by; and, besides, we have not much time for portraiture until the fugitives are further away.

Ned the Yachtman's last visit was to his father and mother's grave, where he knelt very long, and prayed very ardently, and—why not say the word?—he wept very deeply. It may be, as he said, that the tears were tears of love for themselves more than grief for their loss; but, at all events, the tears showered down abundantly.

Ned had gone to see his sister, a widow, who lived near Hazlitt-ville, to bid her a long farewell. Ned often went to Currah, indeed everytime he could; and although he loved a hurling when he could not have a sweep in the yacht, he loved the home of the widow better than all the hurlings in the world; and he felt, in one of the little ones, a kind of sacred thing upon his knee.

So Ned the Yachtman was almost like the father of his little nephew and nieces, and, in fact, he was so esteemed by their mother and the neighbours. If Ned caught a fish in the Shannon, the fish or the price of it went off to Currah; and if he got a gratuity, as he often and often did, the money seemed like fire about his person until he placed the shining coin in little Kathleen's fat hand. As for wages, Ned hardly ever touched a penny of it; and,

though the soul of liberality, he never took or gave a single treat.

"The man that takes must give," Ned would say ; "and the little ones ! Sure they belong to him that's gone, and to my own sister. I won't ate their share !"

And Ned did not "ate their share ;" and, bad as the world is, the young men admired Ned, and the old men made a parable of him until he became celebrated.

A farewell to the little ones and to Mary was not a small thing in poor Ned's career, nor in the life of the widow either.

The poor woman had known for some time that the voyage was imminent, because she had been employed by Ned in making small preparations ; but the reality kept itself out of her view. In truth, the poor thing would not allow her mind to rest upon the picture of loneliness and unprotectedness which forced themselves upon her now and again, when the tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the linen which she was making up for the journey.

The hour should come, however ; and the hour was of a kind that would not permit much demonstration. Secrecy was a kind of life and death necessity, and secrecy should be preserved even though the heart felt nearly bursting with the tide which made it throb.

At first to avoid a burst was simply impossible. It way a cry—a subdued cry enough—followed by an exhaustion, and then a tide of tears.

"Mary, agrah ! Mary, look up !" cried Ned, "look at the Holy Virgin *there near the Cross*. Arrah, avourneen, look at MARY ! *There* is the parting ! there is the parting, alanav !"

"O Ned, Ned ! my brother ! my father ! the father of my childher ! Ned, . . . I'll die ! I'll die !"

By this time Paddy the orphan, who was seven years old, began to understand that his Uncle Ned was going. and the little fellow jumped right up on Ned's knee ! He caught his uncle by the coat collar, and he looked into his uncle's face.

"No !" he cried, "no, you ain't goin' from me, uncle. I'm goin' to be good ; an' I'm goin' to mind my books ; an', uncle, see ! I'll fight Ned Nary, an' I'll bate him would wan hand tied, if you stay."

"Well done, Paddy," shouted Ned. The boy was irresistible—"Well done!"

"Ah, but you know, Uncle Ned, if you go, the big boys will beat me! They were afraid of you, Uncle Ned."

"No, Paddy, they'll all purtect you for Uncle Ned's sake, and for your mammy's."

The widow never opened her lips, but kept rocking to and fro on the poor "boss" of straw—the ottoman of the cabin.

At length she said: "Ned, asthore, I don't think I'll ever live to see——"

"Well now, Mary, you're a bad sojour. Ain't you? An' we goin' to make Paddy a gintleman, an' Kathleen and Brideen ladies—ain't we? An' won't we see that boy driving in his gig or jaunting-car—an' the girls playin' the pianer like Miss Nanny, God bless her."

"O Ned, you're like your sister's guarden-angel, Ned asthore! God's holy will be done!"

"Very well, now, very well! That's a good girl! That's right now."

And then for some time all their little future was canvassed, and Ned's projects and their emigration to some grand estate, and to great fields, and towering trees, and great rivers—in the midst of which Ned O'Kennedy and Ned O'Kennedy's family would be reigning lords and ladies.

The sorrows of the group softened in the midst of all the thoughts which love and sincerity portrayed, while Ned eloquently pleaded; and the little boy began to clap his hands, and even the widow smiled.

But the time was coming.

There was a moment's silence—then a little movement.

"Mary, agrah!" said Ned.

Mary looked at him, and again the tears flowed, but silently.

"I'm afeard to ax id, Mary. I am, indeed."

"Afeard to ax me—*me*, Ned?"

A light came into the sister's eyes, and she started.

"'Tis something!"

"I know, Ned, *acushla*! I know," she said, and immediately disappeared into her little bedroom, and was heard turning a key in a chest-lock. "Afeard!" she repeated—"afeard!"

And now—downright radiant, looking like a saint with the light of bliss on her fine face and figure—she came forth from the chamber. She was proud. She felt that she could do something great, and worthy of her brother's love and her own.

She held in her hand a long, large rosary, with silver decade stones and large silver cross, and on the cross was engraved the date, 1617.

"Ned, aghrah! here it is," she said, and her voice had a ring in it, "'tis the beads of the O'Kennedys; I tuck it out of our mother's hands afther she dhrew the breath! 'Mary,' says she afore she died, 'Mary, alanav, whin I'm gone, take the beads of the O'Kennedys an' keep it widout shame!' An' Ned, aghrah! I did, didn't I?" asked the simple and holy woman.

"Stop, Mary," he said, "stop!"

Ned went down upon his knees.

"Mary, Mary, I'll keep the bades for you. I'll take id for a blessing; because my blessing is from you. Come, avourneen, put the bades upon your poor Ned's neck—on my neck, darlin'."

Suffocating she did so.

"An' now, Mary, our mother loved you dearly, an' I'm sure our father an' mother's blessing are in your two hands. Come, lay them upon your brother's head, an' say you forgive poor Ned all ever he did to worry you or pain you, aghrah."

That was the end. Ned ran—ran, and never looked behind him till he came to the churchyard of which we have made mention. There he knelt a long while, and he laid the rosary down on the headstone, and he cut a few branches from a withered tree near the grave, and he wrapped them in his bosom; and, furthermore, he raised a sod—a sod even green in the winter-time, and with reverence, as if he carried a holy relic, he carried that tuft away; but before he stirred forth he knelt down and kissed the silent home of his dead father and mother, three times, and he asked their blessing on his road.

Notwithstanding Ned's treasures and hopes, his heart bore a heavy burthen. He travelled very slowly, and very often stopped to look around him, and even to think of the old times. Every inch of his way had its memory

and even history, and all this gave a life, a sentiency, Ned thought, to the old trees, and hedges, and shady nooks along the road to where he was to wait the moment of sailing.

"Never see ye again!" Ned used to whisper. "Goin' away! goin' away!" and then, poor fellow, thought they knew his sadness, and looked sad themselves. Poor Ned even stopped from time to time to pat the neighbour's dog upon the head, and the neighbour's horse, as he passed along; it was a comfort, as he could not shake the neighbours by the hand; and Ned O'Kennedy felt as if the dumb beast understood him.

But then came thoughts of riches, and honour, and happy times coming; and it must be confessed that the presence of one of his three fellow-fugitives did a great deal to give the dark hour a light which was one of joy and promise.

"What on earth, Ned, have you got in that sacred corner?" asked Jack Hazlitt, observing the frequency of Ned's glances at a certain corner of the yacht, near the prow.

"Oh, somethin' good, Master Jack. Somethin' good."

"Tobacco?"

"Me, tobacco! I got enough of that for nothing from you, faith."

"Well then?"

"Well then, 'tis Irish clay, to put into my coffin if I die away from my poor counthry, an' a sod of shamrock for next Patrick's day."

Hazlitt was going to sneer at the man's folly, but he had soul enough yet to feel a glow at the sentiment of his foster-brother.

Ned had his arrangements well made, he was the essence of an organizer. The yacht was cleared of everything. The women and the yachtman were to make their way northward, and Hazlitt was in due course to join them. The pursuit would soon commence; and, even for their own sakes, the pursuers should be baffled. They should be saved in spite of themselves.

The fugitives made for Tullamore, thence to proceed by boat to Dublin, and from Dublin to their destination.

Ned's opinion was that they should spend two days, or more, at Tullamore, and allow the police the comfort of

trying Cork and Dublin, or "any other place they liked." As for poor John Hennessy, he hoped Father Riordan would "do something for *him*, and keep him at home."

The parties stopped then in the town just mentioned—lodged separately—in different streets, in fact. But about twelve o'clock, two days after their arrival, all the newspapers had the paragraph, and great tact and caution became necessary.

It was in these circumstances that Ned the Yachtman and his master met on the third day, each apparently hurrying in opposite directions.

They stopped just near the police-office, where the inspector stood smoking a short pipe, and the constable and the "orderly" (very "disorderly" generally) lounged according to that ilk. A brief conversation between the travellers ended by Ned raising his wide-awake hat, and Jack Hazlitt waving his hand. They parted.

Soon, and just according to the rogue's calculation, Ned heard a heavy but regular and rapid step approaching behind.

"I say!" said a voice that sounded clearly interrogative, "I say?"

Ned the Yachtman turned round, looking anxious and innocent.

"Well?" said Ned.

"May I ask who that fine young gentleman is?—I mean the gentleman you were speaking to awhile ago."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Wood—the Hon. Eardley Wood."

"The son of Lord Woodall?"

"The very same."

"Does he remain long here?"

"He's goin' to see Lord Stanley. He was axin' me about my masther."

"Your master?"

"Yis, that I'm goin' to meet in Cork. Mr. Wood went to school with him, you know."

"Who is your master, my man?"

"Why, Mr. Jack is, to be sure."

"Mr. Hazlitt?"

"Yis."

"And you are going to meet him in Cork?"

"Well, at Glinbrook, a place near it, I b'lieve. We meet at Passage by the four o'clock train to-morrow."

"I see ; thank you. Good morning."

"Yier *done* !" said Ned, when the policeman's back was turned.

The policeman went to the inspector, and the inspector went to the telegraph-office, and the wires prophesied there ; and if there were not a hundred policemen at Passage to do honour to Ned O'Kennedy and his master, it was not Ned's fault—nor that of the inspector of police.

There certainly was a pursuit—a fierce and vigorous one. John Hennessy was frantic. If he had been as cool as he was passionate, they could not have escaped. Father Riordan was one of the earliest consolers ; he came immediately the flight transpired. Contrary to all expectation, he deprecated John Hennessy's wrath. He believed firmly that the girl had acted romantically, but not immorally. He knew her well. It was only a few days since she was at her confession. All this would be cleared up yet. "John Hennessy, my friend," said Father Riordan, "look out at the Shannon river; 'tis dark and cold to-day, but it will in two months sing songs to the sunshine ! Look at your little garden ; the leaves are withering on the ground, and the germ is frozen. But, John Hennessy, in two or three months the spring birds will court these stems, and sing for joy when they see the growing blossoms ! So it will be with you ! So it will be with you !"

"Oh, murther !" cried John.

"Ah, John Hennessy, give us the two months—two months."

"My child," cried John, "my child ! Father," said he, "my house is no longer mine. I am going to be thrown on the wide world. But her shame !—her shame !"

"John Hennessy, don't speak of dear Minnie's *shame* in my presence. John, you and I were boys together, and I love you, old fellow—I do ; but Minnie is my daughter. And see you, John Hennessy, Ned O'Kennedy, the father of the widow's brood, the companion of unfortunate Hazlitt, would batter Hazlitt's brains in highway or bye-way, if he saw him stretch a hand towards his pastor's child."

John Hennessy and the pastor parted good friends, and John was much ashamed. Ned O'Kennedy was really the anchor of hope.

John Hennessy had hardly remembered the fact of Ned's departure ; but he had always liked him well, and he trusted him. Here Father Riordan made a wonderful point ; and when the flight of John's own servant-maid was added—the girl who had always been an edification, and had been "reared on his floor," as the priest said, the poor father was overpowered. There was something in it, he was compelled to admit, and "may-be he was too ready to condemn his poor girl."

It must be remarked, however, that John Hennessy only surrendered the notion of his daughter's moral criminality. He felt the apparent elopement as a family disgrace and an awful personal insult. Jack Hazlitt had not only flung back his threats in his face, but remained firm to his own resolution, and now triumphed in the discomfiture of Minnie Hennessy's father.

Indeed, there was some truth in the thought that Jack Hazlitt did feel a triumph. He was firm, to be sure, on the day of his meeting with Hennessy ; but then Hennessy completely held the ascendancy. Jack Hazlitt was just the man to seek and clutch his revenge ; and of all kinds of revenge, there was not one more esteemed by vanity than the one which most sorely touched the poor yeoman's pride.

Woe to Jack Hazlitt if John Hennessy meets him in this world again !

On the third or fourth day after the flight, the sergeant of the police-station made a professional visit which turned John Hennessy's house topsy-turvy in a moment.

The sergeant said the country was disgraced, so it was. There was a robber and a forger on the open road defying and despising the laws, and the unmarried daughter of a most respectable man in his company ; and, on the other side, the parent of the forger will not stir a finger, while the father of an honest family allows his hearth to be disgraced.

"And Mr. Hazlitt lets his son off without any hindrance?" inquired John.

"And you let your daughter away," answered the sergeant. "Little you know what people say," muttered the officer.

"What people say?" repeated the farmer.

"Yes, exactly, Mr. Hennessy. They begin now to say that you brought it all about to marry your daughter to a rake."

"Marry my daughter!—*my* daughter!"

"Oh, no one thinks he will ever marry her; but they say you would never be so easy under this blow, only you intend to make well by it."

"Me?"

"You!"

"Do you dare——"

"Now, John Hennessy, let us have no quarrel. I do not want to give you trouble. Come with me. Make your regular declarations before the bench, and so forth; and you and I will bring young Jack Hazlitt back in spite of old Hazlitt. He wants to hush it all up, by the way; but we will disappoint him."

So John Hennessy made up his mind to pursue the runaways—and we may feel assured he lost no time in preparation. His face began to glow, and his heart to harden against Jack Hazlitt.

"Come!" said he, striking his stick on the floor, "Come!"

And the pursuit commenced in earnest.

Of course, nothing was easier than the clue to Shannon Harbour; and the policeman and the father got all the news of Ned the Yachtman, and how that same innocent personage was to meet his master in Glenbrook in a couple of days; and how the Honorable Mr. Wood was there in Tullamore, looking for Mr. Jack Hazlitt; and how the two women had gone to Dublin by the boat—and all the rest.

"That's all gammin'," said the policeman,—"*wherever the women have gone the men are following. Glenbrook is a decoy!*"

On applying at the police office, the inquirers were duly informed that no persons of the description of Hazlitt and his servant had presented themselves at Passage; and on the same occasion both became satisfied that the Honorable Mr. Wood and Jack Hazlitt were the very same person.

"When did the women start?" demanded the Clare policeman, addressing his Tullamore companion in arms.

"By the boat, ere last night."

"So they told you they would?"

"So Ned O'Kennedy said."

"Then they did not start till this morning at 3 a.m.?"

"How is that?"

"Why, man, do you suppose O'Kennedy told you truth? The women are in Tullamore, or on their way to Dublin, now."

On searching at the women's lodgings, the Clare policeman's supposition was found to be correct; in fact, the boat had been very late that day, and the consequence was that the difference of time between the arrival of the pursued and pursuers could not be very great, if the latter made rapid way to Dublin; so the pursuit to Dublin was fast and full of promise.

Arrived in the metropolis, John Hennessy's spirit rose as they obtained undoubted information of the fugitives, as well as of the part of the city to which they ordered the cab; and this time they found that the women had been met by two men—one apparently a gentleman.

"We shall have them!" said the policeman—"we *shall*."

In that "*shall*" was the ghost of an additional V, leading the sergeant to the lodgings of a sub-inspector.

Fast they drove to the hotel. Horrible! The run-aways were gone!

How tormenting! The party had been seen, and were remembered at the European. They appeared in great spirits—and the servant was a wag. How provoking! There, in that room, Minnie Hennessy had stood only three hours ago; and in that hall the villain Hazlitt had been lighting his cigar!

One thing was re-assuring. The pursuers were nearly certain to succeed next stage. The fugitives had taken the slow train for Londonderry; and the pursuers would be in that city nearly as soon by the mail train—in fact, they might even pass the run-aways *en route*, and have the felicity of bidding them welcome on their arrival. The policeman saw two more VV's upon his sleeve! At all events, he has the right track now.

It was late when Minnie Hennessy and Peggy found themselves on the landing-place of Londonderry and a considerable crowd was gathered. The evening was hazy, but not chill; and groups were here and there

looking at the vessels in the harbour, or watching the strangers who came down upon the wharf. Two good steamers lay alongside hissing their ardour to commence their journey, and outside, some small craft tossed up and down, cold and ill-at-ease. A roar of laughter proclaimed high spirits in one group; and loud talk, the spirit of debate, in another; one heard a wail as of misery in another. Friends were parting, we suppose, and the world's sorrows were demanding their place in London-derry landing place, as well as every place else.

Minnie Hennessy was silent—but Peggy was humming an Irish air "*Ma grah agus m'aginna!*" which means a person who fills not only the affections, but the intellect—and we may guess who that one was—when she was sharply pulled by the cloak, and started.

"Miss Minnie! What is the matter? You frightened me!"

But Miss Minnie had run right across the wharf. A nook, where a small ope left room to get outside the chain, on the shelving platform, was approached by an old blind woman. A moment would have found the old woman in the sea! Minnie, however, had seized her by the arm; and in half a minute Peggy was giving her assistance too.

There was no noise. The blind woman's voice was very weak; and she herself was easily led. The two young women brought her out to the narrow street, each having her by the hand.

It is not wonderful—it is more usual than the thoughtless ever realize—an act of charity has changed the direction of a life—or of lives, we should rather say—to-day.

They went on for a few paces when the old lady stopped them.

"Whither ayre we gayin, eh?" said the blind woman.

"Leading you home," answered Minnie.

"Ah, hame, hame, ma lass! hame, ah, weil, hame?"

"Yes ma'am. Where do you live?"

"Ah, you din na ken, lass."

This was a little above either of the young women's understanding.

"I was gaen hame jist noo," the old lady said. "I was a gaen to Dolly's bræ, when some wan turned me away. D'ye ken Dolly's bræ? Ah, noo—noo sure. But you

have a nice soft hand, young lady ; an' for shure your mither gev ye leetle waurk. Ware ye keend to mither, lassie ? You waad nay gaen away fra' er, would ye, as my dochter did ! Ah, noo, you would nay laave poor mither, for your words come sweet, lassie, and your hand be's a gentle soft one. You wad nay leave yer mither !"

Poor Minnie, and indeed Peggy, were in an agony at the unintentional wound the blind woman was inflicting.

"Your daughter left you, ma'am ?"

"Aye ded she ; but, lassie," she whispered, "lassie, hush ! you din na belong to the Orange party ! Hush ! Ah, my son ! my son ! They killed my son—my Arthur—at Dolly's bræ ; an' he holded the cross in 'is hand—Arthur did. Ah ! lassie, I could nay see the blood o' 'is heart ; but look ye, my hands are cruel red from it, look ! O Arthur !"

The old woman walked along, and made two or three turns quite correctly ; and the three had now been a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes away from the landing-place, when a well-dressed woman met them, and stopped them with a little cry.

"Mrs. Graham ! Mrs. Graham !" she cried, "a thoosand thanks, ma'am ! I could nay guess where she was."

"Why, I was gaen to Dolly's bræ."

"Ah ! you should na' gæ' thro' toon, you should na'."

"Well, well !" laughed the old woman.

"A wee bit deffed sence 'er son be killed, you know—a wee bit," observed the stranger.

All four entered a good business-place by the hall-door. Minnie Hennessy turned round and, looking out into the street, beheld her father and the policeman moving rapidly on towards the landing place.

"Glory be to God !" cried Minnie.

The blind woman was God's messenger of love and—alas ! justice.

Ned O'Kennedy soon discovered the house to which his female friends had retired, and also understood from them that John Hennessy and the policeman had arrived. Ned had hardly believed the thing possible ; but nevertheless he was not "to be taken at an *amplush*," as he himself expressed it. The consequence of this was that he impressed upon Minnie Hennessy and Peggy the necessity of waiting at the blind woman's until he called for them, and suddenly retired.

Ned overtook the pursuers before they arrived at the landing-place, and so far from declining their company, made right up to Minnie's father.

John Hennessy was quite off his guard.

"Good morrow, Mr. Hennessy," said Ned.

John Hennessy's blood rose, but he made a strong effort to repress his passion.

"Where's my daughter?—where's my daughter?" he asked with subdued passion.

"Well, Mr. Hennessy, I'm not purpared to answer you that," replied Ned O'Kennedy.

"Murther! murther!" cried the poor man. "Kennedy, I thought you were a good man; I thought once I would thrust you above any man in Clare; but——"

"But?" asked Ned.

"You deceived me!"

"Deceived you! No, no, Mr. Hennessy, I never de-sayved you nor any man," answered the yachtsman.

"You took away my daughter!"

"I was to the fore; an' do you think Ned O'Kennedy's bein' there was any harm to Miss Minnie, sir?"

John remembered the saying of Father Riordan.

"Where's your master?" he suddenly said.

"I can't tell you that. I minded 'number wan' to-day at the small chapel up in the sthreet. I'll tell no lie—I can't tell you where Masther Jack is."

"Is my daughter with him?"

"I think she's in the same place—that's all I know."

"I think I shall apprehend you!" the policeman said.

"By all manes, sir, if you have a warrant; an' be purpared for an action for damages an' false imprisonment! To be sure!"

"Do not mind O'Kennedy," remarked John Hennessy.

"Let us seek for the villain!—the ruffian!—the——"

They were alongside when a postman shot into the yard, and went right up to O'Kennedy.

"Your neem O'Kennedy?" asked the postman in a strong north-country accent.

"I'm the man, sir," Ned replied.

"Letter directed to his ship. 'Tis from Cork."

"Thank you, sir," Ned answered.

Ned O'Kennedy opened and read the letter, then raised his eyes to the sky.

"Well, well, well!" cried Ned O'Kennedy.

"Look at that, Mr. Hennessy," said Ned, handing him the note.

John Hennessy and the policeman simultaneously perused the following:

"Victoria Hotel, Cork, Wednesday.

"NED—This will reach Londonderry before the boat leaves. Don't mind the Glasgow affair just now. The three of us will wait you here, and expect you by Friday night, at latest. Quick!

"Yours,

"J. H."

Hennessy shook his head as if to say, "All is lost."

A thought struck the policeman.

"Show me the cover, please," he said.

Ned handed the letter back again, and the policeman narrowly examined the name of the post-office and the date. He restored the letter, and in turn shook his head.

The postman added, "This newspaper is for you, too," and handed Ned O'Kennedy the *Cork Examiner*, in which, among the "arrivals," was mentioned that of the Hon. Mr. Wood. He pointed out the paragraph to the policeman.

"I miscalculated," cried the policeman.

"Och one! och one!" cried poor Hennessy.

The policeman had too humble an opinion of his sagacity, as he would have seen if he had examined the make-up of the daring postman. The postman was the hopeful Jack Hazlitt, whom a friend in Cork obliged by sending the letter and *Examiner* to Ned O'Kennedy, having sent, by Ned's advice, to Cork for that roguish end.

The pursuers gave up the chase.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW THINGS WENT ON IN COVENT-GARDEN MARKET TWENTY YEARS AGO; HOW LOWRY M'CABE SAW THREE GENTLEMEN FROM AMERICA AT MR. GROGAN'S STATL, AND HOW, RATHER AGAINST THEIR WILL, HE RENEWED HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH TWO OF THEM AFTERWARDS.



EVANS'S, of Covent Garden, was a pleasant evening's resort some twenty years ago, and may be even now, for aught we know. We have heard it admired, and may-be enjoyed; but the admission can hardly interest the reader. The "Rooms" were certainly very fine; and it was difficult, amid the glare of lights, the variety of face and costume, and the earnestness of general conversation, not to imagine one was playing a part in a monster civic banquet, or some huge stage banquet in a play. Evans's was a great place for meeting people—men of eminence in science and letters; but particularly for meeting those who admired the buskin, and lounged in the happy consciousness that the great theatre and Macready were so near. Mr. So-and-so, all linen from the waist, except two black stripes, which, coming round his shoulders, he held at the hips, was Dr. Gamell, the "Correspondent" of the *Star*; and the other gentleman, whose face was the form of a heart, allowing for black hair, and flat nose, was Mr. Godfrey, the novelist; and the lady over at the second table from the end, just under the splendid picture of Mrs. Siddons, just using the opera glass, and looking very much as if she had put on male attire in mistake—well, she is the celebrated—we know not what, and we suppose those who peruse those lines do not care. Altogether "Evans's Rooms" were a very entertaining place, and indeed improving, in a way, notwithstanding

the comical people on the small stage above, where an impossible kind of artist, standing on another impossible artist's head, plays a violin, and the other impossible artist accompanies the former on a seven-keyed flute. A fellow in a corner, worrying his poor feet with cymbals, and his lips with reed pipes ; and a clown, who looked inclined to turn himself inside out, as well as upside down, were all wonderful to people new from the Emerald Isle ; but we hardly think that they were at all attended to by the general company, who seemed more engaged with their tables and one another than with anything else.

We ought not, however, pass over the genial proprietor of those genial days, who paid polite attention to the guests of the hotel, and just at the proper moment introduced them to the "Rooms," and charged them nothing. Boniface !—Boniface was a man of true eloquence, as far as his speech went—select in language—true in feeling—and musical in its cadence. "Alas, sir, alas ! the world is changing, changing sadly !" he would say, and then his brows fell—dark, round, expressive brows. "All, all, is for the material enjoyments of life ! Banquets, equipages, positions, sensuality—all ! The foliage of the trees—the blue of the heavens—the speaking beauty of the lily and the rose—the flowing stream, and the mountain and the sea, mean nothing now but earth and water—the world of sentiment is dead ! Yet, sir, *what* money could purchase the ecstasy of bliss that springs from the enjoyment of external nature, or even from the innocent smile of an infant child ?" The guests at the hotel heard this speech a couple of times a week, and very often a couple of times a day ; and it must be recorded in the interests of *truth* and *gratitude*, that in a cozy box, curtained, and commanding the whole company, the orator frequently closed his speech by handing round a tankard—a silver tankard—of spiced claret, which, like the Killarney echoes, multiplied his speech many times over.

We must confess that we have drawn on the reader's confidence, and therefore must honestly say, that the only use we intend to make at present of Evans's Great Rooms is to employ them as a finger-post, a finger-post to the dwelling-place of a most interesting countrywoman of ours, and country-man (different persons remember), who abode in Covent Garden.

Mrs. Jurr Grogan and Mr. Jurr Grogan lived in the neighbourhood, and rented a green-grocer's stall, behind which there was growing up a green and hopeful family. Mrs. Jurr was the principal of the stall, and, indeed, some people said she was the principal of the family. But what will not people say?

Mrs. Jurr Grogan was about five-and-thirty, with flashing grey eyes, embrowned face, and dark hair, now turning the colour of her eyes—that is, grey. She wore a deep white linen collar over a slate-coloured dress, that fitted her tightly, and a snow-white apron, under which she had a pretty custom of hiding her bare hands and arms. She wore a bonnet, too—but not on her head: it hung from a string around her neck, with its face turned up to the sky, as if expecting something to drop into it; and the frill of Mrs. Grogan's muslin cap looked just as if the bonnet was showing a set of very white teeth. Mrs. Grogan, as a rule, looked both determined and wide-awake; and she “wanted only her right” (according to her own view) “from any one; but her right she would always have!” In Ireland Mrs. Grogan always pronounced this word “right” correctly; but in England she thought herself bound to accommodate herself to her own views of the accent, and she therefore called it “wight” when beyond the Channel.

We have grown ten months older in our story, and in London a July day is often a powerful solvent of humanity. Mrs. Grogan is at her door; but now busily engaged in arranging, and saving, and preserving her stock in the vegetable world. The step of the door is as white as the table-cloth, and the table-cloth along the open window is whiter than the whitest paper. The Spanish nuts keep pleasant company with the Seville oranges just beside them—both made up like the bottom cut off from a pyramid; and behind, on an inclined shelf (we could call it an inclined plane, only we are simple-minded people), were boxes of artichokes, nice kale, turnips, and parsnips; and still further on were the loveliest hills of apples, pears, plums, and gooseberries, in the midst of which, as if to tantalize ill-used boys and girls, was an immense lake of strawberries. We shall say nothing of the laughing cabbages riding on one another on tables inside in the shop, and what Jurr called his “native land,”

the mealy potatoes, lying cozily by each other's side, enjoying peace and security till summoned to do their duty.

Now Mrs. Jurr Grogan had enough to do to mind that stock-in-trade this warm July day in London. To be sure, there was a fountain near, in which the cabbages and cauliflowers were treated to an occasional bath. And Mrs. Jurr took care that the outer guard of pears, apples, oranges, and plums should be relieved by their inner companions from time to time, to give all an equal chance of good health. Then she had such covering with nets and muslins, and piling things up and taking things down, and arranging the red apples and the green, and watching the symmetry of her little world around her, that she had not much time to gossip, or even, as she herself said, she "hadn't time to be sick." If some people bought that health preservative, the doctors would be greatly relieved, but we dare not say more upon the subject.

Mrs. Jurr Grogan had her grievance—Mr. Jurr, a fine, brawny, open-countenanced fellow of five feet eleven, who stood inside in his shirt sleeves and apron, and "never did a hepnny waurth." This was another improvement of accent adopted through respect for the country in which she dwelt. As to the charge, however, there was a kind of simper about her mouth when she made it, and a laugh from the inside of the shop when Jurr heard it, that jointly gave meaning to the language of a domestic love, strong and earnest. The fact was, that she would not let Jurr out of her sight; and the pride of her life was to see the pipe in his mouth and the baby in his arms, and to hear him sing the praises of the River Shannon by the fireside. We have reason to know that "very good song and very well sung," often and often echoed behind the shop in Covent Garden, on a pleasant Sunday evening when Mrs. Jurr, Mr. Jurr, and a couple of old friends from "home" came to transfer Ireland to the land of "the Saxon."

And Mrs. Jurr loved her husband for another reason—he never drank, though he had taken no pledge. His joy was his little home and his little children three, and Nora—that was Mrs. Grogan's Christian name. Nothing individual, nothing selfish for Nora and Jurr. "Her

neem wus Nora Grogan," she said—"Cronin by her fawther—and she'd nayvur bin obleeged to hang'er'ed!" Nora kept her affections far better than she kept her sweet brogue; but, as we have observed, that was all in compliment of the English nation.

Mr. Jurr had another attraction for Nora, and many a one beside. He never met an honest man in a "*hoult*" that he did not strive to free him. Here, too, there was a quantity of affectation in Nora while her heart was singing a melody. "Lending your meens agin," she would cry, "goi'n' beel agin for thame peeples ove' at Sen Giles! Well, I tell *you*, Grogan——"

"Well, I tell you, Nora, darling, we must chance a little for a poor fellow in a *hoult*; an' we won't be worse off in a twelvemonth!" Mr. Grogan would then look into Nora's face, and kiss Nora, and cry out, "Why, ye thief, ye are betther plazed than me! You know, you rogue, you thought me to be merciful, as God, glory to His name, is merciful; and I seed the laugh in your eye this minit!"

"You are right, Jurr, agra!" she would say; "an' Holy Mary bless your heart, father!"

Nora forgot to compliment the British nation when her heart spoke.

Now, seated in the same little parlour before mentioned, on an evening in July, was a man two inches taller than Jurr Grogan, and altogether of a powerful mould. He sat on a chair near the clock, which was in the right-hand corner as you enter, and, opposite him, stood a large mahogany chest of drawers. Between him and the same chest of drawers was a space of twelve feet or more, on which stood a round mahogany table, and in the centre, next the drawers, was a fire-place, with mantel-piece of black marble, framing a grate that seemed bursting from the amount of polish, although the bars peeped through hangings of twisted paper with all the colours of the rainbow.

The good man before mentioned wore tight-fitting blue frock, single collar, top boots, white corduroys, and a turned-down shirt-band, which showed a neck—such a neck as Hercules is said to have rejoiced in. Who is he? No other than Mr. Lowry M'Cabe, at present living a little way off Kensington Gardens, in a snug little square,

a snug little dwelling, with a verandah, Venetian blinds, a flight of stone steps, and two knockers to the hall-door.

That is the present residence of Frank Moran and his family ; and Lowry is the same thief who shot the snipe, and fished the streams, and furnished the table at the Great House, and bewildered the good Mrs. Moran with the thought of " how far Nelly made money go ! " Lowry M'Cabe was half-brother to Mrs. Grogan, because Mrs. M'Cabe had the good sense to marry Mr. Cronin after Lowry's father reposed near Balboro'.

This was not Lowry M'Cabe's first nor his twentieth visit here to Covent Garden ; because Lowry had very little to do. Frank Moran minded his law and his literature, and Lowry's business was very much to mind himself, only he added quite spontaneously the care of Lelia and Mrs. Moran to his responsibility. For them, indeed, he had something to do. Frank kept a small phaeton, which was driven by a coachman from the livery stables where the horse was hired, and Lowry did the tiger—and a very fine tiger Lowry was. He kept the phaeton clean—and *himself* ; helped Nelly Mooney just for good fellowship ; was ever on the look-out for a message for Miss Lelia, or a word or a look, for Lowry worshipped her ; and when he could—not seldom—he nursed Mrs. Jurr Grogan's baby.

In great glee they were this evening. The mother of Lowry and Mrs. Grogan was still alive ; and Nora's learning not being equal to her fine English, and Jurr's hand being stiff, Lowry became the letter-writer to the "ould spot," and the grappling-iron to hold on to the widow. What love !—what celestial charity !—what poetry of profound feeling in this brother and sister's thoughts ! It is no shame to Lowry that the tears fell upon the paper, and none to Nora that she kissed her brother ten times while the letter was being read !

God bless your good hearts ! you are never away from home and Ireland !

Mr. Grogan stood silently, and not less affected than his wife and his friend. The letter finished, he took from his breast-pocket a post-office order for £7 10s., and he placed it reverently in the envelope. There was a little altar at the end of the room, and a little statue of the Virgin upon it. Jurr Grogan raised the letter. He

tipped the brother and sister on the shoulders. They understood him at once, and all three went up to the little altar, on which Jurr laid the letter to the old woman at home, and then they knelt down and prayed. Lowry had given Grogan £3 to get the post-office order, and in Jurr's hands it had grown to £7 10s. !

"Nuvur welcome you, you thief you !" said the happy Mrs. Grogan, when she heard Lowry cry out the sum in amaze ! "Well, what a desayvor you are !" she repeated.

Reader—you have the Irish people before you. Surely there is a destiny before them.

Lowry M'Cabe was one day, as usual, nursing his young niece, when three gentlemen, well dressed, and wearing rings and chains that might have cost a fortune, came into his sister's stall. They had evidently come from some railway station not far off, because they carried small travelling-bags, and one of them had a well-made bundle besides. The lady of the stall seemed to know them ; for the salutation was rather familiar for parties meeting only the first time, and a watchful observer might discover an intelligence in Mrs. Grogan's eye that had some history behind it. The gentlemen wanted a melon, some gooseberries, and some kale. They would take them away themselves, too, one of them observed, as Mr. Oldenburgh, a small gentleman with black eyes, black hair, black beard, and wide-awake hat, happened to have got room in his bag for all.

Mrs. Grogan had "no second price," and, therefore, bargaining cost no time.

The melon was chosen with care, and the gooseberries neatly papered, packed, and put up. The tallest of the three, Mr. Meldon, took out his purse, and, after complimenting Mrs. Jurr upon her good looks, and paying a compliment to a fine little boy who at the moment rushed *in medias res* from inside, he handed the lady of the stall a sovereign. He then turned away, Mr. Meldon did, to speak on some indifferent thing to his two companions—it would appear, to give Mrs. Grogan time to procure the change.

Mrs. Grogan placed the sovereign on the very tip of that finger called the index, moving slightly and slowly, the palm of her hand downwards. Mrs. Grogan had her own way of finding the specific gravity of such solids, and was never at fault.

A smile passed over Mrs. Grogan's face—a very quiet one ; and she turned towards her customer, with a look—well, a look of confidence, rather.

"Mr. Meldon," she said, "perhaps you have got silver?"

"Well no," answered Mr. Meldon, speaking very much through his nose.

"Do try," said Mrs. Grogan ; and her face assumed an expression of the most horrible humour, while she held the sovereign still poised up on the aforesaid finger of her left hand, as before.

Mr. Meldon's expression did not change much ; but it did not manifest all the carelessness of his voice and manner. In fact, Mr. Meldon reddened a little.

"Oldenburgh," he asked, "have you not got some silver?"

"Why yes. Do you want any?"

"Just give me ten shillings, please," Mr. Meldon replied, and he looked at Mr. Oldenburgh very hard.

Having received the money from his friend, Mrs. Grogan was paid the amount of her demand. She placed the silver in the till, which she shut to with a smirk, and the bolt of the lock shot to its place very meaningly.

The gentlemen departed very quietly, and hardly looked at the fine little boy who now sat upon the door-step.

"Who are the gentlemen?" asked Lowry. He addressed his brother-in-law, Mr. Jurr.

"Who are the gentlemen?" replied Nora ; "would you like to know, Lowry?"

"Well, Nora?"

"Well, Lowry, the tall man of all is a Londoner from Loosayanna. The little black man is a New York man from Kenmare, in the county Kerry ; and the middle-sized man (an' his name is Chrink, more-be-token) is a Devonshire man, who was bred and born in Boston, and arrived in this country only one month ago. *Veckin thr dhrihair?*" continued Mrs. Grogan, in the vernacular, meaning in English, "Do you understand, brother!"

"Well! well! well—to be shure!"

"Yes, Lowry," put in Mr. Grogan ; "an' if you pay me well, I'll tell you where your watch may go fast."

"Go fast?"

"Yes, be the poker!"

"Aye, go fast enough," said Lowry, "Lun'un ! Lun'un ! Lun'un !" he muttered.

"Now, Mr. Grogan," said Nora, with an affectation of pettishness, "I will not hayve my customers backbited, so I won't. And see here, Lowry *achree* ! don't be out by yourself much after the dark ; and lave a piece o' road 'tune you an' the New Yorker. Mind what your sister sez !"

To say the truth at once, this meeting was a fortunate one for some people—one of those simple blessings which Providence sends, as He sends the dews and the star-light, beneficent and paternal ; but which mankind so rarely values. If men watched what they call the "chances" of life, they would find more "design" in the "chances" than their own best wisdom has ever been able to form.

Some three months or four after this, about the beginning of November—a time full of interest for all the dwellers near St. James's-square, about eight o'clock in the afternoon, Lelia Moran was coming home in the phaeton, which now closed with a hood, glazed in the front. The lamplight was not very brilliant, and the streets not very full, as she quietly drove home from Mount-street, where business had summoned Lelia about six o'clock. What the business was need not be mentioned ; yet we confess our readiness to give every explanation. Lelia was paying a visit to the Jesuits in Farm-street, and her vehicle waited for her in Mount-street, which runs parallel to the former, and in which the Fathers' residence is found. One can come in by the church in Farm-street, and find egress by the house in Mount-street ; and that is just what Lelia had done. The special occasion of the visit we shall impart hereafter ; but we may depend upon it Lelia had not left her mother, and her home, so late on a winter's afternoon, without something important enough not only to justify but necessitate her absence.

Coming along towards Park-lane, and nearly approaching Piccadilly, Lowry M'Cabe, who had a sharp look-out for obstacles of all kinds, rational or irrational, saw standing at the corner of a street a man whom he would swear to be Mr. Oldenburgh, although his dress was somewhat different. His apparel was more stylish, and his general make-up was more distinguished ; but Lowry held, as not to be contradicted, that he would anywhere know

the hang of a Kerryman's head, which he declared to be quite peculiar. What the signs to which Lowry alluded really were, we do not pretend to know; but Lowry turned his cheek a little towards the ground, and looked under his eyes. "Yorkshire" quite, when, in good humour, he undertook to do a man from Dingle, Kerry West.

Lowry instinctively put his hand upon his large silver watch, which beat strong over his heart, in his vest pocket. He had had a watch now for six months nearly, and got used to the honour. For the first three months not a man in London knew the hour so well as Lowry M'Cabe, because there was not a half-minute he did not "look at the watch." And, in fact, Mr. Jurr Grogan's witty remark about the "places in Lun'un where watches *go fast*," was occasioned by the danger to which his friend Lowry's watch was exposed by so frequently exhibiting its attractions.

They were moving along quietly, mingling their wheel-sounds with the heavy crash of a late dray, an omnibus's rattle of bells, and the whistle of the railways at the near stations. The lamps looked down like spirits, in quiet meditation on the vanity of human bustle and hurry. The lights of the phaeton contemplated far off space, and gaily nodded to the passers-by. Down towards Holland-park a newsman was crying, "The Death of the Pope of Rome!" and nearer, a lonely girl was intending to cry something, but she was staggering under her basket. She was making for the gate of the Park, and may-be for the Serpentine!

They had come to a quiet spot near the turn off to Curzon-street, when Lowry heard a shuffle, a smothered hiccup, and finally a fall. He turned his head in the direction of the noise. Three people—and only three people—he saw there; and one of them lay flat upon the ground. Mr. Meldon was the other—"the American gentleman." The appearance of Mr. Oldenburgh a short time before, the warnings of Mr. Grogan, and the chaffing and conduct of his step-sister came upon Lowry's mind together, and the next moment he stood upon the flag-way. So wonderfully active had been his bound, and light and easy, that the livery horse was apparently the only creature aware of Lowry's absence.

It was clear enough to Lowry that some one had met foul play ; and instinctively he placed himself on the path by which the aggressors would attempt an escape. He stood on the side of the city, because he knew the robbers would make for the throng ; and, poor fellow, while fixed in the resolution of catching the malefactors, never thought of the man lying on the ground. The Americans—Mr. Oldenburgh and Mr. Meldon—had taken entire possession of Lowry's mind.

Lowry was right. He reached the flags by a bound ; he rushed forward towards the fallen man. One of the thieves flitted like an electric light across the road, towards the Gardens ; the other, panting, foaming, and swearing, was in Lowry's arms. In fact, he rushed into them, carrying to that haven of justice a watch and a broken chain !

"I declare," cried Lowry, "I declare—Mr. Meldon !"

The new-comer groaned. He groaned, but how he struggled ! The fellow was very muscular—very active—and he gave Lowry some exercise.

"Arrah ! Mr. Meldon, from Loosayanna," cried Lowry, "do now be asy ! Do you know where you are ?" [Tremendous struggle.] "Well now, see here, Mr. Loosayanna, see here ! Ain't you a fool ? Don't you see I could smash two like you—or three ? Very well, then !—see——"

And Lowry gave him a bear's hug.

Mr. Loosayanna cried out.

"Well now, Mr. Loosayanna," said Lowry, warming a little, "Mr. Loosyanna, or Loosymamma, or Loosydamnye—God forgive me for swearing ! If you don't be quite and civil, Mr. Loosyanna, I'll break your head ! There now !"

"Poalis ! poalis !" cried Lowry. "Poalis !" cried he again.

It is to be said to their honour that the police saved three or four respectable citizens the inconvenience of taking Mr. Meldon to the police office. The police came up in less than a quarter of an hour ; and when Mr. Meldon had been securely bound by a hempen rope, fitted to him in the way of double wristband, Lowry duly charged the American citizen. A number of persons joined Lowry when they saw the work done ; and

Mr. Meldon was compelled, Republican as he was, to accept the hospitality of Royalty, until he could offer some small explanation of how he came into Lowry M'Cabe's arms, carrying thither his neighbour's goods.

But the poor gentleman? He is right enough; and Lowry saw that soon. Lowry had not escaped Lelia's notice at all. She divined all. Most fortunately Frank was in the study, in the pleasant house near St. James's-square; and a few words sent him thundering back to the neighbourhood of the Queen's-road. Lowry, the thief, saw the phaeton, but never minded a bit; and long before the charge had been signed at the police office, and Lowry bound to come in the morning to help the Queen in attending on Mr. Meldon, the waylaid gentleman, in a state of insensibility, was reposing in Frank's study.

The case was a case of garotting; and the gentleman had been struck down by what is called a "life-preserver."

There he lay—pale, young, handsome, most distinguished in his look. The aristocratic profile, the curling dark hair on his temples, his lips compressed and occasionally moving in command, and his fair small hand, and the one sparkling diamond ring on his left middle finger, proclaimed a victim of no ordinary value.

Nelly Mooney was summoned from the kitchen; and she was supplied with tepid water and several bottles of Cologne. Frank only waited to open the stranger's vest and necktie, and then ran off for a doctor. Mrs. O'Connor Moran came into the study at eleven o'clock, and sat at the head of the sufferer, saying her prayers. And the lamp blinked in at the window, like a poor fellow wanting to sleep.

Everything that Mrs. O'Connor Moran could do had been done to resuscitate the insensible object of her care; but everything had been vain. He had evidently received a great blow, though no wound whatever appeared. She knew stimulants might be ruinous, and bathing was useless—and like a wise woman waited for the medical man.

At length the doctor arrived, and came in gravely and collectedly. He saluted the lady, looked around, and

then turned to his patient. He looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Gracious!" the doctor said. "Is it possible? Why, really yes! Mr. Moran," turning round, "a dear friend of mine has been saved, and the best of men. Here is Sir Emery Haydock!"

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING WHAT TOOK LELIA MORAN TO MOUNT-STREET;
AND HOW SHE SANG "THE SONG OF THE SHANNON"
AFTERWARDS IN BELGRAVIA.



WILL this Christian world ever practise Christianity? Will it ever become wise enough to know its own advantages? Who can say? But everyone who thinks can comprehend how the same Christian world is ever and always looking for a harvest where it has never sown, and seeking for the correction of a thousand evils everywhere but where it says they can be corrected.

Nothing for which we are more ready than the admission that Providence is the dispenser of all good; and we not only recognize the truth, but we are quite well aware of the way of approaching Providence. Speaking scientifically, we know the laws by which His favour is conciliated and His anger aroused, as well as we know how to transmit a message by telegraph, or turn a wheel by steam-power. What is extremely odd, however, is that when we want the message transmitted, or the wheel turned by the piston, we are sure to observe the laws which Providence has laid down; but when we want other results, for which the same Providence has given laws as explicit, though the effects may not always be so palpable, we simply ignore them, or we have recourse to them in a way that renders their application impossible. How many evils in the world entirely of

our own making, and how many blessings for which we will not stretch out our hands ! Beautiful and striking in its profound philosophy is the complaint that we "desert the fountain of living water," and we "dig" for ourselves "the cisterns" where not only the water becomes fetid, but the cisterns break in our hands, and even the fetid water, bad as it was, flows away—"the cisterns can hold no water."

Whenever the world which acknowledges Providence will keep in harmony with Him for a year, we shall see how much He can do, and how much we can mar.

Coming along Regent-street, one day, Lelia was struck by the appearance of a very young, and very poor, and very handsome little girl. The child had a pair of cuffs in one hand—they were stretched upon a piece of dark pasteboard ; and in the other she had a box of matches. The little creature was pale, very pale, with large blue eyes and flaxen hair ; but the hair was matted under a broken bonnet, and the eyes had the sad expression of anxious suffering. Lelia could no more pass by such a little creature than she could her nearest friend ; and she stopped the phaeton to speak to her. Her name was Hammond ; she was just thirteen ; mamma was sick at home, and made the collars ; her little brother, seven years old, was sick like mamma ; and her father sometimes was at work, and sometimes was not ; and they were all very, very poor, and sometimes very hungry. Mamma never got up ; and her little brother crawled about the floor, rather than walked ; but he loved mamma ever so dearly, and he cried when he saw her face sad, and when she slept he laid his little head alongside her, and he was never happy only when he lay there. Her name was Mary, and her brother's name was John, and that was also her father's name, but—

"Tell me, good child, do you not come from Ireland ?"

"Yes, ma'am ; but I was ever so little when we came here to Lun'un, and brother John was born here."

"You go to church ?"

"No, ma'am ; I go to the Kotholic chapel, please ; but, all the same, won't you buy the cuffs ? Mamma has had nothing to-day, ma'am, and brother is hungry. Won't you buy the cuffs, ma'am ?"

"And are you not hungry yourself, Mary ?"

"Mamma gave me our last piece of bread coming out this morning, and I wouldn't take it, indeed, ma'am, on'y I know'd the clargy was coming to-day—Mr. Wyndham, and he always helps mamma, Mr. Wyndham does, ma'am."

"Where was your father this morning?"

The child's face fell, and she burst into a torrent of tears; but while choking with grief, she articulated, "Will you not buy the cuffs, ma'am? Oh, ma'am *do* buy the cuffs."

The cuffs were bought at double their price, although Lelia saw they were beautifully executed; and poor little Mary Hammond drew the large old white rock-spun shawl around her little shoulders, and somewhat over the poor cotton frock, while her little red ankles and broken boots flitted along as if her life depended upon her speed.

Lelia did not return home at once. She felt an indescribable interest in little Mary, and not less in the sick child and mother. She would seek Mr. Wyndham—Father Wyndham—and try and see Mrs. Hammond.

There was not the smallest particle of romance in all this. A case of great need came into her presence, and with the case came the law—the *law of love*. What the observance of the law was to effect in this world Lelia did not think about, but we know a lot of people ought. Perhaps a number with whom nothing ever goes right might find in the observance of this law a change for the better, and many who complain of enmities and false friends, *et cetera, et cetera*, would find love growing out of love, as wheat grows out of wheat. We would recommend the experiment to any of the general public who find things going astray, and who—believe in God. If the last condition be not supplied, we cannot insist upon our counsels so forcibly.

Lelia thought that buying the cuffs was a good thing, but only part of her obligation. If the life be more than the food, the mind is more than the body. A gentle word from a gentle woman to a heavy heart bestows more felicity, and earns more gratitude than a luxurious meal. Assuredly we did not get the lump of clay to "love," but only for its connexion with something nobler—and something in connexion with the NOBLEST—the Infinite. Feeding people and clothing them is very praiseworthy, but those who think they fulfil the primary

law by doing only so much will never experience the results of a system which they do not work. We mean the Christian system.

Lelia had half divined what she discovered on communication with Mr. Wyndham. Mary Hammond she found in a garret, emaciated to a frightful degree, and sitting upon a bed of straw. She was pale, very pale; but, unlike little Mary, her hair was dark, and neatly laid over brows low, defined, and aristocratic. Her eyes were very fine hazel, and flashed with the light of eternity. She had a mouth of a common type enough, and the ears were long and high; but one forgot everything else in the delicate hue, the speaking eyes, and in her sorrows.

The little boy nestled close to his mother. Little Mary was preparing tea.

"O father," she said, "the beautiful lady gave me a crown for mamma, and I can give her a nice potato! Can I not, father? And enough will remain to pay the rent; and poor mamma and Johnny shan't be turned out, father."

"Well, not much fear of that, Mary, at all events," said Mr. Wyndham.

"Ah, no, sir," said the poor invalid, and she looked the father full in the face—not with an expression of pain; yet two big tears rolled down her wan cheeks. "No, sir," she said, "no fear of that, indeed."

"What a beautiful voice," whispered Lelia. It rang with a ring of a holy melody—the melody of gratitude.

"But what of John?" asked the clergyman.

"O father, poor John grows worse and worse! Poverty has made him mad."

"Mrs. Hammond," answered the priest, "I think a little more firmness on your part would have been better for your husband."

"But how could I be firm, father? In all his follies he has never changed his love. The same doating devotion he showed by my native hedges, he shows now; and never a word of complaint."

"Where does he get money to drink?"

Here was a dead pause. The clergyman looked round the room: everything that could be sold was gone. A broken plate or two, a small bedroom candlestick of tin.

a broken chair, a stool or two, and a pot and saucepan, were all that remained.

"You are late, Mary, my child," continued the priest, as he saw her draw her hand under the counterpane. "You are late, Mary," he said, with a sad voice. "I see your marriage ring is gone!"

Now, indeed, Mary suffered. Lelia was a little terrified—the paroxysm was so great, the sobbings were quite convulsive: "O John! O John!" she cried, "O John!"

The poor little boy had his arms round the sick woman's neck, and he said, "Mamma, mamma, mamma, I shall die!" the poor fellow said. And poor little Mary was over in a corner, crying as if her little heart would burst, but not loudly.

"A most wonderful case," said the clergyman, turning to Lelia. "Here is a man of fine talents as a law-clerk. He might obtain plenty of employment; in fact, he might be a rich man if he pleased. And see to what a condition he has reduced his family!"

"Why, then, he is very fond of them," cried the poor sick woman.

"Well, Mrs.—*Mary*," answered the priest, "I do not approve of the way he shows his fondness; and I am very much afraid that God will punish him severely and summarily."

"Oh! pray for him, father," Mrs. Hammond answered, "pray for him! The poor fellow would be so good only for the liquor."

"But, my poor woman," said Lelia, "this sweet girl will be entirely lost, growing up in ignorance, and neglected by her father."

"Well, no, madam," Mrs. Hammond said. "Up to this time I have been able to teach her; and my poor husband, when he is sober, is just as anxious about her as I am. He has never asked her to sell her little books."

"What can be done?" asked Lelia.

"Pray!" answered the priest. "His conversion will almost demand a miracle."

"Ah! father, I think 'tis because he is so much *down* that he is descending."

"How?" asked Lelia.

"Well, madam, it is foolish of me to be making fairy worlds ; but I am sure, if my John could find himself now as he was five years ago, with his home happy, and himself respected, he would never again be the sot he is."

"You think," said Lelia, "he lies prostrate in despair of rising?"

"God bless you, madam, that is my thought!" said Mary Hammond.

Lelia had paid Mrs. Hammond several visits, and, indeed, others beside Mrs. Hammond ; and Mrs. Hammond was not worse ; and little Mary had brushed out her fine hair ; and the little skeleton began to smile, poor little fellow, when Lelia laid her fair hand upon his head ; and all the time she was in the room he kept hold of her dress, and swung to and fro on his little foot. She was the first for whom he was ever known to stay away from the sick woman.

There was even something better than the visiting, and the comfort and the improvement of the children, and the new life to Mrs. Hammond. Hammond had found Lelia there one day. He was half tipsy, and a little demonstrative. He was making professions of devoted love to his wife and his darling children, and calling himself all manner of hard names, and making all manner of resolutions. He even went upon his knees, and raised his hands upwards, and appeared as if going to swear, but Lelia stayed him.

"Have you dined, Hammond?" she asked.

"Dined!" he answered ; "dined, and my adored Mary there in want ! Dined ! and my little children cold and penniless ! Dined ! no, madam, I never dine, I never dine ; but, madam," he continued, "I am a drunkard—a mean, low drunkard—I have become a liar, a cheat—a savage ! O Mary, why?"

"John, give over this—give over this ! Remember how much we owe the dear young lady, and do not be a worry to her charity."

"Stay, Mr. Hammond," she said, "are you a man of honourable principles?"

"I have been," he answered.

"Could you be again—could you *now*?"

"O madam, how can I say—I am so sunk, so low, so base !"

"Well, Mr. Hammond, will you try and be faithful to me?"

"To you! to you!" a dash of old thought came across his brain, and he turned round and looked at Mary; she was again in tears.

"Mr. Hammond," said Lelia, "I am going home; here is a half-sovereign."

"O madam, madam," cried Mary Hammond.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hammond," Lelia said, "I am going to try Mr. Hammond my own way. John Hammond, you will not leave this for two hours; 'tis now one o'clock. You will then go and purchase a good dinner at the next boarding-house. Come back to your poor wife and little ones. Drink nothing, and be faithful to your promise to a young woman who has never seen a man drunk in her father's house; and yet who believes there is good in you still! Will you promise?"

"As God shall be my judge!"

"And drink nothing till we meet, the day after to-morrow?"

There was a pause now. Mary Hammond heaved a sigh, and the husband started.

"I promise," cried John Hammond.

And John Hammond kept his word!

It would be hard to calculate how much care and sorrow there are in the world, which could easily be removed, and how much good might be obtained, which we never enjoy, because we take our own way, which never can be right.

I AM THE WAY lasts for ever!

Lelia was coming home from Mrs. Hammond's on the evening when Lowry M'Cabe gave Mr. Meldon the honour of an Irish squeeze, and saved the Baronet's watch—and life, it may be. The clergyman had informed her by the five o'clock delivery, that Mrs. Hammond was dying, and wished to see her once more. The afternoon call led to the *rencontre* near Brompton. And now the reader is as wise as ourselves on this matter.

The Baronet remained insensible during the whole of the night, notwithstanding very copious bleeding; and in the morning the doctor preferred a bed made up in the study to any removal upstairs, or anywhere whatever. Consequently, Frank had to manage as best he

could in his law, and reading, and correspondence with the two American papers.

Mrs. O'Connor Moran was a discreet matron, and knew exactly what was her daughter's place in this "whole business;" and, indeed, Lelia was conscious of the peculiarity of the situation. At all events, a man who was insensible could not be much danger to character or peace; and hence Mrs. Moran was glad that Lelia should spend some portion of the night and morning in the study. The mother and daughter talked very quietly, and very freely; and a great part of their discourse was about John Hammond of Bloomsbury, and poor Mary and her children. They had made a small and select circle about them in two or three centres, and they became great factors and vendors of point-lace and of worked pocket-handkerchiefs. The mother's exultation, though, about John Hammond's conversion was more than all the happiness that grew around the poor little family.

"Lelia, darling," she would say, "anyone might have followed the child, little Mary. Natural feeling, and even curiosity, might lead to that, for the child is most interesting; but your disposal of your half-sovereign—that was so like your dear father! You found the only healthful feelings that remained in Hammond—his chivalry and his gratefulness."

"Papa used to say that many a man was a rogue because he never met anyone to trust him. I just remembered that, mamma."

"Talk to a child as a man, and you make him a man," said Mrs. O'Connor Moran.

About twelve o'clock Sir Emery Haydock showed a small improvement. Two spoonfuls of jelly, and one of Madeira, every two hours, had been prescribed, and Lelia was entrusted with supplying the Madeira this time. Sir Emery opened his eyes wide. Lelia was in morning dress, white, with a blue sash, and her hair down to her knees. It fell half over her face as she stooped to do the nursing.

"Fell from my horse!" said the patient. "Fell from my horse!"

"You are better?" answered Mrs. Moran.

"Better!" he said, and he smiled.

"Pardon!" he resumed, very weakly. "I think I have been dreaming. I saw something—something!" he said. "Beautiful!" he muttered. "Fallen from my horse!" was always his last word.

At the first gleam of consciousness Lelia fled, and was not seen afterwards.

Lelia's class of thought was new to her. How handsome he was! How like some pictures of heroic people! Then he had a frank, open expression of face. She was sure he was a man of fine principles, like Frank or her father! Did he see her? We fear, we must say, that Lelia looked into the large mirror then. Was he married?—or engaged? There was a little throb, like a note of interrogation—a crooked little thing—at the end of the colloquy. Lelia finally discovered herself in her new frame of mind, and she laughed outright at its absurdity.

A little boy twelve years old, and a sweet young girl, crossed Lelia's mind, too, at that moment; and she sighed for "long, long ago!"

Lowry presents himself about half-past one o'clock in the drawing-room—blue body-coat, and brass buttons, and the finest pair of white stockings, holding the two finest legs in England. Lowry carries the salver admirably—though, for a long time, he seemed to have no exact notion of his own height, as compared with his neighbour's.

"Send them up."

Lelia retired.

"Lady Haydock, Miss Haydock, and Miss Euphrasia Haydock," cries Lowry M'Cabe.

The three ladies enter, and the usual greeting follows.

"The doctor has been to our house, and has relieved us of a great weight of anxiety. Myself and my daughters arrived from the country only an hour ago, and most fortunately the doctor came with the bad and the good news together."

"I am thankful that your son, Sir Emery Haydock, improves every moment."

"I can see him?"

"Oh! certainly. We—I have only just left him!"

"How can a mother ever thank you sufficiently! And where is your noble-minded son?"

Without having received an answer, the ladies rose

and went down stairs, preceded by Mrs. Moran. The study door opened, and there was Sir Emery Haydock.

The demonstration was not great on either side ; but that was sound judgment, because excitement might even yet be dangerous. He had occasional glimpses of life, and they seemed to grow longer, each re-appearance of them. Before the family's departure, at five o'clock, he had been able to hold some conversation.

Some of the conversation posed his sister.

"Euphee," he said, "you have been here so long—and up so long—and so kind!"

"I!" said Euphrasia.

The Dowager put her finger on her lips to warn Euphrasia not to contradict or cross him.

"O Euphee, I thought you were younger, and dressed in white, with such beautiful hair! and your eyes seemed to seal mine in some singular way! You must know they were—what is that I was saying? Euphee, you were wonderfully beautiful!—wonderfully!"

"Keep quiet, now, my son—quietness is necessary—quite necessary."

"Just so. And see, mamma, who is the poor woman you told me of? Well, I cannot remember.—She——"

"Oh, well, my son, you will pain me if you do not compose yourself."

"Hush!" the mother added, "Emery sleeps!"

And so he did. He became so well, that all notion of any member of the family staying with him was surrendered. The thanks were proposed and they were kindly accepted. They had come as far as the hall; their carriage door was flung open; the servant stood "attention," when Lady Haydock turned back hurriedly, and with a geniality which she had not manifested before, she said—

"Will you pardon my pre-occupation? My mind was so full of my dear son, that I forgot another to whom we are all so deeply indebted. Will you allow me to return and thank Miss O'Connor Moran?"

"Pray, my lady, be quite tranquil on that subject. My daughter has a singular love for the occupation of nurse, though, I must say," she added smiling, "that as soon as Sir Emery Haydock showed any appearance of returning consciousness, she played the coward, and ran away."

The Dowager was returning, followed by the two young ladies, when Mrs. O'Connor Moran cried, "Here is the delinquent herself!"

The mother's heart did swell at that beautiful vision. It was "of heaven, heavenly." The young ladies absolutely clapped their hands, particularly the young one.

The old Dowager was staid and thoughtful.

The interview was cordial, not long; and when they reached the carriage Euphrasia cried to her companions, "We have seen Emery's dream! Mamma, is she not beautiful?"

Sir Emery was able to depart for Belgravia in a few days; but, as might be expected, he became a frequent visitor of Frank. They became friends—strong friends, because they had views that harmonized on many things; and when they differed on any subject, discussion was always improving. The Baronet's opinion of the whole family was an opinion of the most enthusiastic kind—as far as enthusiasm is allowed to rule an English Baronet, or to enter into his composition; and before long the ladies of the family became such admirers of the male and female portions of the O'Connor Morans, people said Frank was going to have a large fortune, and Lelia to become a lady.

Lowry M'Cabe said a prayer for *Sir Mary Haycock* every day; because when that gentleman was going away he beckoned his finger to Lowry.

"Very thankful to you, indeed, my fine fellow; and if I can ever do you a service, you count on me."

A note was slipped into Lowry's hand.

Lowry had the curiosity slyly to uncover the corner with his left thumb, and he saw "TEN."

Lowry's heart beat. What a fortune! But it was a mistake.

"Well, no wan belong to me uver was a rogue!" muttered Lowry.

"I beg your honour's pardon!" said Lowry.

"What is the matter?"

"This is a TIN, your honour," said Lowry.

"Not enough?" asked the Baronet, smiling.

"Och, tin times too much, an' more," answered Lowry; "an' 'tisn't that I say it, Sir Mary, my family nuver tuk a mane advantage of a maa."

"Oh, well," said the Baronet, "I wish you to keep that, M'Cabe, and I wish you good fortune with it ; you are a brave fellow."

The carriage flew away, and Lowry absolutely danced into the house.

"Glory be to God !" he cried, "I have five pound for my mother, and five pound for my poor sister ; and glory be to God !" cried poor Lowry M'Cabe.

There was true glory to God in that honest exclamation.

Morning visits had frequently passed between the ladies, young and old ; and we must admit that Lady Haydock did not manifest much of the jealousy usually ascribed to aristocratic matrons whose sons are suspected of undue attention to young ladies without a title. Lady Haydock conceived a profound respect for Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and an affection for her daughter Lelia, so much so that if she needed counsel regarding her son or her daughters, Mrs. Moran was very soon the person, of all others, whom she would consult. Nor would she feel embarrassed even at the presence of Lelia. In one word, by some singular process of reasoning, Lady Haydock came to the conclusion that Mrs. Moran did not want her son, and that she very much wanted Mrs. Moran's daughter.

After three weeks or a month, the Haydock family found themselves in Mrs. Moran's drawingroom waiting for Lelia and her mother who happened to be out. They found their way to the Church of the Oratorians, and were sanctifying the Advent. Lady Haydock sat down at a square mahogany table, and examined a portfolio with great interest. It was filled with sketches of Irish scenery, made by her young friend ; and among the sketches was one of the Great House, its woods, the hills behind, and the noble river. Of course, she called the young ladies, who exclaimed, "How beautiful !"—at least one did. We say *one*, because Miss Haydock had got hold of a song which she found in manuscript on the piano, "words and music by Frank." Miss Haydock was so concerned in both the composition and the melody that she never remembered who was there, or where she was, until called twice by her mamma.

Miss Haydock was about four-and-twenty, a little

under the middle size, with a slight stoop, which we suppose was fashionable, full dark, not black, eyes, and a wonderfully calm expression of countenance. The colour on her cheek was fresh ; but toned most agreeably by the healthy fairness of a fair skin. Commonly she looked downwards ; but Lady Haydock insisted that it was thinking her daughter was, because from time to time she seemed to lose the topic of conversation ; and in fact to lose time and place with the conversation, and lose herself with them. Mamma often asked her to let people see she had eyes, because she moved as if she made her way by chance, and escaped all moving things by her good fortune. But her mamma doted upon the eldest. She was so considerate, so kind, so self-sacrificing, so humble, notwithstanding a capacity almost masculine, that she won her way by a benevolent good sense whenever she met any who understood her.

"Mamma," she said, looking first at the ground, and then slowly raising her large lids and broad brow, till she looked at her mother, "is not that a charming song ? I should so much like to try the music."

"Come, I will try it," cried Euphrasia.

"Not for the world," answered the elder sister.

"Oh, why think of such a thing, Euphrasia," asked Lady Haydock.

But Euphrasia was unconvinced, and would have played on if she had her way.

Euphrasia ? Well, Euphrasia was just Lelia's age, and, like her sister, not tall ; but, unlike her sister, was everywhere at the same moment, and everywhere watching every one to do something kind and affectionate. She was *petite*. Her hands and feet were those of a child, but her symmetry was so perfect, that, unless by immediate comparison with some one near, she looked tall. Her grey eyes, large, with long lashes, were all fire ; and her mouth, not large, but of strong character, gave her a firmness of expression which raised her at once to any one's level. Certainly, Euphrasia would have no trouble in playing on dear Lelia's piano.

The result of this visit and its cause we must now indite for the reader's delectation and improvement.

Young Sir Emery had carried away from his dreamy state of unconsciousness the name of Rev. Mr. Wynd-

ham. He spent the best part of two days trying to find out who this Mr. Wyndham was, and he finally succeeded. He not only found Mr. Wyndham, but poor Mrs. Hammond was astounded one day to see the handsome young Baronet in Mr. Wyndham's company. The Baronet became concerned with the thought of making Hammond's fortune, and restoring Mary Hammond to health.

We mix up most innocently our own interests and those of benevolence; and why not the Baronet? He began to think of the manner and mode of enriching the poor law-clerk, and restoring himself to himself again. And forthwith Lelia Moran began to mix with his thoughts; and Frank, and Frank's guitar, and Lelia's piano, and Emma his eldest sister, and Euphrasia came in; and at last Sir Emery Haydock made up his mind to have an aristocratic Amateur Musical Evening in Belgravia, and to allow the guests the privilege of making up one hundred pounds—or two, if they preferred the latter amount.

"He really is half-crazy, my son is, about an Irish family, named Hammond. I think they live in Bloomsbury. They seem quite respectable; and I think no better mode of doing the poor people a benefit could be devised. What do you say?"

"Well, Lady Haydock, I will consult with my son. Lelia is young, too young," said she, smiling, "for a *débutante* as a public singer."

"But what does Lelia say to an effort for the poor?" Emma Haydock asked, her head bent forward, and her eyes opened wide.

"Well, Lelia?" asked Mrs. Moran.

"Well, mamma, I shall, of course, *do* what you like—and Frank; but I would not care anything for success or failure—they would be nearly the same to me, if I could help the Hammonds."

"You know them, then?" said Lady Haydock.

"Perfectly," answered Lelia.

Mrs. Moran paused.

"Lady Haydock, you must know that it is to us quite a mystery how Sir Emery Haydock discovered the poor Hammonds. We have never spoken to him about them."

"I am happy," said the Dowager, "that anything will

result in bringing you and Miss Moran to our house that evening."

We had very much to say of the evening, ever so much ; but we cannot now even name the company—lords, ladies, baronets, knights, and squires. How Lelia looked, under the blaze of three chandeliers bearing hundreds of wax-lights ! She wore the diamonds of the O'Connors and Morans too ; and Mrs. Moran, with her pale brow and queenly carriage, was perfect ; and Lady Haydock, whose breadth was enormous, in half evening costume, looked well—her face nevertheless was always cast in the imperative mood. Frank and the young Baronet, and some others, were fully employed in doing the honours ; and "fine fellow" often fell from the lips of handsome dames, and even chevaliers, as Frank passed up and down.

The concert was a perfect success. The Haydocks opened by a duet. Euphrasia then accompanied her brother in a fine *buffo*. Mr. Edmund Brown, of Pall Mall, the great banker, sang a few things from the popular operas, and there was a pause.

Everyone knew something was in reserve ; but everyone did not know that that fine young fellow, so busy all the evening, was a great artist in his way. Sir Emery stepped on the dais, where the piano, flute, guitar, and violin, seemed mutely complaining of want of employment. He announced that Mr. O'Connor Moran had had the kindness to afford them his services.

Frank approached the dais, as he did all things, very modestly, but firmly. He knew what was in him, and he was too proud to be vain. He sang an Italian sonnet, and the audience seemed to forget it was a song—and to forget where they were. The listeners were transferred into some place where the soul seemed to live in a musical life. Absolutely there was a pause when he had concluded—people did not wish to think him yet done. When they realized the situation, it was to make him sing again. This time the song was Irish, and everyone admired the manliness of the young singer, and admired the pathos of the melody—

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies."

At length came the vision of the seraph ! Frank, this

time a little proudly, gave his arm to Lelia. Lady Haydock had been, early in the evening, suggesting her own son for the honour; but Mrs. Moran, with a very quiet will, said, "Better Frank—better Frank." And so Frank led Lelia to the piano. They had always sung together, and their voices seemed to love like themselves. The voices so completely harmonized, that the idea of *one* undulating, unearthly, abounding melody fixed itself in the heart. The audience held their breath. The ticking of people's watches became audible. And in the end—when the two singers slightly bent their heads, as if to say "our task is done," all limits were crossed—the sobriety of Belgravia, and its coldness, having vanished, and an applause which, perhaps, no one liked to give, burst from the hearers like a frenzy.

Over and over again the brother and sister were obliged to enchant the hearers; and the collection was made with singular judgment—in the nick of time. Gold rattled on salvers which were near relations, and notes fell with a "whiff" upon the gold. The spirit was growing more and more—one hundred and eighty-seven pounds fifteen shillings were announced as the proceeds.

How is it a number of people imagine the same thing on an occasion like this, when no fair reason seems to lead to the conclusion? The announcement was received with joy and quiet marks of applause; but immediately the whole assembly looked towards "the beautiful Irish girl," Lelia Moran. As if the success had been *her* success, all seemed to think she would once more sing.

Emma Haydock was making a strong case with Lelia. And of all things in the world she had the manuscript music in her hand.

Frank stood quietly looking at them, and smiled. Lelia now looked into his face—a look he knew, and one which he answered. He answered by offering his arm. Emma Haydock had gained her point. Frank's music and poetry would be heard in "The Song of the Shannon."

After two words from Frank—saying that the song was a simple thing, and the music simple—Lelia played a majestic prelude, when, in ravishing sweetness, she closed the evening by—

THE SONG OF THE SHANNON.

I.

Flowing on like the ages, and changeless as they,
In a movement unceasing, by night and by day,
Like the ages I vary—the young and the old—
Bearing dark clouds of sorrow and bright gleams of gold,
I am onward and onward, and pant for the west,
Where the ocean, my mother, will rock me to rest !

II.

By the Clonmacnoise temples, I kneel on my knees;
And I steal all in silence beneath the old trees ;
And I spread out the sunbeams, when eve's shadows fall,
Like a road for the Angels, beside the old wall !
And the round tower, shining like light o'er the graves,
And the Great Cross of ages, I build in the waves !

III.

And they kiss it like pilgrims, while trav'ling along,
And they pat and caress it, and sing it a song !
For, thro' long generations, they hid in the reeds ;
And they heard the Monks singing and telling their beads !
Changed are all things around them, unless the old race,
And the presence of Angels still guarding the place !

IV.

Now, I pause in my journey, by old Balboro',
Where the "strong hand" once wielded the sword of the true,
And, above, 'mid the willows, I move to and fro,
Like the face of a mourner all haggard with woe ;
Then, I madly rush onward, unable to bear
The mem'ries of sorrow that crowd on me there !

V.

On, and on, never pausing, by green field and fane,
Where the saints were made holy, and martyrs were slain ;
I show forms of beauty, and old towers grim,
And old ivy-clad gables that gaze on my brim ;
Till I come to the green hills and gardens so fair—
Where the great gate of Thomond looks out upon Clare !

"I fear the forgeries of his name committed by his son; and the amount of money stolen or abstracted by him before his departure, have led to serious embarrassments. He is honouring all the forged bills."

"Jack Hazlitt! Jack Hazlitt!" cried Lelia.

"Well, I ought to say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that a great share of the money went to pay what they call 'debts of honour,' incurred in various ways, and that to enrich himself did not seem very much the desire of this wild young man."

"Who are the creditors?" demanded Frank.

"One of our Irish houses, but we will not be pressing."

"Good," said Frank. "Good-night again," Mr. Brown said.

"Good-night."

And the family proceeded homewards, hardly exchanging a syllable till they reached their residence.

The clock was chiming "two."

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING SOME DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE MORAN FAMILY, AND HOW LITTLE THE HAMMOND FAMILY GAINED BY THE CHARITY OF BELGRAVIA.



It may not be perfectly artistic to separate ourselves so long from Jack Hazlitt; but as we are destined for a protracted stay with him by-and-bye, we take the liberty of following the history of the Morans, and seeing the poor Hammonds once again before we leave England.

It was quite impossible for O'Connor Moran not to see that he was a favourite with the Haydocks, and that his society was sought by all of them, and almost equally. The Lady Dowager was enabled to press her good wishes

through Frank's mother, and the girls through Lelia; while Sir Emery, of course, had perfect freedom at all convenient times; and although he was very much devoted to Frank, he never cared to conceal his greater devotion to Frank's accomplished sister.

There was here a complication of which the worthy Baronet never dreamt, and a complication on which Frank Moran had spent many an hour's anxious thought. An alliance with the Haydocks would be an advantage worth seeking; and notwithstanding his great occupation and his prudent self-restraint, he was conscious of a feeling towards Lelia's companion which he had never experienced before. Here were reasons for deep consideration, and regarding only his own special interests. Then the open admiration of Sir Emery for Lelia was a subject of equal importance for the consideration of her mother and her brother both, and, in truth, they very frequently discussed it.

Time might aid others who could have only to wait and arrange. The moment at which an arrangement would be proposed would be Frank's supreme difficulty; and towards that he found them all drifting every day.

"Mamma," said Frank one day, "I think Haydock should be informed of Lelia's dispositions."

"Frank!"

"Well, mamma, I know he has not proposed for Lelia; but do you not think that a rejection after he has been long apparently allowed "to hope," as they style it, is an inconvenience to be avoided."

"There is no inconvenience equal to placing the discretion of a family in danger. Frank, that will solve itself. We will leave it to Lelia's great good sense to find or take time and place. But what of your own case, Frank—one which seems to me more important?"

Frank smiled gently, and took a turn or two across the drawing-room.

"Well, mamma, what will you have done?" he asked; and he stood looking at his mother as if he worshipped her. "You are never wrong, mamma, you know—at least I have never known you much in error. Say."

This conversation was nearly two years after the concert mentioned in the last chapter, and all the circumstances demanded an explanation, or the circumstances would

hurry the two families into relations by no means pleasant.

"You have grown very cold in your manner to Euphrasia, my son."

"Yes, mamma, though certainly not in my feeling."

"And the result?"

"Well, I think I became very mopish."

"And she?"

"Ah, well!" he said, "ah, well ——"

"I can answer," said Mrs. O'Connor Moran—"she has got sad."

Frank made no remark.

"Lelia," continued Mrs. Moran, "may be trusted with the *eclaircissement*. Dear Euphrasia shall suffer no longer; and I only pray that we have resolved to do our duty in sufficient time."

The difficulty could hardly have been met sooner. It takes time to discover certain relations. It takes time to see that they are not only real but likely to endure. And with ingenuous and fresh souls takes time to surmount the awkwardness of supposing themselves of importance enough to make "explanations" necessary.

The crisis came.

Frank Moran always went to the church of a morning when such devotion was practicable. His father used to lay great stress on that exhortation of St. Paul to Timothy, "Exercise yourself unto piety." Do what common sense prescribes. O'Connor Moran would translate it: "If you practise your rifle to become a good shot, and your horsemanship to hunt well, why not practise your devotion to become a man of Christian habit of mind?" "Half the world are astray, my dear fellow," he would say to his growing-up son, "half the world! Why, the three-fourths or seven-eighths of them are astray in the way they set about getting on. Exercise your soul to be good, as you do your body to be strong, and you will get everything. So says God. Off a fellow goes, and says his prayers or neglects them—never heeds this plain law; and then he wonders that anything is going wrong!"

O'Connor Moran was right, reader, and his son had mastered the experience that grew from his father's plain teaching.

Why do men expect to reap where they have not sown ?

Frank, as we have said, always went to church in the mornings, when he could do so with justice to the many who retained him, and the obstacles in this way were not a few, and were constantly growing. However, there was one day, whose morning he never had devoted to anything but prayer and sacrifice, and that was the anniversary of his father's death. On that day the whole family went to Holy Mass, which they always succeeded in having offered for O'Connor Moran's soul ; and the indescribable grace was in their look and bearing, which is frequently a revelation of heavenly thoughts within.

On the morning which introduces the present events, the family proceeded to Brompton—simply because Farm-street had been pre-occupied by a celebration for a great and recent loss ; and they were entering the gate as the clock struck eight. The church is very devotional, and very convenient in its arrangement, being airy and broad, and the congregation, though large for a week-day service, could not be called a crowd.

The moment was solemn to every one ; but of course much more solemn to the Morans. A vision was near them—never left the presence of their souls all the time ; and the overflow of the old love, and of the old self-sacrifice, and even the high type of the old manly faith, came thronging and giving a life to the memory of O'Connor Moran, that made his presence sweet and real to his children and his wife.

How magnificent is that "Communion." How like the Almighty is that wonderful charity which binds earth, heaven, and holy suffering—the present and the past ; and sends the message of unchanging sympathy, even by the hand of Christ, to the dead and dear of the world unseen ! The "Communion of the Saints" comes before us in the majesty of God, uniting together ages, nations, and races in the life of that "charity which never dies !" Of a certainty the grave hath no victory over the child of the covenant, and in his regard death hath lost its sting !

"Preaching again !" Well, reader, we are going on—going to tell you all in good time, and with all sincerity ; but you must pardon us when thoughts of the dead "stand knocking." We lose no time by a reflection or two, or by a little *requiescant in pace*.

The altar is covered with black ; the tabernacle is draped in weeds ; the flame rises thickly from candles of unbleached wax ; the snow-white altar-cloth stretches along with its graceful falls at either end. The faces of the worshippers who kneel along the nave reflect the sombre appearance of all about the sanctuary. And a dim sky outside seems to harmonize the mourning and the solemn rite inside—combining both in the memory of death !

There can be nothing more deeply affecting than the wail of the Church in pleading for her children the *requiem* day. Her cry is the agony of love—the grand, exalted, and heaven-brought love which kneels in reverence to the beings for whom it prays, and feels the mystery of that anguish which springs from devouring affection, shaped by separation of supernatural content, “Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, *give them peace !*” she cries, no longer as on ordinary occasions, “*have mercy on us !*” All the wants and dangers of the living are for the time apparently forgotten ; because the eyes of the spouse are fixed on suffering sanctity. No *Gloria in Excelsis*—no profession of faith ; she will not even allow the minister to cross himself at the *Introit* ; the blessed sign this day is transferred to the book out of which he is going to pray. No hand is raised, in blessing, over the people. The great organ is mute—even the usual announcement that “Mass is over” is not heard ; the last word of the celebrant, in low tone, and bending before the tabernacle, is, “*May they rest in peace.*”

The family of O'Connor Moran were habitual communicants of course ; but on this day the spring of their ardour was their union with their God. They were not at all alone. The number of relays that came to the altar for the kiss of peace, and made their offering of heart-homage on the graves of friendship and kindred, was very considerable ; and, as was to be expected, those who returned met those who approached, and sometimes could not help seeing them.

Line after line had passed along by Frank Moran, and had broken up here and there, and resumed their kneeling postures, before the family rose to approach the rails. At length, however, they did move towards the chancel, in that solemn recollection which became the august rite.

A good many were still coming back, but not at all in

such number as to make collision or crush ; and, as we have said, no care could keep man or woman from sometimes recognizing the party whom they encountered.

Frank Moran was destined for a serious distraction. He had come up three-fourths of the way to the sanctuary ; and his whole soul was concentrated on the act of celestial union about to be accomplished, when, at his right side, a good distance away too, a figure which he thought familiar passed down a little more rapidly than the others. For a moment he started. The mind began to discuss probabilities ; but the interior was soon mastered, and Frank peacefully proceeded to perform his duty.

It will be readily comprehended, nevertheless, that the thought had taken its hold, and that, though controlled by strong will, it could not be banished. After the duties of the morning, therefore, and when the family had re-united for their return homeward, Frank's pre-occupation was very evident. He thought it better, however, not to advert to his impression or suspicion just then, and he simply gave Lowry M'Cabe directions to proceed to St. James's.

A letter from Miss Haydock awaited Lelia, and was read at the breakfast-table, with an emotion which astonished her brother. He looked first at his mother and smiled, then at Lelia, when at once his countenance fell, for he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"Lelia ! Lelia !" he inquiringly said.

"Ah, nothing, Frank ! Nothing, mamma—only I am nervous after the morning, and——"

"And what, Lelia ?" asked Mrs. Moran.

"Alas ! I fear poor Mary Hammond is dying."

"Well, my child, and then ?"

"Dying of a broken heart, mamma ! That wretched man has been long a victim to his drunken fits again—and no fear or hope is able to sway him. He has seen her decay hour by hour, and his beautiful child hanging over her wasted form ; but to make the poor girl motherless, and send his wife to the grave, are nothing to a drunkard."

"They are not in want now ?" inquired Frank Moran.

Lelia made no reply.

"That large sum was, I am sure, placed in Mrs. Hammonds own hands."

"Yes, my son," said Mrs. Moran, "and very soon

taken out of her hands. The lowest roughs and most degraded company had wasted every shilling of it in a year."

"Then how have they lived?" "How?" echoed the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

The mother looked at Lelia, who felt her cheek burning.

A light dawned upon Frank. His eyes, like his soul, were dilating as the thought grew. He rose up and took his sister in his arms.

"Come, Lily, I have it all; your passion for sketching, and working, and teaching little Mary Hammond, has been turned into money—and you have not now a picture in your portfolio, a penny in your purse, or a piece for a bazaar! You have been trading, Lily. You have been trading, and handsome Mary Hammond has been your agent.

A sweet smile answered the interrogatory—to which Mrs. Moran added:

"Yes, Frank, Lelia has wrought hard, and so has Euphrasia Haydock, to make Mrs. Hammond comfortable—and I dare say your own purse has paid its share of tribute to Lily's "cabin hunting."

"Why I declare—I declare!" he cried in amazement, "Lelia, I saw that dress on you a full year ago! and——"

"O my son, Lily has re-made her old dresses, and given all your allowances to the poor Hammonds, and people like them!"

"And you, mamma."

"Why, Frank," said Lelia, "mamma is more active than any of us—you know you *are*, mamma!"

Frank kissed his mother.

"Thank God that gave me such a mamma!" he cried, "and gave me dear Lelia!" he added.

"And poor Euphrasia!" said Lelia. "Frank!" she said, emphatically, "Euphrasia is an angel!"

"I have no doubt whatever," answered Frank; but he added not.

The silence of Frank Moran revealed more of his regard than a long speech. He remarked that Euphrasia Haydock was a wonderful woman for her class and her creed. "With the grace and inspiration of the Church, there is nothing to which she is not equal," remarked Frank Moran.

"If you be not particularly engaged," Lelia said, "we will go and see the Hammonds to-morrow."

"I shall certainly accompany you and mamma," answered Frank. "Will Miss Haydock be there?" he continued, in a tone which he took no pains to render unnatural.

"Oh, yes," answered Lelia, "yes."

And Lelia was thankful to see the interest which her brother took in her friend Euphrasia, because she loved dear Frank with more than a sister's love and she esteemed Miss Haydock with a sister's regard. Lelia was weaving webs in her own innocent way; and she was weaving one that would bind endearingly Frank and Euphrasia. But how could it be? Frank's principles she knew, and how unalterably he stood by right and truth. How could she realize her dream or see it realized? When, however, has a true woman despaired of an object presented by hope? Not often. And, besides, had she not the invincibility of prayer? "I know in whom I trust!" was Lelia's stand-point and ever-ready reply, when she planned a movement or answered an objection.

Frank Moran had more than employed his own mind in considering the thoughts which occupied his mother's and sister's. It required great caution on his part not to yield either to vanity or predilection in his intercourse with Miss Haydock. Her preference for him was not concealed, and her value for any small attention he bestowed was clear to all her acquaintances. And then he could not help reciprocating a kindness so frankly accorded. But there was exactly the difficulty. He *should* conceal his feelings. He could not with honour manifest a feeling which, to a gentleman who once betrays it, is a pledge. He would not in any degree, for any honour, dignity, or advantage, appear to go a road he was not determined to travel. He would spare both, he thought. Theory ought to have an account to settle with "Practice," because "Practice is always mocking it, and marring it."

Frank did not disguise from himself that his happiness was a good deal wound up with Miss Haydock—that he admired her abilities, dispositions, and general principles. But what would her family say? What would her brother and her friends say? not to mention the uncertainty regarding her own views. Frank was able to answer all

these questions sufficiently for a man who wants to try his fortune. But Frank Moran did not want to try.

Frank Moran would not have what is called a "mixed marriage" on any account. He was a man like his father, who extracted from everything in the world *all* it could give, because everything had a history that made it pleasant. Everything came from God Almighty, and everything made its "report" to the great Governor. The events of life were a-coming from the sky and going back again, and they all moved to a blessed music that gave every moment a charm. A "mixed marriage," Frank believed, could not be a "gift from on high," and the incident itself could hardly ever bind man to paradise. "No, no," Frank used to say, "within the span of such a union the inner life, whose light makes the joy of the hearth, has been quenched, and the thoughts and names, and the places and practices which fill up the heart and imagination, must lie by like lumber. That is—what we love most, and reverence and worship most, and what the heart talks about, and what the tongue wants to describe and celebrate, and which makes up much of a reasonable man's true existence, is banned. Then the children," thought Frank. "Alas, Jack Hazlitt! Poor Jack Hazlitt!"

"Carriage ready," cried Lowry M'Cabe.

"Very well," answered Frank quietly; and now found that he had been nearly an hour standing at a window philosophizing upon Euphrasia Haydock and mixed marriages, while his mother and Lelia had been waiting for him.

Frank was always becomingly attired, and avoided as much as he could the effeminate practice of studying man-millinery for two hours after breakfast every day, and therefore he was soon ready.

The party are on their way to Hammond's house, and Lowry M'Cabe is proud of his shining chestnut—shining even under shining silver. Yet Lowry wears a look of care, almost of sorrow, to-day, because he had ventured upon a request to "Miss Lelia," and had been refused. Certainly the refusal was made in a kindly voice and in gentle words; but still it was a refusal of something on which the honest Irish servitor seemed to have set his heart.

Very likely no man in Lowry M'Cabe's condition, unless an Irishman, would venture to feel pain or pleasure in things which exclusively regarded his master and mistress. To "do one's work" and to "get paid," or pay one's self as the case may be, and to "spend one's own as one pleases," is the triple clause of kitchen and stable philosophy; and some cynics question whether the burning of the house or the breaking of the young master's neck would not produce the pleasure of a "new sensation," rather than the agony of a new pain. But Lowry M'Cabe was quite a different species of domestic. Everything in the house, and everyone, had a special relation with him. All the property had something sacred about it; and God help the easy-conscienced knave Lowry would get tergiversating: a quarter of an hour with Lowry would be more dangerous and troublesome than that gorgon-faced six months which appears the familiar spirit of "courts of law."

Lowry had taken an immense interest in the Hammonds; and many a time he came from Jurr Grogan's stall, in the summer time and autumn, redolent with beautiful odours of oranges and cauliflowers, and other fruits and vegetables, which made the hard bed of sorrow more bearable. And he brought also tenderly-packed grapes for the wasting Mary Hammond, and the nicest possible nets of bright, polished new potatoes. Many a blessing Lowry got, and did he not deserve them all? Ah, yes! Lowry could have drank his alms, and maybe enjoyed the madness; but, then, he would have voluntarily made himself a beast and incapable of gaining by Mary Hammond's prayers, or the prayers of anybody else who had learned to pray.

Clearly, Mr. Hammond had not kept his "pledge." Indeed he had not. "Troops of friends" gathered round him after the evening of the concert, and eager congratulations met him in the street and followed him home. He began to think he had "great friends," and he was often reminded of the same. Indeed, he began to have some such notion as that he had a kind of right and title to the whole thing, and that people merely recognized, a little late, the merits which had now developed themselves. He resisted temptation for a while; in fact, he thought so long that he need fear no longer. Not that

he thought of drinking much. Not he. There was a medium in this as in everything else ; and as he now met many genteel people, and got a good deal of writing to do, he "would not make himself remarkable" by rigid "teetotalism ;" he would take "one glass of wine or two—no more."

So Hammond took "the one glass of wine or two ;" and soon the home of quiet and piety was changed into a den of confusion and blasphemy. The health of Mary Hammond waned with the hope of her sanguine soul, and she again lay upon her little bed, and again Mary Hammond's little girl knelt constantly by her side.

But now the little girl was seventeen, and as she looked with her large brown eyes yearningly upon her mother's hectic cheek, the mother felt a pang like the pang of death because her child was so unconsciously beautiful.

Poor Mrs. Hammond's goods had been passing away, and hardly any of the money remained now. The drunkard forcibly seized the little movables, and drank them down as draughts of fate ; and any employment became impossible, because he was unable to follow any calling. In these circumstances her condition required her to send her child to pledge and to sell, and little Mary preferred the evening for her duties. The creature had an idea that people remarked her and "would know her," and would know she was selling her clothes and that she was poor ; and little Mary had not yet subdued herself enough to be indifferent.

The daughter from time to time encountered disagreeable sayings and doings ; but was generally able to get off without any lengthened conversation, until one evening in October, when she had been a little further away on her errands. She was coming back from the City-road, and had left St. Pancras a good way behind her, when, passing through a lonely street between St. Pancras and St. Giles, she was overtaken by one who had the appearance of a gentleman. He saluted her, but she quickened her pace. He rapidly followed, and easily gained upon her until he overtook her. She turned and looked at him then, and saw that he was not drunk nor ferocious-looking.

"Stay," he said, "stay, little one. I wish to speak to you."

Mary Hammond stopped.

"You may walk on with me," he said ; "I will be a protection to you."

Mary walked on, but walked fast.

"You are Hammond's daughter?" demanded the gentleman.

"Yes!" answered the child, in astonishment.

"Oh, I know you are," was the reply ; "and I think I can send your father some money. He is hard-up, I should say."

"Yes, indeed, sir; he has not much money."

"Well, I shall give you some. Yes, I shall. Would you like to live in one of these houses, and be a lady?" demanded the stranger.

"Yes, with my mamma," answered the girl, timidly.

"Well, then—really—really you may be yet in one of these houses, and the owner of all it holds!"

"Oh, sir!"

"A fact. Suppose someone likes you very much——"

"Oh, I want to go home, sir."

"No, no—here is my house—you must come in to get the money for your father, you know."

"Oh, sir! I must go home!"

She had promised her poor mother never to enter any house on any account unless the house to which she had been sent.

"I must go, sir," cried the child.

"Ah! well, then——" said the gentleman, placing his hand under her arm.

A hall-door opened with a latch-key! Mary had been pushed just inside the threshold. She was going to shriek aloud, when something swept herself and the gentleman back to the stairs' foot, and looked as if it were about to dash them summarily to pieces! Mary turned round in mortal dread, and beheld?—why, Lowry M'Cabe!

Lowry came in the very moment he was most useful, and Jurr Grogan was with him, and both were bound for some place in the neighbourhood of the Hammonds.

The gentleman made no row. He saw with whom he had to deal. And, besides, there was something about "smashing the neck of any blackguard," which he heard drop from M'Cabe, and which he thought important.

Evidently Lowry *could* smash a man's neck. What, then, if in his judicial capacity he made the mistake of supposing him—the gentleman—"a blackguard!"

The gentleman thought the sooner they parted the better; and Lowry found out the Hammonds and their wretchedness.

It was the last day Mrs. Hammond was in deep want, and her daughter never again was made a messenger.

Now what was Lowry's difficulty about his young mistress going to Hammond's? It was the difficulty of a chivalrously gentle feeling. He knew the poor woman was near her end, and that the demon of the beer-shop possessed the debased drunkard. He thought Lelia might witness a scene that would shock her. And to see Lelia suffer! Why LowryM'Cabe to prevent pain or pang "to the angel," would go around the wide world on a pilgrimage.

Is it not "possession by an evil spirit?" Hammond was refined; he loved his wife and daughter; they were the pride of his thoughts; and he would die for them! Yet for the intoxication of the brandy-bottle, the same man would strip them! starve them! Yes; sell them, and make a present of them to Beelzebub, if Beelzebub came with the bribe of a keg of grog!

Lowry was not much mistaken.

In due time the party have arrived at their destination. Loungers gather near the carriage, and curiously examine the young lady. The gentleman, however, is rather a restraint upon their fervour, and Lowry gives his whip a few ominous cracks. Two whitened steps are ascended. A long entry is travelled, and a stairs not over firm creaks under the weight of the visitors. One flight—two, are passed. There is a silence everywhere around them.

On the third landing, their attention became fixed by a long gurgling sound, succeeded by silence; then another—and silence again! Another.

"Hush! Stand still—she is just dying," whispered Mrs. Moran. "Hush!"

A moment—one—and a girl's shriek, a shriek of mortal agony, confirmed Mrs. Moran's anticipations.

"Come in now," Mrs. Moran said.

They opened the door ever so gently; no one inside seemed to mind them. The dead body lay upon the pallet;

the little girl hung over it sobbing, as if her poor heart would break. The feet and ankles of the corpse were uncovered, looking rigid and white like death, and across the knees of his dead wife, groaning and shouting alternately, and sometimes cursing his destiny, or talking the maudlin sentiment of heartless improvidence, lay John Hammond, as helpless as excess could make him. The room was not very bare. There was a neat little table and some chairs and drawers, and the grate looked shining after the hand of little Mary.

Lelia gave a start.

At the head of the bed, a little in shadow, and covered by a fall of the curtain, a figure knelt, and the person ardently prayed.

Frank Moran followed the direction of Lelia's eyes, and soon saw the same apparition.

"Why, Euphrasia!" Lelia ardently whispered. "Euphrasia, my dear, dear Euphrasia! You here?"

Euphrasia Haydock raised her eyes gently, and they were filled with tears of loving sympathy.

She rose and approached Mrs. Moran.

"My dear Miss Haydock, you seem to suffer! This is much for charity, but God will reward it."

Frank now came forward, but Lelia was before him, and he had to wait.

At last Frank Moran, evidently moved deeply by the scene, presented his hand.

"No more than I might have imagined," he said, "though I could not have expected it."

Miss Haydock held her prayer-book in her hand. Frank saw that a number of small pictures peeped out, and a large brass cross was on the cover.

He looked at Miss Haydock, and then at the book. She understood him at once. She smiled very quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Moran," she said, "Mary Hammond and I are of the same faith. At the gates of death she pointed out the narrow road by which we should approach, and I commune with her now."

Frank Moran realized the vision of the morning. It was Euphrasia he had seen going to the rails or coming from them at Brompton.

The next evening little Mary had a home with Euphrasia Haydock, and Hammond was qualifying himself for the mad-house, where he finally found himself.

That night before Frank and Lelia parted, he remarked half chidingly :

"You knew, Lelia, that Miss Haydock had been received?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Ah! Lily."

"Well, Frank, you know the secret was not mine, or you and mamma should share it. And the Baronet has known it for a month. Both sisters have been received, you know."

"Thank God!" Frank exclaimed. "They have certainly had the reward of charity."

"Singular," said Lelia, "you were the only one from whom Euphrasia wished her change concealed. I mean *particularly*."

"You say so?"

"Indeed, yes."

Frank Moran mused, but the musing was evidently a pleasant one.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWING HOW JACK HAZLITT AND HIS COMPANIONS
MAKE A VOYAGE TO NEW YORK, AND HOW JACK
HAZLITT MAKES SOME UNPROFITABLE ACQUAINT-
ANCES.



ANY one who supposes that Jack Hazlitt went to Cork or to Liverpool in search of detectives, who perchance might light upon him from the newspaper announcements, would be very much in error. Jack Hazlitt had had the advantage of a University education, and the further advantage of clever men's experience, who many a time entertained one another with hair-breadth escapes of "wild fellows" while dodging the police. The stupidity of those "spoonies" who went to Cork, London, or Dublin was a positive disgrace to genius; and, if caught, such fools deserved their fate.

Had they not Galway? Had they not Belfast? Had they not Londonderry—Scotland—the Clyde, and the world wide? To be sure they had; and though Jack hardly anticipated the dignity so soon, he made up his mind, if ever he were “on the run,” that he would give the honour of his attention, in the first place, to “bonnie Scotland.”

It took both time and—will the reader believe it?—tears to bring Jack Hazlitt to the resolution of absconding. He had an untouched spot in his heart for his mother, the “best, kindest, and dearest in the world,” as he always called her. For Nanny, before he went to the Queen’s College, he had a boy-love that was chivalrous, and a brother’s love that was active and pure; but in college *that* love suffered a horrible wreck, died, and was buried. How was it?—how did it come to pass? Alas! the greatest merit among Jack Hazlitt’s companions was the least sentiment; and when youth comes down to this sad depth, the light of honour is gone! There was immensity of truth in the speech of the proprietor of the Covent-garden Hotel; and the lives of our youths, where the competition is in licence, is an apt illustration. The torrent roars along—and the rich mould yields, and is swept away; plant, and shrub, and green grass are carried off, until only the rocks and the clayey substance remain; and bud, fruit, or flower cannot grow ever more, for ever!

It is a half revelation of the future to say that Jack Hazlitt became careless about Nanny. Self has driven out the honour of humanity in such a case; and then self stands forth as a prophet of what is to come. At first, a remark about Nanny was worse than a blow given to her brother—we mean by a remark the introduction of her name, at all. One less fresh or more insensible afterwards, bore something worse touching his relative or his friend. Another laughed at the quakerly nonsense of tying up people’s tongues regarding things which everyone knew. And then the claims to beauty, fortune, position, and a full vaticination of the future of all the female friends of those present were freely discussed—until Jack Hazlitt began to think his sentiment childish and his objections unmanly; and having once “turned the corner,” as he expressed it in his sad misfortunes, he

became much worse than anyone in "the Great Havanah Club."

But the mother kept her hold in spite of the power of vice, and the dangers created by corrupt intercourse. The queenly look, of which Jack had always been so proud; the gentle voice, that might be sad but never angry; the weariless care that had hung round him, and cherished him, and borne with him since he was a little boy, and had so nearly made a man of him when he was sent far away from his home, had hold upon his memory. The father was nothing. He was never consistent, and was often unjust; but the mother! ever explaining, ever excusing, ever hoping, ever warning—warning so lovingly—and never, never seeming to have a thought unless of himself and Nanny! How could he break her heart? How bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?

However, the die was cast! He owed hundreds of pounds—debts of sensuality and honour! The revelation should soon be made, and himself disgraced for ever. To suppose his father would help him was out of the question. His mother could not. Father Riordan was too poor, even if he were approachable. What was he to do? He would depend upon his father's pride—his father's love of his wife and daughter—he would become a forger and a robber! He cashed bills in several banks during the interval between his return to Hazlitt-ville and his escape by the Upper Shannon; and, we regret to be obliged to say, he left little money in Hazlitt-ville behind him.

And Jack Hazlitt had a conscience according to his kind. He had been always kept with a hard hand, he thought. The money would be *his* in a short time, and he only anticipated his right. His father's proprietorship was nothing when the son was in such need. No man could think of such a thing! And of course those old superstitions of divine retribution here or hereafter—the "Great Havanah" had long since clearly demonstrated that they should be relegated to the region of amiable romance. With those he had a long time ago shaken hands and parted. Indeed, we must add that Jack Hazlitt had very strong doubts whether the laws of property were not a pure invention, by which knowing ones in the old time locked the coffers which they called their

own ; and whether a new state of society, where those who did nothing should share the fortunes of those who worked hard, was not the arrangement which NATURE intended. Nature in this case means every man's hobby, or disposition, or instinct, and means her power, in the supposition set forth, not only to eat her own offspring, like some bad beasts, but finally to eat up even herself by her philosophy !

Londonderry, Glasgow, Edinburgh, a quiet rest in Dunblain, and over near the Trossachs, and a Christmas-tide at Dundee. Was not that an excellent arrangement, and worthy of the Queen's College and a liberal education ? What was more, the male companion of Jack Hazlitt had engaged as a porter in Greenock "until called for," and the young woman, the female whom we formerly mentioned, acted as a kind of companion to Minnie Hennessy.

With all these wise precautions, and wise proceedings, and plenty of money, it is not very wonderful that Mr. Eardley Wood, his man Ned, and two "young persons" going under his protection to friends in America, were received without suspicion on board the *Centaur*, and treated with the attention which Mr. Wood's luggage commanded. A busy day it was, that Wednesday in February, when these four new-comers came to take their places on board the liner just named. What confusion ! Trunks running wildly on men's shoulders in this direction ; portmanteaus swept off in that ; women burning with exertion, and carrying bundles of every description, cotton handkerchiefs tied up, band-boxes, hat-boxes, pillow-cases, bolster-cases, and a lot of men bending and sweating under black and brown deal chests, that looked as if they were filled with iron bolts, they were so heavy. All kinds of goods, packages, and bags, were at the same time scattered between people's legs all over the deck ; and all kinds of people ran up and down, or shouldered their way up and down, looking for things lost or mislaid, or for friends whose names they cried out like Stentors, while the missing party was just beside them. There were some two or three reading newspapers, and two or three taking notes, and here and there were young maidens weeping ; whilst one man looked over to Birkenhead very steadily—looked steadfastly, but never saw

Birkenhead, or cared for it a bit. That man was shedding tears, and thinking of his mother and his sister and of one more, whom he shall never see more. The gentleman is Mr. Eardley Wood, whom we have recognised to be Jack Hazlitt. The two "young persons" whom Mr. Wood is taking to America are busily engaged arranging their cabins—very snug apartments that make a kind of crescent around the entrance to the grand saloon, and can hardly be called second-class accommodation. The younger of the two is Minnie Hennessy, travelling as Miss Carroll; and the other, who is simply called Kate, is really Peg Doherty—big John Hennessy's servant maid. Both looked sad, but they are not weeping; and one might observe, by looking once or twice, her maid was to be her sole companion. Hazlitt and Ned the Yachtman were to consort and approach them, "only when called upon."

Leave-taking is over at last. The anchor has been hauled on board. The crowd has adjourned from the vessel to the landing-stage, and the steam-tug screams and hisses, and roars and chokes in its effort to be off. Gracefully the noble ship wore round with the quiet dignity of a lady—an old lady—in a minuet, and she bowed the tops of her masts as her farewell to Albion, as she moved down the muddy Mersey towards the West.

Why Jack Hazlitt chose a liner need not be discussed; but probably as four of them were "going across" the expenses might have influenced him; the greater probability, however, is that he thought his movements would be less observed, and the class with whom he travelled more available for his half-formed purposes than the class which travels by steamer. For our own parts, if nothing happened to render time important, we believe Hazlitt was wise in choosing to link his fortunes with the magnificent *Centaur*. She was a perfect piece of naval architecture—not so low in the water as to look heavy, nor so high as to look giddy or uncertain. No creature looked more proud and stately, and swept on with more majesty of power than the *Centaur*, when she was in full sail; and she was so sensitive to the touch of the helm, that it appeared as if the boy from the cabin could govern her. She had her full complement of men—thirty in number. White, the chief mate, was a thorough

sailor, and any one who once travelled with Captain Malin would ever after like to meet him, on or off the sea. Friendships became mature during those old voyages, and the amount of information attained was often more valuable than time well remunerated. In fact, it made fortunes, and it led to reputations afterwards that seemed hardly possible if parties had not had the intercourse which made the ground for the seed, or taught people where to sow it.

The cabin-passengers were numerous, and some of them remarkable. There were a Roman Catholic clergyman, a clergyman of the Church of England, and an old gentleman with grey hair, large head, and piercing grey eyes. He was of medium height, but very muscular. An Englishman named Pollen formed one of the party too, and a lot of Americans returning home, but "taking stock" of every man, woman, and child in their neighbourhood. We should not forget the ladies, of whom there were a dozen at least. Some of them were both handsome and intelligent, and others seemed to doze away over novels and crochet. Indeed, the novel-readers were very numerous among the whole passenger body ; and the gentlemen of the light-reading genus seemed to have no other thought or vocation unless their picture-bound books, their wines, and their cigars.

We must not forget Captain Brackenbridge, either, a gentleman born at sea, and who had been very little on shore during his whole life until he had made his fortune ; and Jacob Johnston, with whom the said captain seemed to be on very intimate terms. The captain had a large turnip-head, with a profusion of black curls over a low brow, and was a man of evidently herculean strength and vigour, and, besides all that, was six feet high. Mr. Johnston had a thoughtful look, peered with black eyes under very black brows, and had a hand that was made to have and to hold whenever and wherever the owner had a mind to use it.

The lunch on board was a grand time for making fun and making acquaintances ; but as lunch was only a preparation for the pipe or the cigar, the real work of social outpouring and solidarity of enjoyment was reserved for the dinner. At dinner all manner of things were discussed with freedom, if not with accuracy, and antagonists

thought one another peculiar and sometimes stupid ; the talk of the evenings, nevertheless, shortened the passage by many an hour and many a league.

We ought not pass over the interesting hundreds who formed the emigrant passengers of the *Centaur*. The captain had done his best to make them comfortable ; and, to do the crew common justice, they were civil and obliging. But then, the fires for cooking could not be occupied by all of them together ; and some wanted more fresh water than the regulations could distribute. There were little rows between themselves, and little rows with the officers, and often the belligerents seemed prepared for hard blows. But the oil upon the waters came early, and lasted all along the highway of the sea. The Catholic clergyman, Dr. Conway, went among his countrymen, and he spoke to them in the heart-language which they knew. He told them of the strangers listening and looking on ; of the honour of faith and Ireland now in their keeping ; how little they would gain by contest, and how much they and their country would lose in honour ; and how soon they would be freed from the little inconveniences which some treated as if the said inconveniences were to last for ever. The doctor had the good fortune, too, to be able to address them in a language that made him one of them, and made them all one while he was speaking ; so that during the whole voyage, the conduct of the passengers was not only peaceful, but edifying. The captain had never had so easy a time, and he declared that "the owner [and in fact the owner was on board] had authorized him to say that a priest or two would always be welcome to a free passage and thanks, if they would honour the liners, of which the *Centaur* was one, with their company."

The position of Jack Hazlitt on board the *Centaur* was very extraordinary. Among the sailors, and under the hatches, his popularity was unbounded. He conversed with the tars, and though he himself never drank, he had always a "pull" in his pocket for the men who came on watch, or came to relieve the helmsman. He larked with the young men, and joked with the young women, and romped with the children, and contrived to do something agreeable to every one ; so that there was joy about the fore-castle when Jack Hazlitt appeared on

deck. Then his dexterity and activity astonished the most experienced. His amusement was to lie in the shrouds when the weather was not stormy, or to walk, like a horizontal shadow on the quarter-deck and over the state room when the ship's side lay down upon the seething sea. Captain Malin began to have a kind of superstition about him; and the older sailors sometimes shook their heads and said "that 'un be med to see life, I know." The deck and the mast were Jack's element.

It was very much otherwise in the cabin. There Jack Hazlitt was reserved, not to say morose. He had a look askance which gave his hazel eyes a suspicious fire, and he spoke with a snarly and biting kind of guttural voice that sounded like a corncrake's. He agreed with few, and questioned everything, plain or obscure; and in fact Jack was not an agreeable companion at all. Evidently, where he could be master, and obtain the flattery of small homage, he was everything to every man; but to an equal, who pretended to equality, or any one of a class superior to his own, Jack Hazlitt was a worry, and was steadily on the watch to make battle with him in the first place, and in the second to have the best of it.

Among the emigrants was a woman named Lacey, going to seek or to meet her husband at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and early in the voyage she became very intimate with Jack Hazlitt. Jack fancied she bore a likeness to some one he knew, and thought, perhaps, he loved, though she was much older than the person for whom she made a mnemonic. Besides this, she had a charming boy about eight or nine years old, who had become, after a manner, "the child of the ship." The boy was fair, with a profusion of flaxen hair, which was allowed to hang over his shoulders. He had a little "nor'-wester" hat, and a waterproof cape, and little knickerbockers to his knees; and when he looked up at one with his large blue eyes, his rosy lips apart in joyous frankness, and his arms wide open for an embrace, no human being could help loving "little Willy." Jack and Willy became wonderful friends, and perhaps it was well for Willy they were so. It was to be numbered among those providential pre-arrangements which make the mystery of God's government, and man's perfect freedom.

Everyone on board, however, loved little Willy Lacey. He was welcome to men, women, and children, rich and poor; and, with a native gentleness and benevolence that never forsook him, he shared with the little folk like himself whatever he chanced to obtain as gift or privilege, and he was particularly kind to the little creatures who could not afford nor'-westers or knickerbockers, and who could not sail in first or second-class cabins.

With Jack Hazlitt, however, Willy sought to be day and night. He had perfect freedom, the little fellow, for his mother saw that Hazlitt was a gentleman, and with woman instinct divined that he liked herself. She not only permitted but encouraged the intercourse, therefore, and, mother-like, felt proud of the attention paid to her offspring.

The *Centaur* had been eight days out, and the weather was generally what mariners call "dirty." Occasionally a squall overtook them, and for a time tried the nerves of young travellers, and the readiness of the hands. On all the occasions of confusion, and what some thought danger, Willy Lacey kept near Jack Hazlitt, and Jack of course kept the deck. Jack on such occasions got an expression of face which was very striking. The lips became compressed, and the eyes looked out steadily, or rather defiantly. You would call the man at such moments reckless. Jack Hazlitt was cool then; he was cool, and physiognomists would say he was dangerous. The full strength of the will summoned the full amount of energy, and the full result was to be anticipated where the energy was expended; in wrong-doing or in well-doing nothing remained behind.

And Jack Hazlitt would hold the beautiful boy by the arms, and hang him over the side; or he would run up the ladders, carrying the boy under his arm like an umbrella; or he would make him hang by his little ankles from one of the lower yards; and the boy would crow with delight, or shout for joy, and his great eyes would gleam with light that made him look like an angel, when his positions were made more and more difficult, whether the weather were foul weather or fair.

While Jack was with him there was of course no danger; but he had been so often in out-of-the-way places with his protector that people, even his friends, gave themselves

no concern to watch him. In fact, he seemed as safe alone as in company. This, however, was not the case.

One day little Willy was lying against the ladders on the lee-side, and held a tiny little dog in his left arm ; the right arm was twisted round the ropes. The ship was making way, though under reefs, and sailing close to the wind. The wind was N.N.W. at the time. Little Willy was rocked by every spring of the vessel as she topped a wave, and he went down himself and his little dog to the water's edge. He was dreamy and jubilant. There he felt himself the bravest of all the boys on board, and that day not many of the men remained upon deck to practise their sea-feet. A sailor passed from time to time and patted him on the shoulder ; a gull swept by, wildly carried off by the half gale ; and the thunder of a crashing wave as it smote the beleaguered side of the *Centaur* sometimes made women shriek. Little Willy shouted for joy !

The cabin passengers were at lunch—those who had an appetite ; but most of them kept their state rooms, or lay stretched upon the sofas. The value of brandy and soda was practically acknowledged ; and “going to be a hard night” was more than once prophesied. Jack Hazlitt and Dr. Conway had got into an argument about “liberty” and “freedom of education,” and the doctor was on the point of crushing his antagonist into a logical strait-waistcoat, when, like a trumpet, through the cabin—nay through the very heart and soul of every one in the ship, rung out, “a man overboard—a man overboard !”

Hazlitt disappeared !

The cries on deck were frightful, and the trampling of feet here and there, and the crash of the waves and the seething sea ! The tables bowed to leeward, and nearly everything upon them became a wreck in one minute's time.

The cabin became crowded ; the ladies began to scream ; the gentlemen to give hasty explanations and run on deck. The captain's voice was heard high above the elements, giving orders : and then a cheer ! a cheer so tremendous !

“Two points off—two !” cried the captain. Then was the situation awful to look upon indeed.

The brave little Lacey had paid the forfeit of courage.

A lurch of the *Centaur* had sent him headlong right into the surf. The ship was going ten knots. The waves ran high. The child disappeared, but they caught fitful glimpses of the poor little fellow, as wave seemed to cast him to wave like a stray weed of the waters. Oh ! how how his mother shrieked in agony—shrieked and called for Mr. Eardley Wood !

There stood " Mr. Wood " by her side !

A look !—one of the flashes usual to the wayward Jack—and a spring ; he leaped headlong into the boiling gulf before him ! And that was the cause of the cheer which was heard in the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWING WHAT IT WILL SHOW.



OR a moment after Hazlitt's disappearance, the excitement on board became terrific. The waves rose up, and reared as if to trample out the daring adventurer who would rob them of their victim, and mountains of waters seemed to fall together—in the midst of which all lost sight of him !

" There he is ! there he is ! " cried some one who was striving to steady himself so as to hold up a binocular. " There he is ! " cried the same voice. " There, there, nearly east ! " shouts the man with the binocular again.

Something black was seen now ; and soon seen again, but frequently disappearing, while at the same time the *Centaur* wore beautifully round, and seemed to " right " with joy as she became relieved of the pressure of the gale.

" Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! " cried three hundred souls in a kind of frenzy of triumph, as Jack Hazlitt was seen within a quarter of a cable's length holding up little Willy Lacey.

"The rope ! the rope !" shouted the captain.

"The rope it is, sir !" answered a voice like the ring of a gong.

The good ship neared and neared, and the rope was flung ; but whether from the motion of the vessel, or the unsteadiness of the aim, it fell far from the place where Jack Hazlitt was struggling.

A cry of terror rose from the whole ship's crew and passengers ; and Hazlitt himself, upon whom nothing was lost, most evidently shared the disappointment. To those who could catch a glimpse of his features, his countenance seemed to fall. Still with the left-hand arm he held up the little boy, whilst by the aid of the other, if he made little or no way, he kept clearly over the water. Sometimes he was seen on the top of a mountain wave bearing his little favourite, and again he went down disappearing in the raging billows, and for the moment the hearts of the lookers-on felt the chill of the grave.

Soon another fling, and a more successful one, brought the rope near ; and fortunately the seamen remembered to make a noose upon the end of it. At the same time, Captain Malin cried through the trumpet, again and again,

"Throw the noose over your head ! the noose over your head !"

Hazlitt heard and evidently understood, for the play of his body and the disposition of his burthen showed he was preparing for the feat. He took the noose, flung it over his head, but a violent gust blew it in a south-easterly direction, while, at the same time, the swimmer went down ! Lost ! gone ! No ! no ! Jack Hazlitt has only rushed after the lost line ; and, when next seen, he is held round the waist by the rope, now quickly, quickly hauled taut by the watchful deliverer on deck ; and high above the water is handsome Willy Lacey, like beauty sleeping its last sleep ; and, of all things in the world, he still holds his little favourite dog in his arms.

It would be difficult to imagine anything equal to the raptures of the merest strangers, when they saw the boy placed in his mother's arms by Jack Hazlitt. But it was too much for the overcharged heart. The poor mother fell down as one dead !

Mrs. Lacey was attended to by kind friends of ten days'

making, and by the Roman Catholic clergyman, and the clergyman of the Church of England, and by every one who thought that attention would not be intrusion. Before long the little fellow was quite himself again ; and Jack Hazlitt only the better of his benevolent bathing ; and every one was running to him, as well as the ship would permit them ; and the men were wringing his wrists, and clapping him on the back, in their own honest way ; and, for historical truth, we are compelled to say that the arms of two or three enthusiastic young women found their way round his neck ! But Minnie Hennessy's arms were not among them.

Now the grey-haired gentleman looked sharply at everyone, and saw everything, and he saw plainly enough that Miss Carroll was neither afraid nor ashamed, nor in love, apparently ; and, as every one was speaking of Mr. Eardley Wood, meaning, of course, the chief personage of this story, the grey-haired gentleman thought he would speak of him too—and to Miss Carroll, aforesaid, the veritable Minnie Hennessy.

“ Well, Miss Carroll, that was a noble act—noble and courageous ! ”

“ Thank God ! the boy was saved,” answered Miss Carroll.

“ But surely you agree with me that the act was singularly noble, and even grand ? ”

“ Oh ! indeed, sir, I am far from denying what you say ; Mr. Eardley Wood is often doing good actions, and 'tis kind mother for him.”

“ Kind mother ? ” answered the grey-headed gentleman, “ what was his mother's name ? ”

“ Well, his mother's name ought to be his own name, sir,” answered Miss Carroll, but she blushed deeply.

“ Alas ! ” cried the grey-headed gentleman ; “ alas ! ” he repeated.

The grey-headed gentleman was going away, but something seemed to strike him—he turned back.

“ Miss Carroll,” he said, “ your father is a very fine man.”

“ My father, sir ! my father ! ”

“ Yes,” answered the grey-headed man ; “ but——”

“ Oh ! my God, sir, but what ? Ah, sir, you cannot know my father ! ” and she burst into tears.

"Very well," answered the grey-headed man, "very well," and he was moving off again.

"Oh! sir," interposed the young woman, "you look a kind man, and you are old, and may-be you have daughters yourself, and know an honest man's home; may-be you—ah! may be, sir—may be!—do, do! tell a poor girl the truth—with your fine eyes, and your fine hoary head—you won't mock me! *what do you know?*"

The tears rose to the stranger's eyes, and his lips moved, and he murmured, "Minnie!"

"Holy Mary! holy Mary!" sobbed the poor exiled girl; "holy Mary!" she cried again, and she looked in mortal terror—she shook from head to foot.

"Do not fear me, Minnie Hennessy," he continued, "do not fear *me*! But, Minnie Hennessy, **REPENT!**"

"Repent, sir, repent! Oh! God knows my meaning was good, an' holy! I never would leave my poor father, and little brothers an' sisters, on'y to help *them*."

"To help them—how did you mean to help them?"

She paused—she seemed to doubt; but this time there was no blushing or embarrassment; she looked up into the grey-haired gentleman's face. He returned her look steadily, and stealing his hand into his breast-pocket, he took out a small case, which started open on the touching of a spring; he turned the open case towards her eyes.

Nothing could be more affecting than Minnie's motion; she went down upon her knees there in her little cabin; a shower of tears fell upon a picture, and then her lips became sealed to it a minute or two.

"O sir," she cried in a low voice, "O sir, the mother of the poor—my mother, since I can remember! darling Mrs. Moran."

Nothing more was necessary for the grey-haired gentleman, though he listened like an old friend to the story of the young traveller.

From the time of her father's embarrassment, Minnie Hennessy had made up her mind to go to America, and save him from poverty, or die! How that was to be done she did not calculate. She was a paid monitress in a National School, at home, and, very likely, she thought of teaching. But she was an admirable work-woman besides; she could make point-lace with a hundred bobbins, or work Limerick lace to perfection; and at all

kinds of plain needle-work she felt perfectly in her element. She had, therefore, resources enough to encourage a creature less romantic and less loving than herself ; and she made up her mind to try her fortune—the fortune of nearly half-a-score of others, as well as her own—by the great adventure.

Minnie made one confidante—that was Peggy Doherty, her father's servant-of-all-work, who had made up her mind to go herself. And Peggy, to whom Hazlitt's yachtman had a "great leaning," as she said, told the same yachtman the thought which filled their imaginations. People who afterwards heard the way the thing shaped itself were quite of one opinion, that Peggy wanted to have things "on or off," and that such was the real motive for announcing to Ned the Yachtman her determination to cross the Atlantic.

By one of those coincidences not uncommon, Ned and his master were agreed upon the same journey, though their reasons were very different. What these reasons were, the reader is acquainted with ; but he is to be further informed that Peg Doherty in due time informed her young mistress of the condition of affairs ; and how they had the voyage now "for th' axin'."

Minnie had been looking at the movement as more remote ; and when Peg Doherty presented the crisis, Minnie wept. She looked around her little home, and kissed her little brothers many a time when they wondered at the demonstrations of affection, because they did not know the welling-up of feeling within. And then she began to realize the awkwardness of the proceeding, as regarded her relations with the young rake of Hazlittville. But Peggy had a panacea for all. For her own part, Peggy said, "'twould be the rising of herself. She towld Ned, to be sure, that if she married him at all, it would be to get rid of 'im, he purshued 'er so. But, after all, he was a good father and mother's son, so he was, an' a dacent boy, that nuver dhrank a half-a-crown, or was in a coort-house for or agin' any case in his life."

"But what will people say, Peggy ?"

"What 'ill they say ? Let 'em say what they like ! Ain't I there to purtect your father's child—your own Peggy Doherty ; an' ain't Ned there to purtect me an' you ; an' as for Masther Jack, we'll give him an' Ned a

corner uv their own, an' kiss hands to 'em, darlin ; ain't that id, Miss Minnie ?"

" Ah, Peggy !"

" Ah, darlin', ther's no use in talkin' ; sure you know the masther can't hould out, an' the little flock will . . . Well, no matter. *No wan belongin' to 'em ever was in the workhouse—not wan !*"

Here was a home blow, and the wicked Peggy Doherty knew it very well.

" Not a bit use in axin' yer father, an' you know that well ; but in a year he'll go down upon his knees to bless you, so he will."

Peggy's logic prevailed. Minnie consented to see Jack Hazlitt once or twice. Her maid was to be her sole companion. Hazlitt and Ned the Yachtman were to consort—and approach them "only when called upon ;" and Jack Hazlitt was to find the funds and name the day.

Jack Hazlitt had very undefined notions about his own share in this transaction. He was in a kind of reckless mood, which seldom ceased to govern him ; and this thing fell in with his fancy. Hazlitt had sentiment, and he might have had principle had his lot been different ; and in such a case there was material for a fine character, now shattered irrecoverably. Cranky, contradictory, a pest in conversation, and a marplot always, unless when he was master, as we have said—let him be master and he would ascend the funeral pile for an idea—or as for little Willy Lacey he would tumble into the sea !

Whatever may have been Hazlitt's changeful views, or dreams, or designs, Peg Doherty was always equal to the occasion ; and Ned the Yachtman quite approved of Peg's reserve. He was "fond of his masther !—masther Jack an' he had many a hard night in the yacht ; but there was 'a mayjum in all things,' by which "mayjum" Ned the Yachtman meant that the rule was an admirable one that kept his young master in his young master's own place—and *that* "wasn't wid Miss Hennessy or Peggy !—faith Peggy wouldn't stand it—so she wouldn't"—Ned proudly asseverated.

The grey-haired gentleman had found out all this, and a good deal more, and had become very attentive to the two young women. From him they learned that Frank Moran was likely to be a great man, and that Lelia and

her mother were by that time in London. They learned, moreover, that the old gentleman was very fond of Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and that her name sometimes brought a tear to his eye. And Peggy Doherty divined the whole matter in a very brief period—he was a “great man intirely—near as great as a king; an’ he proposed for Mrs. Moran when she was very young; but she was over head an’ airs wid the masther at the time. Arrah! he *was* the man! an’ the prence, or whatever he was, was obliged to give up; an’ that was the very man! God bless him!”

Of course it was not necessary to Peggy’s hypothesis to possess one word of truth for its foundation—an independence belonging to many productions of genius, and which marvellously distinguishes many writers in the daily press. The eighth wonder of the world, Mr. O’Connor Moran—God be merciful to him!—used to say, was, how England and Ireland had not eaten each other up a century ago!

The ship had been now eighteen days out; and some of the passengers began to feel weary. A strange sail was a God-send, because it brought the voice of a new life, and gave a kind of assurance the *Centaur* had not missed her road. The captain and mate “taking the sun,” or the stars, when the stars would let themselves be taken, was an event; and during the latter operation Ned the Yachtman kept very near the officer in charge; for he saw a great mystery in the matter of “axin’ the stars the road to America.” But Ned, the rogue, on these occasions, we hear, used to “howld out” the officer by his Irish simplicity, and obtain permission to be a good piece up on the quarter-deck. What attraction that place had for him it is not for prying eyes to watch, or ready tongue to communicate. But the grey-haired gentleman declared in the cabin, that he had heard Ned the Yachtman “croonauning” a song that was not at all applicable to the heroes of antiquity from Brian Boru, backwards or forwards. The grey-haired gentleman had the whole of it, but we need not publish the introduction, which is well known to fidgets and philosophers, and very much approved of by matrons who have daughters, *i. e.*, the “declaratory clauses.” Whom does Ned mean? Not the captain certainly, nor even masther Jack.

“ You're nicer than rosies
Made up into posies !
Or daffy-down-dillies, or violets fair.
An' th' aurora borealis,
Sure nothin' at all is,
An' goes off quite bate, *chree*, if you are but there !
Oh ! the blackbirds an' thrishes
Brake their hearts in the bushes,
An' the sweet robin-red-breast to sing you to rest.” . . .

“ Come, come, my man,” Captain Malin said, very gently, “ you must not sing so near the saloon, you know. People may be interrupted in their conversation, or wakened from their sleep.”

“ Now, what do you say to that ?” said the grey-haired gentleman. “ You will not waken poor dogs, or interrupt good fellowship ?”

“ Why, thin, captain, many a talk would be bether killed than let grow bigger ; and, as for *wakenin'* the cabin passengers, the juice a fare o' that.”

“ And why ?” asked the grey-haired gentleman, smiling.

“ Why, the captain feeds 'em so that you might as well think of wakening a steel bar by spaking to id as wakening *thim*. They're fed, ochone ! they're fed !” cried Ned the Yachtman.

The grey-haired gentleman laughed heartily.

“ Well, Ned,” asked the captain, “ what do you say to a glass of grog ?”

“ Sir, 'twas an angil spoke,” answered Ned ; “ the stuff I brought from Liverpool is rank pison, so it is.”

And Ned the Yachtman had his grog, and he made a friend, and carried a large black bottle below the hatches. And Ned asserted then, and held all his life afterwards, that the pleasantest feeling in the world is the feeling that you are making a fellow-creature happy by allowing him to suppose he is humbugging you ! “ A thing, all the time,” Ned said, very philosophically, “ a thing the man generally pays for besides—an' why not ?”

Captain Brackenbridge and Jacob Johnston became very intimate with Jack Hazlitt, and seemed to pay great deference to his views. The captain was a man of magnificent physique, and appeared to devote himself to travelling—whether for pleasure, or profit, or both, one hardly discovered. He had, since his days of commanding a vessel, been everywhere, and had seen everything ;

and incidentally, in conversation, his allusions to his ordinary pursuits made it manifest that his wealth must be unbounded. He was just the man whose esteem and homage would be more valuable than gold to Hazlitt—they were the incense so delightful to people who live in self.

Johnston and Hazlitt were observed not only to be frequently together, but frequently to move up to the end of the saloon, when the company began to group after dinner, to take their wine or pursue conversation. For two or three nights, or for a week, they had on the table pencils, pocket-books, and playing-cards. The grey-haired gentleman was one, however, who watched them closely after the first evening; and he had an earnest talk with the steward that night before “turning in.” As afterwards appeared, he was giving views and directions respecting the gambling, and vainly devising means to save the unfortunate A.M.

Jack Hazlitt was spoken to, but not reasoned with. He was spoken to by the steward, and warned that Mr. Johnston may not be a safe man. The Rev. Dr. Conway ventured, but was summarily dismissed, with a suggestion that the world was a little astray from people not “minding their own business.” The grey-haired gentleman ventured to inquire if he was winning?

“Yes, I am,” answered Hazlitt, with his peculiar twist of his lip, and his look under his eyes.

“He is able to afford great losses,” answered the grey-haired gentleman. “He is a man of immense wealth.”

Hazlitt was flattered. The grey-haired gentleman minded his own business.

“He could lose £20,000,” continued the grey-haired gentleman, “and hardly find his fortune impaired.”

Jack Hazlitt’s heart beat. Twenty thousand pounds! Oh, if he had only half the money—just half—or quarter! Then a pale and weeping mother, and a dismal home, and a poor and lonely sister, passed before his mind—and a father stamping with rage, cursing him—cursing *him* for the poverty he had brought upon an honest family.

He mentioned, quite passing,ly, that he had won only about four hundred pounds.

“Oh, a trifle!” said the grey-headed gentleman; “a mere trifle!”

The passion which Hazlitt caught like a fever, during his stay at the Queen's College, burned in him now. He thought the day long till the dinner-ball rang; and he ate little, for his mind was filled with the excitement of expectancy. He made for the trysting-place of gambling with a bound, and seemed rooted to the spot afterwards. The hands, and books, and pencils were busier and busier every night; and Jack Hazlitt was growing pale and thin. The fire of his passion was drying up his blood.

"Well, sir," asked the grey-haired gentleman, when they had come within five days' sail of New York—"well, sir—luck continues?"

"*Fifteen hundred!*" hissed out between his teeth (not good ones) Jack Hazlitt. And his eyes flashed with preternatural flame—the flame of self-assertion, victorious.

"Good!" answered the grey-haired gentleman; "very good!"

The *Centaur* had now been out six-and-twenty days, and had encountered some very severe weather; yet, when the day of separation approached, it is surprising how mixed was the feeling with which the arrival in port was anticipated. The poor had begun to know one another, and to love Dr. Conway; and they could not help asking themselves how they would face to-morrow, or after, among strangers, and badly able to live. The cabin passengers had had a really pleasant time of it, and published *The Daily Gazette*, for three weeks or more, a periodical which gave infinite hope, and as much memory. Indeed, we intended to extract some of the articles, and make them decorations for our "o'er true" history, but space is inexorable, and type refuses compression. Taking everything into consideration, one is not surprised that the tug of breaking links should be felt, and the disappearance of something we learned to like should be like a disappearance of light, and cause a gloom.

But come it must—the parting hour—and it came for the passengers of the *Centaur*. The number of ships in company increased; the pilot-boats multiplied here and there at various distances, and the captain of the *Centaur* tried for a long while not to see them. The longer he did his own work, the less he would have to pay; and no man was better able to do his own work than

Captain Malin. At length, the captain was obliged to yield, and the note for parting was the pilot's first cry—"Port!" All became conscious of a new form of government, that must last only a day.

Every one has become acquainted with the formula of the last dinner on board of ship when the voyage has been a long one—champagne from the captain, speeches and address from the passengers. He, the captain, never met any people like them; and they, the passengers, never met a commander like the captain. The Catholic and Protestant Episcopalian made speeches on this occasion, and the grey-haired gentleman said "hear, hear!" The captain made an excellent speech, though not exactly *ex tempore*, and he looked a finer speech than he spoke, the fine Captain Malin did. "He had done only his duty, his duty to his passengers, his owner, and to himself." The owner was on board. All people began to look at one another, and the grey-haired gentleman looked over where Jack Hazlitt used to sit. But Jack Hazlitt dined in his cabin. "I give you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the best employer that ever put a vessel afloat. I give you the owner of the *Centaur*," and the captain bowed to the grey-headed gentleman, "JOHN JAMES M'CANN!" What! the good old gentleman so unpretending and kind, and patient ever with the bitter "Mr. Wood," is the owner of the *Centaur*!

Not a doubt of it.

Arrived at length! cleared of inspection, quarantine, and "botheration," to add Ned the Yachtman's quota—the moment has arrived!

The ship has found her berth.

Shouldering along through the crowd on deck was Ned the Yachtman, following his master; his master looking like a man who wanted to knock somebody down. They are stopped by Mr. M'Cann, with a particular expression and tone of voice.

Jack shook his head.

"Lost?"

"Lost everything!" hissed out the wretched and unfortunate victim of an idea. "Everything!" he said.

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Mr. M'Cann.

Yes, he had lost everything, but he had gained Captain Brackenbridge, and had secured—yes, secured THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW MR. EARDLEY WOOD BECAME ACQUAINTED
WITH GRACE BRACKENBRIDGE.



It was close upon April when the *Centaur* liberated its prisoners.

Days before the arrival of the ship in port, Captain Brackenbridge had given an earnest invitation to Mr. E. Wood to stay at "The Hall" in Brooklyn, where he, Captain Brackenbridge, resided. He paid "Mr. Wood," by which name Jack Hazlitt shall be henceforth designated, the compliment of saying that he was a young man for whom he had conceived a liking, and in whom he took an interest. Moreover, he added, that as he himself had been a builder up of his own fortunes, he admired the pluck and self-reliance of men like Mr. Wood, who determined upon working out their own destiny by the power of merit. "And," the captain added, "if in the nautical line or the commercial line I can be made your servant in any way, you have only to command me. Meanwhile, make my house your own until your arrangements for the future can be completed."

Mr. E. Wood did his best to make a suitable acknowledgment; at the same time he was very much flattered, and indeed, his mother would say, injured. Mr. Wood, as we have been before suggesting, thought it likely that a few men in America were his superiors in many things—perhaps in anything—if he had an equal start and equal fortune. The captain's good opinion was, therefore, only a proof of his, the captain's sagacity, and Mr. Wood grew, like the frog of whom we read, considerably larger.

Mr. Wood, however, by chance turned his head in the direction of Ned the Yachtman, and then instinctively

looked into Captain Brackenbridge's face. The captain understood him.

"Of course," the captain said, "your man will never leave you. I suppose he knows how to handle a rope as well as his master."

"Ned is a first-rate yachtman—will never lose a puff of wind or an inch of sky in steering or managing the sails. But I have had some experience in harder work during some years I resided in a seaport."

"Oh!"

"Yes; I am a graduate of a university which is situated on the sea; and for some years pilots and commanders allowed me to harden my hands and learn to reef and master the tiller."

"I saw, Mr. Wood," replied the captain respectfully, "many a time, during our voyage, that you were no lubber. I think I see the road to your fortune—to any amount of wealth and any eminence of honour."

Mr. Wood's cheek burned.

"And," continued Captain Brackenbridge, "I do not think you and your companion need ever separate. He is devoted to you?"

"My foster-brother—a companion from childhood."

"Constant and courageous?"

"Constant as the needle, and not knowing fear."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wood! Only such men of mark as yourself meet the fortune of such fidelity."

Mr. Wood had grown bigger and bigger, and he began to like Ned more and more! In fact, he began to *have* the sentiment he *talked*.

However we laugh when we are young at the crow who opened his bill to sing for the fox's flattery, and lost his piece of cheese to his vanity, alas! are we not every day losing something to the delusion of ill-regulated self-love? Outwardly falsehood deceives us, and betrays us, nearly always, by the instrument of our own folly; and inwardly the passions play the same game of delusion. All are telling us our worth or falsely naming our pleasures—till, tired and worn, we sit down with empty hands, and learn there is only ONE THING true in all the flitting universe—the CHANGELESS!

[This passage is to be left out of the next edition, if the reader has experienced much trouble in reading it.]

Mr. Wood and Ned the Yachtman found themselves in the midst of the captain's servants and some friends immediately on coming alongside. The luggage had been carefully attended to, and Mr. Wood had a fair share. Each thing had its own place, and was duly labelled, so that the half-dozen people engaged in removing them forgot nothing and robbed nobody. There was of course the usual babel of proffers of service, inquiries for friends, congratulations, complaints, laughter, and weeping; but nothing of interest marked the disembarkation. One poor woman came on board, and, by some chance, made her way to Mr. Wood.

"Is my son on board?" she asked.

"Your son, my poor woman? How should I know?"

"Not know my John!" she said: and she looked into his eyes and laughed a scornful laugh.

"Not know my John!" she repeated.

"Don't mind, sir," one of the sailors said—he had a kind face, the man. "Don't mind," he whispered. "He belonged to us, poor fellow—as fine a fellow as breathed—and was drowned in an effort to save a brother sailor some two or three years ago."

"Poor woman!" Mr. Wood replied.

"Yes, all the time we are away she sits with her face turned to the east, and tells every one that her son is sure to be home next voyage."

"Is she poor?"

"Richer than ever she expected to find herself. Our owner, Mr. M'Cann, has taken charge of her—and New York will tell you that is enough!"

"Come, Mrs. Meade," the sailor said. "We must wait, you know, till the ship is in shape."

"Oh! to be sure, sir!" answered the poor woman—"oh! to be sure!" and she quietly went down into the cabin, saying, "I knew he would come! God would not take my only life and love. 'John has come!' she said; and she clapped her hands together, and she laughed—laughed like music, the poor Mrs. Meade!"

It does not require people to lose their senses to think Providence would be well-advised to consult them from time to time. They could do things so much better! The questionable foundation of their judgment, however, is that they start with the notion that time is

eternity, and that any success they ever had was their *own*.

"Well, Miss Carroll," Mr. Wood said, as Miss Hennessy approached, "so you have made up your mind to go with the owner?"

"Yes, sir; he is good enough to promise to settle me, and enable me to do what you know I live for."

Mr. M'Cann came up.

"Ho-ho!" he said. "Fellow-voyagers! going to part?"

"I am very thankful to that gentleman," said Minnie, addressing herself to Mr. M'Cann. "By his goodness I am here to do the work I came for."

"I am sorry, Miss Carroll, I cannot make your work light as I expected to do. Fortune was against me!"

"O sir, you have done much, and I shall never cease to pray for your good mother's son."

Mr. Wood looked embarrassed. Was *he* his mother's son? Alas! he felt the compliment now an assault or an irony. "If you be the children of Abraham, do the works of your father."

"Good-bye, then," Mr. M'Cann said. "Good-bye! We shall hope to see you soon. Good-bye."

And the diverging ways led every one to the fate he had made—made by choice or by iniquity—but *made*.

In a few hours after, Captain Brackenbridge and his companion, Mr. Wood, had crossed the beautiful harbour of New York, like people crossing a river between tall pines. The harbour is bridged by steamers, and the quays wooded by masts. Shrieking whistles, roaring funnels, splashing paddles, looking like beasts stamping with mortal tread upon the peaceful river. All kinds of people, in all kinds of colours, and speaking in all kinds of dialects, make the passage a thing of uncommon interest.

Mr. Wood appeared replete with thought and energy.

The captain's eye was turned towards a fine terrace in the distance.

Ned the Yachtman looked bewildered enough; but it is to be recorded that he had sense enough to ask himself, "Does *she* intend to prove true to me? I wondher where is she now?"

They have arrived at last.

They go towards the East Terrace—the servants leading the way in a baggage van—Mr. Wood and his

entertainer following in a handsome carriage and two horses.

The horses were caparisoned richly, and the servants' livery was magnificent. The animals were worth a fortune.

"Who is Captain Brackenbridge?" thought Mr. Wood.

They stopped before—not a dwelling-house—but a fine mansion. A neatly gravelled approach was fringed with boxwood; and, though the season was early, everything presented an order which nothing could improve. Sweeping, as if to encircle the house, were the massive arms of a balustrade, which, descending ten steps from the grand entrance, curved round east and west, until lost to the eye at the back of the dwelling. Beneath the house flowed the magnificent Hudson, and beyond, and still beneath, was the Empire City, whose distant thunder proclaimed the voice of that power and activity which are the marvel of modern life. From about East Terrace we look over to New York.

Mr. E. Wood entered the hall of the mansion; and, though Mr. E. Wood was cool, as all cynics are—and as are all self-asserting, pretentious people in the bargain—he was taken a little aback by the unlooked-for grandeur. The hall was a large apartment, full thirty feet square, and floored in magnificent caustic-tiles of beautiful design and perfect setting. Along the walls were arms of all kinds, and all ages; and in the centre a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington. The horse and statue, both white marble, stood on a pedestal four feet high, of fine Verde, polished like a mirror, and with deep gold-moulding on all the outlines. A grand picture of the fight of Bunker's Hill completely filled one, the west end of the hall; and one of New York, with its harbour and shipping, filled the other. A fine Psyche was on the right as you entered, and on the left a copy of poor John Hogan's drunken Faun. The lights fell from two grand windows, north and south, the eastern window being circular, and of large proportions.

Again Mr. E. Wood began to think himself in a fairy dream.

Ned the Yachtman stood looking in at the entrance.

He said afterwards that he found himself in a *doldrum*, whatever that may be.

"Faith, Masther Jack's made," said Ned to himself.

"Oh, murther ! if Peg Doherty was here !" thought Ned the Yachtman.

"I wondher is there a female-kind at all !" thought Ned. Ned's speculations were stayed by a servant—"fine looking, an' all goold," as Ned described him afterwards—to say, he, the servant, "would show Ned his apartments."

"My apartments ?" asked Ned.

"Yes sir, your rooms," answered the man in gold, very politely.

Ned was obliged to go out again, and around the great balustrade, and in again by the back door ; and, in due time, Ned found that Masther Jack *was* a "great man entirely !" and he "wondhered was Masther Frank Moran as great a man as Masther Jack ?"

But Ned always ended that course of thinking by the reflection that Master Frank "had the blood—the full blood !" and then wished them all happiness here and hereafter. "Han'some is that han'some does," Ned soliloquised ; and that Ned was not very far from the conclusion of true philosophy may be conjectured.

It is needless to say that the whole establishment was furnished to harmonise with the hall. The drawing-room windows looked this day, in early spring, like gigantic ladies of the olden time, robed in rich golden-fringed damask. The sofas, and fauteuils, and chairs, were all crimson silk, with yellow backs, and deeply gilt down to the very floors ; and vases from the East, worth thousands, stood here and there, as witnesses of unbounded resources, while chandelier after chandelier of crystal and gold, along the golden-mounted ceiling, gave a finish of enchantment to the gorgeous Gobelins framed upon the walls, to which the chandeliers looked liked servants in waiting.

They had been a moment in the drawing-room when Captain Brackenbridge said—

"Mr. Wood, you will come now, and I will show you your own apartments ; mind, they are for any time, or all time, your own. My niece is not home ; but she will be home for dinner ; and, as our tastes generally agree, I am confident that your visit will be as acceptable to Grace Brackenbridge as to me. Yes," he continued, seeing Mr. Wood looking at an oil-painting, a life-size bust of a young lady, over the mantelpiece, "yes," he said, "that is Grace."

Mr. Eardley Wood spoke not one word. He looked, and looked, and looked ; but he was silent. Not a trait of the face, figure, or dress, escaped his eye ; but he made no remark.

Mr. Eardley Wood had felt a spell ! The picture looked down like a prophetess.

The painting represented a beauty, but, somehow, a terrible beauty, transporting, transfixing natures like Mr. Wood. The picture had the same attraction for him that a storm would have, or a river-leap on horseback, or a duel—because Mr. Eardley Wood was a reckless man now—an utterly reckless man !

The inclined plane, how easily descended ! poor human nature imparts unto itself a motion which it deems *its own*—whereas it is a *law* which human nature has summoned into active operation. “I move fast,” human nature says. “I move fast and pleasantly.” Alas ! you are moved not by the power of *life*, but the power of life’s absence—the power of moral death ! The star-light is fading—and no sunrise will hail you again ! Down ! down ! down ! You have chosen your home. The home of the hopeless ! You are gone !

Mr. Eardley Wood, you have looked too long !

Let us see what Grace Brackenbridge is like.

A little above the middle size, with dark, luxuriant hair, dark flashing eyes, commanding brow, severely beautiful nose, mouth whose lips are lines of decision and force, and a chin moulded like sculpture. In the picture she is dressed in black silk, bound with rich Flanders lace.

Evidently her whole system is one of summer richness and glow ; and with a crown of coral whose triple beads are united by filagree work of fine gold, and with a crescent of diamonds sparkling at the parting of her hair, the reader has a small idea of Grace Brackenbridge.

Such was Grace Brackenbridge’s picture.

It was wonderful beauty ; but most men would pause and think when they beheld it. It was a governing, swaying, domineering beauty—a beauty that would feel itself able to demand anything, command anything, and accomplish anything ! It was such a beauty as that with which the daughter of *Herod* might have dazzled her father’s guests, on the night when John the Baptist was put to death.

Such was the beauty of Grace Brackenbridge.

Mr. Eardley Wood found himself in his apartments—grand in the extreme—and Captain Brackenbridge told him he was free till dinner—two hours from that time, or two hours and a-half.

“Will you have your own servant?” demanded the Captain.

No answer.

“I have been asking——,” said the captain.

“I beg your pardon, sir, have you been speaking?” asked Mr. Wood.

“Don’t mind,” replied Captain Brackenbridge.

And the captain smiled a singular kind of smile—a smile that a man may be supposed to smile when he finds his foe in his power. Mr. Wood on another occasion would explore the house and grounds, and examine the rooms which he occupied. He would see the gorgeous dressing-table in rosewood and marble; the magnificent mirrors starting from the floor, and looking from the toilette; the state bed in carved walnut, and hangings of pale silk, down which draped in lines the curiously wrought beads of crimson; he would view the easy chairs and sofas; and then the grand look-out commanding land, sea, and city. The place was fit for a monarch.

An hour passed—and more than an hour. Mr. Wood had done nothing but think! Not think; Mr Wood *existed* there, in that room; and his life was one face, form, and presence!

That face, form, and presence were those of a picture.

How singular is this—and how often we find an illustration of the absurdity! Right and good claim our obedience. Truth and justice ask our homage. We writhe, we groan, we resist, we rebel. We could not be happy and be slaves! Turn it into words. *God’s way* to felicity is given up! We take *our own*! And our own! is it liberty? Alas! it is the road to chains, the prison of passion, and to death!

Such has been the steady progress of Mr. Eardley Wood!

The dinner-bell ought soon to ring—in half an hour; and Mr. Wood has advanced so far as to open his port-manteau.

He held a garment in his hand over the open valise,

and stood there in a state of catalepsy. He had just heard a guitar touched in some room near him ; and he heard a rich, but subdued voice humming a little sonata.

There he stood !

He formed a fancy picture. It was Grace, just dressed as she was in the painting, and waiting for the dinner-bell, and carelessly strumming that sweet effusion of sentiment. And there he would have remained ever since only the dinner-bell rings !

The bell rings, and he has not made a move !

Desperately he tosses everything out on the floor ! Books and papers, shoes and boots, and pocket handkerchiefs, vests—daggers and revolvers—are all in one confused heap in no time.

"Dinner, sir," announces a servant.

"Dinner !"

"Yes, sir !"

Mr. Wood rises to the necessity of the situation.

"Send up Captain Brackenbridge."

Mr. Wood must get time, or dine in his bedroom.

In a short time the captain presents himself ; and he laughs as heartily as Captain Brackenbridge ever allowed himself to laugh ; and he looks around the room at Mr. Wood's stock, and his arms, and his papers, and all ; and he laughs again and again !

"Ah, well ! don't mind, Mr. Wood ! You have been engaged about something, and your mood has held you fast while time was passing. I will obtain half-an-hour's *grace* for you.

Now, the captain thought he had made a handsome speech—and so it was ; and, doubtless, extempore. The emphasis on the word "*grace*" was wicked though ; and the more wicked because the captain said it with malice aforethought.

Mr. Wood finally succeeded ; and as he took a look at himself in the tall dressing-glass, he certainly thought of the lady in the picture.

"Had the captain noticed him ?" he asked himself. And "did he tell Grace ?" He almost hoped he did.

"Would she dress as she was dressed in the picture ?"

At this thought he became very excited ; in truth his heart beat, because if she dressed as he saw her in the picture, she did so for *him* !

So it is!—vanity and self-assertion can believe in anything, if it only ministers to small pride.

Yet it may be quite true that the captain did tell Grace Brackenbridge; that Mr. Wood's transfixed gaze had been well described—and smiled at; that the power of the image of Grace Brackenbridge had annihilated two hours, and led to the cook's malediction on all concerned. She may have been told the whole affair, and may have felt pleased, and—who knows but she may come in to dinner as she is painted in the picture?

Mr. Wood enters the drawing-room.

Four strangers, and the fortunate Mr. Johnson among them, he finds before him.

He looks around hurriedly; and, lo! sitting by herself on a sofa, looking at a locket, and looking pensive and earnest enough, was the lady who had so pre-occupied his soul.

Grace Brackenbridge came down precisely as she *appeared in the picture!*

Mr. Eardley Wood was deputed to take in Miss Brackenbridge; and he did so with the quietest manners. His arm was not obedient—entirely obedient—to his will; it twitched, and maybe trembled a little. And Mr. Wood placed her at the right-hand side of the host, and sat opposite her—opposite the original of the picture!

Many and many a time Mr. Eardley Wood thought of the tumultuous workings of his soul that evening! And many a time, in after years, within a few brief weeks, he thought—he thought of one of the few lines of Virgil which he remembered—“*Facilis descensus Averni,*” &c.

Mr. Eardley Wood, 'tis the early summer of the year, whose seed you have sown! The autumn is fast approaching.

Mr. Wood was light in build, and above the middle size. He had dark hair, and dark eyes, and the hair was massive and rebellious betimes, falling down over his brow. His forehead was low, but smooth, and with lines of intelligence. He dressed in tight-fitting clothes—black—and his collar turned over a rich cream-coloured tie, in which there was a diamond pin worth five hundred dollars.

Grace Brackenbridge observed him steadily. She

was young—not more than one-and-twenty; but she knew her power, and saw its growth, and became determined to exercise it !

In a short time conversation, which in the beginning was slack, began to be active and general. Mr. Wood was a little excited; but it became him. Grace Brackenbridge fixed her eyes like lodestones upon him from time to time; and, from time to time, somewhat confused him. But, for once in his life, he quarrelled with no one—was agreeable to every one—and at the perfect command of a human being.

Singular ! he thought of his mother !

When he was a boy he used to say—"Well, what would I not do for mamma?" And the boy would picture to himself all kinds of horrible sufferings ! And when he had placed them before his mind, his young soul looked at them firmly: "I would," he used to say—"I would endure them all for dear, darling mamma !"

All that has changed ! Mr. Wood's love of his mother became a memory; and her power a thing *he afterwards would like to restore, but could not*. Grace Brackenbridge—a stranger—a stranger unknown and untried—became to the man what the parent was to the chivalrous boy.

Why is this ?

We once heard an apostate—an apostate of guilty conscience—a woman who had lied to God and man through small want; but when the time of distress passed away, had come back to her parish church, with her children: "Oh !" she said, "*I would give all the wide world I could believe, as I used to believe—to believe like the children ! What's over me ?*"

But where do we find ourselves ?

The evening passed pleasantly. Grace Brackenbridge sang and played, and Mr. Wood sang and played—and Mr. Wood talked well, and rationally.

Grace Brackenbridge, towards the close of the evening, "looked queer," her uncle said ; and her uncle rallied her a little—not so refinedly as he ought, but not coarsely nevertheless. And Grace Brackenbridge smiled a contemptuous smile, not on her uncle, but at the impeachment ; yet Grace Brackenbridge was anything but at ease.

The company talked of yachting, and the captain

introduced the accomplishments of Mr. Wood. He told the story of the rescue of Willy Lacey, and the wonderfully close sailing which Mr. Wood managed when he sometimes took a turn at the helm. He told them of the out-of-the-way places aloft where Mr. Wood used to sit, and smoke his cigar in the shrouds, on the bending ladder, and sometimes astride on the spars! Grace Brackenbridge looked with eyes kindled and wide open, and with lips apart, showing the most beautiful teeth that could be.

Mr. Wood, she thought, was magnificent.

Grace Brackenbridge, when they parted that night, hesitated not to press Mr. Wood's hand, and to say, "*You are a man, indeed, sir! Good night!*"

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW NED THE YACHTMAN VISITED MR M'CANN,
AND REFUSED A GOOD OFFER.



OW bone and muscle can stand the strain of New York pedestrianism, and how human agility can save the lives and limbs of free-born Americans from the stark lunacy of coaches, carriages, drays, and omnibuses is a mystery not yet solved—and, therefore, no one can be surprised at Ned the Yachtman failing to explain it. Up and down they run—hither and thither they fly. Whips look like living things twisting and sweeping in the air. And at every second of time European sensibility gets a shock by the conviction that ever so many homicides and suicides are imminent from the absolute recklessness of all kinds of animals—man, horse, donkey, pig, and mule.

We have said that Ned the Yachtman failed to see his way through the problem involved in the apparent tranquillity of all the people engaged in this mortal

tumult, and we may now add that he gave up the idea of finding his way on his feet. He had not much spare cash; and he had much mind to economize what he had, that morning, counted into his leather purse; but, after all, what would the money be to a man if his brains were knocked out, or a limb or two was fractured by one of these insane cabs that kept flying at every one and at each other, wherever you turned?

Ned the Yachtman had a taste for physiognomy, and he allowed two or three omnibuses to pass by before his sympathies recognised a conductor. He found one at last. "Be gor," he said to himself, "he has a lot of colour in his cheeks, an' his hair isn't like half-squitched flax." So Ned raised his hand, and the conductor raised his hand, and the horses rattled their hoofs together, and they stopped.

"I'm goin' to No. 202, 1042 street," said Ned.

"Get in," cried the conductor.

"You are going to Mr. M'Cann's," then added the conductor.

"You jist hit id," answered Ned.

"The best man in the United States," remarked the conductor. "See here, neighbour," continued the conductor. "You ayre on'y jist landed. Mind you see yer way, every stip! Trust no one! Mind!"

"Why, then, thank you," answered Ned, "an' that you may always keep your fine colour an' your fine tongue!"

"Here you are, then!"

"Here!—why I was near the doore, you thief."

"Get down, sir," answered the conductor, who had kindly taken Ned up for one minute of time, and taken his fare for the benefit conferred thereby.

"Thrust no wan," said Ned, coming down the steps of the omnibus.

"Jist so, neighbour. The advice is worth gold, though you've had it without asking."

In a few minutes Ned found himself in a grand apartment, in which ten or twelve gentlemen were busily engaged over books, papers, letters, and telegraphic messages. The good man had been bewildered in the streets, and "done" by the conductor—so that an unusual kind of timidity seized upon him. There were some maps along the wall before the various compartments

"Why, if you go off from here, you may be many a day and year away; and can you expect her to wait for you?"

Ned became pensive.

"I tell you what," said Mr. M'Cann, briskly; "come, my man, obtain your master's leave. Come and live with me. Peg Doherty is already in my service. She has £40 a-year, counting your Irish money; and *you* shall have £1 a week. You can soon save money, and get spliced! What do you say to that?"

Ned reddened deeply, deeply, and in a short time was paler than his wont. £40 a-year, and £50 a-year! was not that an estate? poor Ned the Yachtman thought. And then, he thought, how he could send his little nieces, and his poor widowed sister, enough to take them out of want; and he could send for his little nephews to come over; and all he could do at home and abroad! And he thought of what the neighbours would be saying; and how the people who called him "wild" and "foolish" would find they had been mistaken. All this, and more, passed through Ned's mind in one moment.

But Ned, then, began to think of the banks of the Shannon, and the yacht with the milk-white sails, that scarcely touched the water as she swept along in dainty gracefulness; and of Masther Jack—poor Masther Jack, that kept his bad temper for great people like himself, and was ever and always kind to him, Ned the Yachtman! And, then, he thought of the golden home where the dear, sweet mistress dwelt, and of Nanny, Jack Hazlitt's gentle and beautiful sister; and of all the times when, boy and man, their lives—Jack Hazlitt's and his own—had been commingling, and becoming *one*, as it were; and *one* they were, he began to think—*one* life really. And didn't they all know that he, Ned, had come away with poor Masther Jack—his dear mistress and beautiful Miss Nanny! And would *he*, Ned, give him up now—even for Peg Doherty and the £50 a-year?

"Ah, sir!" said Ned; "you have my heart's thanks!—my heart upon its knees, sir, sez thank you! But, och! Mr. M'Cann, I couldn't lave Masther Jack—Arrah! I couldn't think of that grand name at all! Poor Masther Jack! Mr. M'Cann," he said, and his voice became husky.

"I like your good heart, my man—I do indeed ; but remember you are to get his leave—remember you are to have his full permission."

"His leave !" cried poor Ned. "Oh, yeh ! he'd sind me out the doore packing in wan minit if he thought I was offered £50 a-year ! Och ! 'tis he that would. But, thin, where would *he* be ? If he was sick or sore, or if he wanted a friend's hand, or a friend's health, or a friend's life, or—or anything but my holy religion—och, where would his ould companion—Masther Jack's foster-brother—be *thin* ? No, Mr. M'Cann ! may God increase your store, as He has gev you a big sowl to spend it ! but I must stick to Masther Jack, just as my blood-relation Lowry M'Cabe stuck to Masther Frank."

Mr. M'Cann shook his head.

"Oh ! I know that," said Ned ; "I know that. The rale blood is in the Morans, and poor Masther Jack is on'y half-bred. Bad cess to his father ! Oh ! I ax pardin—but Mr. M'Cann, I hard Father Reardon say, that bad as the case was before they sent him away—Masther Jack would be the makin's of a fine man, on'y fur the mix'd edication."

"Before they sent him away ?"

"Yes, you see, these cases, like Mr. Ha—Masther Jack's father, I mane, whin wan is 'a Protestun,' an' th' other a 'Roman,' the childher are nothin' at all. They take off piece afther piece, ache of 'em, till nothin' is left—the father a piece to-day, an' the mother a piece to-morrow, an' that's the way."

"Heighho !" said Mr. M'Cann.

"Well, that wasn't the case with my poor masther," continued Ned the Yachtman, "bekase you see his mother was an angel an' a saint, an' ev'ry thing good ; an' poor Masther Jack wint reglar to his religion till he was sent to the mix'd edication."

"And then ?"

"Och ! thin, I don't know what quare things got into his head ; but he talks crack'd-like about Property and Rights, an' every thing. Arrah ! I'm sure he don't believe the half of 'em. Well, sir, the worse he is, the more he wants his foster-brother. I'll bring him round, you know, *bekase I love him*."

"Well, my man, if you must go, let it be so : but if

you ever want a friend or a situation, remember me," said Mr. M'Cann.

And they parted.

It was nearly three weeks after the arrival of the *Centaur* that Ned the Yachtman found his way to Mr. M'Cann's office; and his road was by the "Chapel," as he called it. He had missed the conversation and the presence of Peg Doherty, and had been awaiting the chance of accompanying his master to Mr. M'Cann's dwelling; but his master seemed to have forgotten Mr. M'Cann's dwelling and all it contained. He lived only for his single self, personified in the headlong career of a passion which had the attraction of adventure much more than of affection.

Indeed, affection has very little to do with frenzies like Mr. Wood's. The object of pursuit is the gratification of a dominating love of self, that values success infinitely more than it values any one of Adam's race, and its pleasures more than all the qualities that ever adorned humanity.

The selfishness which succeeds principle, in the government of men's souls, leaves no room in the mind for anything beside. Hence Mr. Wood had entirely forgotten Mr. M'Cann, and Minnie Hennessy, and everything on earth unless Grace Brackenbridge.

Asleep, Miss Brackenbridge mingled with his dreams; when he awoke in the morning, her commanding figure stood before him; when abroad, he imagined that he ought to meet her at every turn. He asked himself had "she ever been here?" had "she ever been there?" "had Grace seen this," and "had Grace seen that?" and every hour of the day and night he kept recalling the kind word she had spoken, or the kind look she had bestowed; and had the minutes all counted until he should see her again. To win a prize, which he had convinced himself all the world coveted, was, to Wood, something for which labour and life were small sacrifices. And therefore, with a delight almost intoxicating, the words of the first evening's parting ever came back to Mr. Wood's memory, "*You, sir, are a man indeed!*"

Ned the Yachtman became determined to see some life on his own account; and the second Sunday after their arrival he asked and obtained permission to go to "St.

Patrick's," New York, to Mass. How much of his old companion Peg Doherty mingled with his desire to cross over to the Church of the National Saint, we need not inquire ; but it is certain that he had not forgotten her. Peg's memory was a treasure to poor Ned, and his love for her had been, for many a long year, Ned's safeguard. Ned respected her for her own sake ; and his habitual examination of conscience was guided by "what would *she* think of my doing this thing ?" or "my doing that or the other ?"

The bonds were holy which united the children of labour. They had been woven on the way to school, when they were little. They had grown strong side by side at "catechism," in the poor parish church. They became sacred at the Holy Mass, and the Holy Pilgrimage, and they were flowered all over by the memories of the old haunts by the hedges and walks by the river's bank, which had long made up the summer bloom of their lives.

Ned was, doubtless, pious ; but he was not successful in seeing Peggy that morning.

However, somewhere in the vicinity of St. Patrick's he saw the grey-haired gentleman of the *Centaur*, and, with the natural politeness of his countrymen, he gave him a salute. The gentleman at once recognised and accosted him ; and, after giving him all kinds of encouragement, the gentleman begged him to say to Mr. Wood that he would be anxious to see him, if possible, on the Tuesday following. And that was the fact—for a reason which the reader will soon find set forth.

We may feel persuaded that Ned the Yachtman was not indifferent on the subject, and that, whatever might have been Mr. Wood's pre-occupations, Ned did not permit Mr. Wood's memory to lapse upon the subject of "goin' to see the grey-haired gentleman, that came with them in the *Sintoor*."

Yet, with all Ned's eloquence, it was not easy to induce his master to make the half-hour's trip from Brooklyn to New York, for any one or on any business unless it related to Miss Brackenbridge or her uncle. Mr. Wood aimed at the affections of Grace through as many opens as he could discover or invent ; and, of course, the favour of her uncle may well be supposed to have been one eminently advantageous. The uncle's regard seemed, indeed,

quite fixed on his guest. There was an attention in Captain Brackenbridge's manner that never relaxed, and in his address there was a kind of deference, not obtrusive, and yet flattering, that caught the pride and stimulated the efforts of Mr. Wood.

This was, in fact, Mr. Wood's danger—at least in the supposition that Captain Brackenbridge had adopted a systematic policy to attract Mr. Wood, and make him a leader or an abettor in any project of profit or honour which he designed. He was likely to grow upon the food he consumed, and to assume the dimensions which were attributed to him, until his bearing and exaction might expose him to complications, and even dangers, in America. And, in truth, they frequently and frightfully did so.

However, Mr. Wood rose early on Thursday, determined to pay his promised visit to Mr. M'Cann. It must be admitted that he felt the whole thing a "bore," and that he wished Mr. M'Cann and Minnie Hennessy among the Modoc Indians a thousand times, because he had no business with anything, or any person, who did not belong to "The Hall," and everything, and everyone, that did not connect themselves, in some way, with Mr. Wood's new fancy was "ridiculous and absurd," and "what did he care about them?"

But Mr. Wood found himself in New York that day at 2.30; and himself and Ned the Yachtman made their way for street 1042, No. 202. The office was reached in due time, and Mr. Wood addressed the nearest of the clerks, asking him when the governor would arrive. The clerk informed him that Mr. M'Cann awaited Mr. Wood's visit at his villa in Clarendon Avenue, and stayed within expressly to receive him.

Mr. Wood and his man now engaged a carriage, and Ned took a good half of the driver's seat. The scene around was strange and exciting; but Ned's whole mind was set upon the end of the journey, and whom he should see there. "New York wasn't in the world at all" that half-hour, poor Ned the Yachtman declared to inquiring friends, afterwards.

And at length they have arrived.

The drive to the hall-door of Mr. M'Cann's house was shaded with tall poplars, and the house itself was large, fashionable in its air and locality, and evidently kept

with the care of good taste, and the expense of independent fortune. The white front seemed covered with fresh and rich verandahs ; the entrance was princely ; and the hangings and golden ornaments, as seen through the windows from below, looked nothing less than right royal.

Mr. M'Cann was not in the house ; but he had left a note, requesting Mr. Wood to grant him ten minutes grace, as he had been called away on important business. A well-dressed and well-mannered young man-servant led Mr. Wood to the drawing-room ; and, it is to be presumed, the same young man led Ned to the kitchen.

Ned the Yachtman was in an ecstasy. There was Peggy, ten times handsomer and ten times kinder than ever. She had greatly changed, however, considering the short time she had for the transformation. Peggy Doherty now wore a cashmere dress and a handsome collar, and her hair, Ned said, "bate the Rock o' Cashill all out." But Ned was obliged to admit that all the finery had not in any way changed the manners or affections of Peggy Doherty ; and that the "lonesomeness" after her pleasant Shannon home had softened down a character which was occasionally a bit too vigorous, even for Ned the Yachtman.

Mr. Wood had not long to wait in the drawing-room. In a few minutes after his arrival, Mr. M'Cann's carriage drew up at the hall-door, and Mr. M'Cann himself immediately came up and bade Mr. Wood a welcome. He saw Mr. Wood had been struck by the unexpected magnificence which he encountered ; and the old man enjoyed it most evidently to the full.

After a few words conversation, Wood observed to Mr. M'Cann that he had admired the house and surroundings very much. Mr. M'Cann only laughed, and said, "Yes, yes !" "But," he added, after a moment's pause, "I have a partner in London. He has been about some time ; but this is his residence where we are. He takes me in as a kind of charity until he gets a wife. I hope you may yet know him. But, Mr. Wood, the carriage waits, and I know you have your hands full these betting days."

They entered the carriage.

"Do you manage the yacht during the match ?"

"Well, I am not well acquainted with your waters ; but if no better presents himself, I shall gladly oblige Captain Brackenbridge."

"I intended to bet against Brackenbridge's craft ; but I will not then."

"Will not ?"

"No. You will win. And, besides, I lost four thousand dollars last night," added Mr. M'Cann, smiling.

"Nearly a thousand pounds ?"

"Nearly a thousand pounds. It was about that I had been called out before the time you appointed for your coming to-day."

"May I ask how—not playing I am sure ?"

"No ; not at play," answered Mr. M'Cann, slowly and very emphatically. "The money, partly in gold, and partly in American securities, was stolen from a confidential clerk, coming up from Philadelphia. He fell asleep in the carriage, and, on awaking, found his money gone. Box and cash had disappeared."

"Was there no one in the carriage ?"

"Yes, one gentleman ; but he could not have secreted a large box ; and, besides, he is above suspicion. In fact, the gentleman you ought to know very well—it was Captain Johnston."

"But here we are," Mr. M'Cann remarked, as the carriage stood before a large gate, which shortly opened on the summons of Mr. M'Cann's servant.

A grand building, slowly revealing itself at the opening of great portals, looks like something growing into majestic life, and associates itself with feelings of singular interest. The building, now expanding before the visitors, looks like a public building, only for its wonderful quietude ; and, we must add, only it was so well kept. Public buildings are not recognised as having any claims to be kept either clean or in repair.

Mr. M'Cann's whip made a circuit round a gravel-walk of some extent, and the vehicle finally stopped at the hall-door. Mr. Wood looked out, and beheld, over a fine portico of granite, a statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"A convent !" he cried, "a convent !"

"Yes," answered Mr. M'Cann, smiling, "you are not afraid of nuns, Mr. Wood ?"

"Well, no, sir ; but I certainly did not think that

Miss Hennessy was going into a convent. These girls are"—

"Pardon me, Mr. Wood ; Miss Hennessy—but the door opens. Let us enter."

Two ladies came into the parlour almost in an instant, and a glance showed Mr. Wood they were gentlewomen. The light, easy bearing, that can be grave and not heavy, joyous and not trivial, is good breeding as well as religion.

One of the ladies was taller than the other. She stooped a little, and spoke in a subdued, quiet tone. The balance of perfect recollection was evident in the calm light of her eyes ; and one felt a sense of her holiness as he came near her. The other nun was fresh, cheery, with an inquiring kind of look, that seemed turning over the pages of your character while speaking to you. Moreover, she seemed a decisive kind of body, that took little time to discuss, and less time to do a thing.

"We are after the time, I believe," observed Mr. M'Cann.

"No," answered the taller of the ladies, at the same time smiling gently, and looking towards her companion.

"No, Mr. M'Cann," said the other nun, echoing her sister, but speaking in tones not to be misunderstood. "If you had been late, you would have had no chance of getting inside the gate."

"Late a quarter of an hour ?" inquired Mr. Wood.

"Late a quarter of a second," replied the matter-of-fact nun.

Minnie Hennessy here presented herself. She was tastefully dressed, not to say more ; and John Hennessy, had he seen his daughter, would have had a happy heart that morning.

A slight expression of admiration escaped Mr. Wood ; but Minnie did not appear to mind.

"I hardly expected to find you here, Miss Minnie," Mr. Wood said.

Minnie replied by a happy, happy look at Mr. M'Cann. Her eyes welled over. Mr. M'Cann looked the personification of a man who had *found* a thousand pounds.

"Well, Mr. Wood, we must tell you the secret."

"She's going to be a nun ?" Mr. Wood asked, a little warmly.

"That I do not know," answered Mr. M'Cann. "But the fact is, she has sent for her father and the family."

"Well now, Reverend Mother"—cried the decisive, straightforward-kind-of nun.

Reverend Mother smiled.

"Ah! it is Mr. M'Cann," cried Minnie Hennessy.

"Mrs. Superior, answer me," said Mr. M'Cann, quite gravely, "answer me—are you not to give Miss Hennessy one hundred pounds, to teach for a year your orphans the art and mystery of lace-making, fancy work, plain work, and all manner of mysterious needling?"

"We promised as much."

"And will you keep your contract?"

"Certainly."

"The plain case is, then, that I have advanced the money, and made the nuns my bank. No grand risk or benevolence, I should say."

Mr. Wood looked a little soft. A gleam of light was falling on the beauty of an unselfish, loving soul—the soul which he once could value. That day was gone, however, and Mr. Wood looked on vacancy, as if to discover it. Wood understood all!

"So John Hennessy is coming over," murmured Mr. Wood, "coming to America."

The visitors remained a quarter of an hour, or more; that is, if that glass on the table runs more than a quarter. The nuns allowed the conversation to die out. They made a little move—ever so little. It just said, "Look at the glass there, gentlemen."

All rose up.

Mr. Wood was turning towards the reception-room door, when his eye fell upon a print—a fine lithograph, a lithograph of a nun; he paused before the picture, surprised, not much, but perceptibly.

"My young friend," Mr. M'Cann remarked, "you seem struck by that picture."

"I am."

"Good reason he has," remarked Minnie, slowly, and in a voice full of tenderness, "that picture is *the image of Mr. Wood's mother.*"

Mr. Wood sighed deeply: yet Mr. Wood was glad to get away!

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING GRACE BRACKENBRIDGE'S ESTIMATE OF THE IRISH AND OF HERSELF ; ALSO THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF THE SAME YOUNG LADY.



FROM the spring-time till the young summer began to bloom, Jack Hazlitt continued the guest of Captain Brackenbridge. The captain insisted on the necessity of a few months' repose, and a few months' experience, before "Mr. Wood" should think of any engagement requiring all his energies and a good deal of knowledge of the country.

"You shall meet all my friends from time to time," argued Captain Brackenbridge ; "and many of them are men of great and varied connection. You may take a few voyages as supercargo, and, as you know navigation, you can take command of a ship as soon as you have well studied the charts."

"Command a ship !"

"Yes, Mr. Wood ; yes, sir—command a ship ; and once you have mapped the southern seas in your mind, I am quite prepared to trust your genius, and help to make your fortune."

"My fortune !" half dreamily repeated Jack Hazlitt.
"My fortune !"

At that moment he would find fixed upon him the eyes of Grace Brackenbridge, inquiringly, and not unsympathetically. She looked as if she felt, "Am I not your fortune ?" and the words of destiny came back upon his mind—"Sir, you are a man !"

The suddenness of North American vegetation, when winter has quitted his hold upon the soil, is striking and exhilarating. Between the ice-formed flowers of March,

covering the boughs with arctic gems, and the peeping out of the Mayflower, and even the luxuriant leafing of young summer, there seems scarcely an interval. The transformation is magical, and nature shares her ecstasy with man.

For nearly the whole interval referred to, Jack Hazlitt and Grace Brackenbridge were left together. A lady seldom came to "The Hall," and no lady made a long visit. Gentlemen came and went constantly, but were no inconvenience or intrusion. Captain Brackenbridge himself was often away for a whole week, leaving to his niece and the servants the care of the mansion.

With good horses, good vehicles, and first-rate fowling-pieces, the time could not hang heavily on Mr. Wood's hands. He was just in the set of circumstances most calculated to develop his peculiar qualities. He had the impulse to exert himself, and the admiration which he valued ; and, best of all, he had no gentleman to quarrel with—at least up to the time which we describe.

As the hedges grew green, and the sea began to smooth its brow in honour of coming May, Mr. Wood and Grace Brackenbridge had many a pleasant ride and many a happy lounge and long walk through the trees and by the sea-board, and around Brooklyn city itself. Sometimes Mr. Wood astonished the young lady by feats of horsemanship unknown beyond the borders of the Irish hunting-field ; and betimes he startled her by suddenly firing, in the middle of a sentence, and bringing down a bird without stopping the conversation ; and sometimes he surprised her, when he met an Indian or a negro, because if they happened to be poor, and he was caught in his mood, he would share with them all he had in the world.

One day they had plunged into an avenue of pines, and were deeply engaged in conversation, when they overtook two men, an old man and a young man, both of whom seemed very much excited. The old man's tone was deprecating, and his right hand was raised to give force to his appeal. The young man was indignant, and flung his arms wide open, like one crying for vengeance ! Miss Brackenbridge immediately recognised the young man as one who had been once living at the Hall, and who had been remarkable for industry and economy.

"O Teeling! this is the old man, is it?" demanded Grace Brackenbridge.

"Yes," answered the man spoken to; and he looked down upon the ground.

That is quite an American style, though Teeling was not an American. Every lady's face seems sunshine sent back from a looking-glass, and all the gentlemen seem quite unequal to looking forward—so they look down.

"Yes," repeated Teeling, and now he spoke bitterly; "that is the old man, Miss Brackenbridge, robbed, ruined, and sent on the world at five-and-sixty years—himself and my mother—to die!"

"How is that?" Grace pursued.

"How is that? how is that?" answered the young man, and he began to choke.

"O Teeling—Teeling!" cried Grace.

"Well, ma'am, don't blame him," said the old man, "bekase you see——"

"Ah! Miss Brackenbridge," interrupted Teeling, "you have seen me in your own house. You have seen that when young men got their summer suits, and made their holiday, I went half bare, and I worked away. They laughed at me, an' called me miserly, an' made me live alone. But God knew all, an' Father Conway!"

"Well, good fellow?" Mr. Wood asked. He had become interested.

"I saved every cent I earned—all to make up the arrears the ould man owed. I saved everything; and I would like to have sold half my meals, but no one here is hungry enough to buy food from a servant. I bore the laugh, an' the sneer, an' the cowl'd look, because the ould man, an' the ould woman, an' my little sister, at home, were always before my heart, an' they warmed it. An' I said to myself, I have a home to go back to, an' I'll make the ould folk——"

"Stop, now, Tim, agra! Ah! be a man, Tim! be a man! Why, thin, the poor fellow," old Teeling said, turning to Mr. Wood, "the agint took the arrears whin my poor boy sent 'em; but he broke the lase of th' ould place: and my son was born, and grew up there; and 'twas a beautiful place."

"By the——!" roared young Teeling.

The old man stopped his son's mouth.

"Don't curse, my son," he said, "don't curse. Your father's sweat is in that place, an' your father's father's labour, an' his father's agin. Don't curse, my son; there's a curse undher every sod in the field, an' over every pebble in the ridge, and spade's point in the furra. God takes His time, avic; but He is shure an' sthronger whin He's slow. Blessed be His name!" cried the old man; "blessed be His name!"

"Well, if I don't," cried the young man, slowly and gutturally. "Well, if I don't . . . An' my poor mother an' little sither. Now you see, Miss Brackenbridge, they must stay lonesome, an' poor, an' wandhering, till I can earn a few cents more, an'——"

"Well, thin, no, avic; I gother a good pinny comin', an' they have enough to keep 'em. I declare, the captain—a fine man, God bless him!—offered me as much as I wanted to bring out darling Winny Teeling an' her mother, bekase he heard of you, avic, an' he was ever so sorry when he heard my story."

"What captain, good man, offered you the money?" demanded Hazlitt.

"Why, thin, the captain of the *Sintoor*, sir—a Mr. Mawlin—oh, a fine man entirely, sir, indeed."

"You came by the *Centaur*, then?" continued Mr. Wood. "A fine fellow is Captain Malin: and where have you left the *Centaur*?"

"The *Sintoor* is over in New York or some place; but the captain, my boy here tells me, lives in this big town."

"Yes," added young Teeling, "Captain Malin lives at Old Park, and between his trips every one likes to see him."

"No doubt," muttered Mr. Wood. "Take your father's advice, my man," he added; "do nothing wrong or rash, but work your way. We shall all give you a helping hand if you stick to your father."

The young woman looked puzzled after this interview, and was for some time silent. A close examination would discover her ill at ease and impatient. At length she turned to Mr. Wood, and, looking him straight in the face, she asked—

"Is all that true? Is it true or mere bosh—the story of the land?"

"I think it extremely probable that it is true. The old man has the stamp of honesty, and the practice he has been describing is common."

"Common—common to grasp the poor man's last penny, and then cast him on the high road, to starve!"

"No, no! he may go into the workhouse."

"How is that?"

"He need not starve. He will receive food enough to keep body and soul together, and coarse clothes with the workhouse brand; but he must separate from his wife and daughter. They live in different compartments."

"No home ever again—no family! Mope, and live, and brood, and rot!" exclaimed Grace Brackenbridge, with a flashing eye and look almost threatening. "Who gave the power to the landlord to turn out old Teeling?"

"Well, Miss Brackenbridge, it is a long story. Teeling's country is a conquered country, you know. The conqueror, very naturally, gave the land to those who helped him to possess it, and they must knock their livelihood out of the natives."

"Hunt them!" cried the young woman. "Hunt them! Why, sir, it must be a nation of cowards!" half shrieked the young American, stepping back from her companion. She really looked as if she would fly the contamination of an Irishman. "Why do they not rise—rise as a man?" she continued, vehemently. "Why not rise, and fight, and die? Life ought to be a misery to men of courage seeing or suffering such things. Why not fight?" she cried again.

"Teeling's countrymen are not cowards, Miss Brackenbridge," Jack said, in a slow and rather solemn tone; "and it may be said they have ever been fighting—fighting with empty hands the men who held the rifle, and with empty coffers the men who had gathered up the riches of the earth."

Miss Brackenbridge sighed for the first time in their intercourse. She declared she felt herself oppressed.

"You heard Teeling's threat?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Yes; some impulse of enthusiasm, to pass away in an hour."

"I think not," replied Mr. Wood. "It appears to me that the uprising you speak of will take place in America."

"Nonsense! What can we have to do with it? America wouldn't stir an inch for the Irish. Candidates flatter the Irish before the elections, but America will always mind her own business. Irish independence is Irish business, not American."

"But see you not an Ireland in America? You see an Ireland learning the use of Arms, and growing up in an exaggerated notion of independence—an independence which will impart tenfold power to traditional hatred when the opportunity comes."

"The opportunity!" cried Grace, half contemptuously.

"The opportunity is not impossible; and I have heard here in America that the Irish will make it," Wood answered.

"*They* make it——"

"Yes. Their numbers are so great, they will force America sometime or another into war with England. And that is one way—say, *number one*. America having made up her mind to listen to Munroe, she must have all the American provinces to make her natural frontiers. A second chance of a war—call it *number two*. Russia and America may fraternize to ease England of the cares of the East, and to rule the Pacific and what it happens to wash. And England may not be inclined to surrender without striking a blow—call that *number three*." Miss Brackenbridge looked thoughtful.

"Ireland, Miss Brackenbridge, keeps the hands of England tied. England dare not go to war upon a large scale. She must keep Ireland a camp. But to America, England must ever be a slave, or to any country with which America happens to sympathize; because England knows well America has only to let the Irish loose, and arm them, and send 100,000 of them 'home.' Your last war has shown what the Irish can do on a battlefield.

"True, true," said Grace.

"And at 'home' every port, house, and hand would be open to them."

"True," again remarked Grace, her eyes cast down; but she added more quickly, "England can bear all and suffer all, and keep her hold on her victim still."

Mr. Wood smiled, and replied very quietly also, "That means she will go to pieces without a struggle; that is not likely. England has courage as well as caution, and

there are some limits of humiliation no government dare pass. The English people would annihilate them."

"Then, Mr. Wood, what are you driving at?"

"I conclude that England will finally give Ireland 'JUSTICE,'* and Ireland, for her own sake, will be England's greatest strength. England will never live on in the manacled state in which she feels herself. She will buy her own freedom by bestowing freedom on Ireland."

"I am half converted," said Miss Brackenbridge; "but what of Teeling?"

"Teeling seems made up to join the American conspiracy for invading Ireland; but that conspiracy——"

"Well, we have had enough of it," cried the haughty beauty, "and I have some people to see and some things to do, and—in fact, I am tired."

"Tired!" Mr. Wood said, a little reproachfully. He was conscious that he had been doing his very best. He had not been dogmatic, or snarling, or contradictory: on the contrary, he had been assiduous, humble, and devoted. He felt he had risen above the new Mr. Wood in bearing, manners, and conversation, and his reward for all this was that word of two syllables—"Tired."

Miss Brackenbridge saw the pain, at a glance, and, likely enough, she was proud of it.

They had not yet returned, and the shadows of the trees fell trembling on their way, while the sun looked down gloriously, calling out the primroses in the hedges, and making the silver surf of the sea laugh in the new summer's joyousness. The birds began to proclaim the happy time their own, and even the frog among the ferns whistled for the grasshopper to come, and join the new summer concert. It was a time for happy thought, and if the thought were wise, the time would make thought holy.

On their return, they diverged from the common road, and having gone through a small gateway, gradually descended by a declivity towards a stream. Proceeding onwards, they found themselves under a high and shelving hedgeway, crowned on the top with stunted trees, irregularly planted, and here and there relieved by a poplar or

* We confess that we have interpolated this word. Mr. Wood had two words in his speech, but they were *political*.

an elm. The whole scene above them was most regularly irregular, and one of the illustrations of nature's power in realizing the ideals of perfect taste. The brown and rather rough pathway below contrasted with the fresh green and the bright water, and, winding along it, imparted to the road that undefined sense of the mysterious which hangs over twisting ways when they creep along in shadow, and vanish without ending. The place was the place for the hour, in a word, and was made for a stroll.

Mr. Wood and his companion stood looking into the stream. Above them, at some distance, on the left, was the arch of a bridge; far away on the right was heard the splash of the waters of the great river, the ringing of bells, the screaming of whistles, and the consolidated voices of the thousands upon thousands far away, and now heard like the unceasing moan of a mighty sea.

Mr. Wood turned towards Grace Brackenbridge, and looked into her fine face. She returned his look in a dreamy and abstracted manner; but after a moment Grace smiled—she smiled even softly on him then.

Mr. Wood looked on the ground, and paused. The pause brought his resolution to life.

"Grace!" he said.

It was the first time he had called her by her Christian-name.

Grace Brackenbridge did not shrink, or tremble, or faint, but the rich cheeks bloomed in her blushes, and the eloquent eyes looked out in radiant power.

"Well," she answered. "Well, Mr. Wood."

"Grace, you are too observant not to have divined my thoughts, and read my ambition. You have known for weeks what I have known for months; that——"

"Stay, Mr. Wood. Do stay, pray; I know what you would say. I can understand it, and"—after a pause—"I can value it."

"Value it!" Thank God. "Value it!" Mr. Wood cried, greatly moved.

He approached, as if to take Miss Brackenbridge's hand; but she drew back, and smiled one of her meaning smiles.

"Oh! Mr. Wood," she said; "mind, mind, the 'gushing' must begin at my side."

Wood's courage seemed to fall with his repulse.

"Nay, but," she said; and now she made a most emphatic pause, and looked solemn—solemn and earnest. "But, Mr. Wood," she continued, "I have no hesitation in saying that no word of yours, or kindness . . . or affection," she said slowly, "has been lost upon me. I understand all, and I value and return every feeling; but——"

"But what? what?" cried Mr. Wood, with his usual impetuosity, "oh! do say what, what."

"Psha! psha!" cried the beautiful American. "We are ridiculous!" she cried.

"Come, Mr. Wood!" she resumed, laughingly; and now she laid her fair hand upon his shoulder. "Come, Eardley Wood!" she went on while Mr. Wood burned with excitement and delight. "Can you tell me the interest of two hundred thousand dollars at five per cent. per annum?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Wood, and endeavouring vainly to return the pleasantry.

"I will tell you," the beauty replied. "It is ten thousand dollars a-year. What think you of that sum, Eardley Wood? Well, on less than that fortune Grace Brackenbridge shall never live—*cannot*."

"Well . . . even——"

"Well, then, my dear friend, the only man I ever knew, unless my father, whom I did not nearly contemn, I have met. Eardley Wood, if I am ever to like a man, I have met him—and I shall not easily change; but money—money, I must have. Oh! enough of poverty!" she cried—"enough! enough!"

"Grace, I do not despair; Brackenbridge, your uncle, has promised to place me in a career which ought approach your figure in five years—but, *then, five years!*"

"Do not mind!" she interrupted passionately. "With Grace Brackenbridge five years, or fifty, or five hundred are nothing; because," and now she seized his hand, and, like a prophetess, looked up to heaven—"because," she said sadly, "with me 'tis Eardley Wood or nothing!"

"Tell me, Wood," she said, again laughing, and suddenly flinging off every shadow of passion, or even excitement, "tell me what religion do you profess?"

"Religion?" Wood demanded.

"Yes, you very stupid young gentleman," she said. "Have I not a right and duty to find and weigh your tenets, and to keep you straight and consistent?"

"Well, dear Grace, I am of *your* religion."

"Mine!" she said, and laughed most buoyantly. "Mine! oh, well. Then I am of the Brackenbridge faith—pure and simple."

"Brackenbridge faith?"

"Yes. We have two grand precepts in the Brackenbridge creed—Succeed in all your projects. Do what you think is right."

"And you find what is *right* by——?"

"By finding what is most successful and most convenient, or at any rate the least inconvenient."

"'Pon my word, Grace," Mr. Wood replied, "you are fit to be president of the 'Great Havanna Club,' in which I graduated some years ago! One would think you studied under our professors of political economy."

"Well, Eardley," she answered, giving him her hand again, "it grows late; but now we understand one another, and the explanation is worth a half-score of years."

They had not proceeded more than a few hundred yards when Captain Brackenbridge came in sight. He seemed quite delighted at the *tête-à-tête*, which he saw had been going forward; and he rallied his niece and her companion.

"Getting into troubled waters, Mr. Wood?" he said, laughing. "Beware of Grace; there are breakers all around the enchanted islands where some beauties dwell."

"There are spring-tides of hope," answered Wood.

"And even among breakers," Grace added, "a way of safety is found by observant patience."

"Well! well!" Brackenbridge answered, and he shook his head laughingly. "Mr. Wood," he said, "I have been to see Dr. Conway, and I have asked him and honest Captain Malin to dine on Sunday. Malin's wife will come; and, if I can, we shall have Mr. Waters the Baptist clergyman, too."

"We make a circuit of them, Mr. Wood," said Grace, giving Mr. Wood a look of significance, to explain the "Mr." "but I believe Dr. Conway is uncle's favourite."

We go all round, however. But," she asked, "what of the yacht-race?"

"Well, Monday is fixed," answered the captain.

"Six miles?" Grace demanded.

"Seven to eight," answered her uncle.

"I intend to go," said Grace.

"Do you so?" Brackenbridge asked.

"Yes; I must see Mr. Wood in a stiff wind; and Ned, that wonderful specimen-man of his.

"A clever fellow is Ned," remarked the captain. "The Yankees are piqued and puzzled by him. They have no chance with Ned."

"Well, *PAT*," one says.

"Faith, 'tis you are *pat*," was the answer; 'I'm Edmund, my friend.'

"You brought a large property into the United States, sir," an impudent fellow remarked yesterday, near the Catholic church.

"Faith, I brought much more thin you," answered Ned. 'I brought a shute of clothes an' a *character* into this country, an' you came into id *bare* an' *naked*, you fool, an' no wan ever saw your face afore.'

"You should have seen the regular prostration of Ned the Yachtman's opponent," remarked Captain Brackenbridge.

Mr. Wood had "turned the corner." The following Sunday he went to the Methodist church, and in the evening proposed to go to the Baptist meeting; but the company did not break up sufficiently early. Mr. Wood had only one figure before his mind, and one desire in his heart. Grace Brackenbridge was the form, and money the desire. "*Recte si possis; sed quocunque modo rem,*" was Mr. Wood's morning maxim and resolution. How he became possessed of the fortune we shall see.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING THREE IMPORTANT THINGS—A HISTORY, A
DINNER PARTY, AND A YACHT RACE.



RACE BRACKENBRIDGE'S father, like her uncle, Captain Brackenbridge, belonged to the sea. He lived nearly all his life in one of our North American dependencies, from which he made his voyages, returning at intervals, to look after whatever local interests concerned him. He had been twice married—once to a woman of the United States, and subsequently to a female of the dependency above alluded to. The second marriage was solemnized before the woman had attained her fifteenth year, and, unfortunately, before the demise of Brackenbridge's first wife had been at all clearly established. But Brackenbridge was a young man still. He had plenty of money, appeared also to be able and temperate, and was a great attraction to a family not well to do, like the family from whom he got his wife, Ellenor—Leonora, she was called by small pride, and no common sense to balance it ; and she attracted Captain Brackenbridge the first time he laid eyes upon her.

Leonora may have felt a pang at parting her doll or her tortoiseshell cat, and her canary ; but it must be admitted that she had no great attachment to hard work and third-rate dresses. So that whatever feelings of bereavement tried her little soul when Brackenbridge's suit was presented, were drowned, and more than swallowed up by the imaginary triumphs of her new silk dresses, her watch, and her Indian shawls, scarfs, and ivory fans—all ready to be married to her with the captain.

Leonora was not very strong ; but she was graceful,

and not forward. She "held her own," to employ the vulgar term once more ; but she was neither overbearing nor offensive. It is to be lamented, considering all the circumstances, that Leonora and her family were Roman Catholics ; and that in receiving Brackenbridge as a connexion they had been as careless of the ecclesiastical law as of the experience which life had bestowed upon them. They thought that God and conscience could supply one set of rules, and the utilities or necessities of life supply another. And they took a temporary hold for guidance upon the latter. They fared, of course, as all people fare who follow such wisdom. But we are moralizing.

The fruit of Leonora Keenan's marriage was two children, both girls, and one of these girls was Grace Brackenbridge.

When Grace was eleven years old, her mother was just seven-and-twenty, and her sister was twelve. The sister was extremely like her mother. Grace was in every feature and movement like her father, the captain. Even as a little thing, when we remember her, she was imperious, dictating, and self-willed.

Captain J. Brackenbridge had been three months away. The period fixed for his return had elapsed a week or two before. His wife, Leonora, never very strong, had been much agitated. She asked excitedly from time to time, "what signals were up," and almost before the messengers left her presence, she cried again, "What are the signals ? oh ! tell me what are the signals ?"

The paroxysms would, to the superstitious, import something startling or trying to poor human nature ; and, as it sometimes happens, accident, if we are so to name it, gives superstition a chance of living.

Almost simultaneously with the signalling of J. Brackenbridge's ship came the news of his first wife's existence, alive and well, in the Far West of the American States.

Leonora's illness became alarming, and her husband had not arrived. She yet had a mother—a mother who had lived to weep over the worldly maxims that gave her daughter silk gowns and a watch, and took away a conscience.

To prepare Leonora for death became necessary ; and

as almost ever happens, "the priest! the priest!" was cried out by a voice in agony. "Oh! bring me the priest!"

The priest came. He saw Leonora almost for the first time. A creature she was to be pitied, whose look would give strong life to dead sympathy. Her arms were stretched out of the bed, and her hair was flung on every side in rich profusion, while she cried with flashing eyes, "the priest!" and then added, "the signals! the signals! oh! *will* he come?"

The clergyman, it is to be supposed, did his duty. He examined the wounds, poured in the balsam, gave the advice, the admonition, and the blessing; but he was charged with the awful news which unwed Leonora, even in the eyes of men, and his part on that evening was difficult of performance. What was he to do? Tell her truth and kill her; or conceal the truth and wait a day?

The clergyman did wait a day, but day or year the truth should "out." No matter how round-about, or how considerably spoken, the words were terrible but necessary words—"Brackenbridge's wife still lives."

Leonora Keenan did not shriek. She only shut the four fingers of each hand tightly over the thumbs. Hardly—hardly—they tightened! Her feet stretched down towards the foot of the bed, her lips turned black, and her eyes rolled in meaningless convulsion. The fair forehead rolled over the right arm, and the whole system trembled once!—twice! She was dead!

From the bedside Grace and her elder sister were removed, shrieking. Their father had come in time to bury Leonora and to provide a lodging for her orphans—the lonely home of a seaman, with two little girls who had no mother.

This seemed to be the downward turn of J. Brackenbridge. The next voyage he lost his ship. It was generally believed that he was not in fault, yet he found it hard to get a new command. However, he *did* get a new command, and, with strong determination to retrieve his character and regain his position, he set foot on board. Fate followed him! He was wrecked in the Mersey, and he could hardly explain why. There was dark weather—a little blowing—that was all. But J. Brackenbridge's

ship went on shore ! No hope remained, and he came home possessing little and fit for nothing. He had only one crumb of comfort. A little too late for his wishes, but early after his return, he obtained an authentic account of his first wife's death.

Now came poverty. With trammels to keep nakedness within doors, and hatred to poison the heart against wealth, and temptation to despoil, or to steal, or to kill, poverty came.

Alas ! who can tell the hardening power of exhausting hunger and bitter contempt ? No one who has not felt them—no one !

The clothes were gone, the necklaces were gone, the trinkets were gone, and the house was mealless ! J. Brackenbridge looked at his quadrant and sextant ! While looking at *them*, hope deceived him, and pointed to another ship at sea ! and he held on to the last, till his eyes saw badly, and his knees began to tremble, and his elder girl, dying of consumption, cried for a drink—he held on !

At last he rushed out, and no one knows where he found a purchaser or where he was a borrower ; but he brought back some money that relieved his children and himself—relieved them for a brief season.

The little resource did not last long. It was first no butter, then very little bread, then one meal a day—one meal a day, and a dungeon, and rags—while stretched on the bed was a sufferer—a sufferer without food and without a hope ! Religion ? The first and last they had seen of religion was the priest who knelt by their mother's dead body. The only religion they had, poor things ! was that heaven was " plenty and pride," and hell was the life which is won by poverty.

Grace Brackenbridge was thirteen. She had stolen out in a ragged shawl by night, and begged cents, and begged small loaves, and sung for coppers at the hall-doors—and oh ! how she hated everything and everyone ! The world was all an enemy to that young creature. She did hate it !

She grew thin and sickly, and rarely spoke. She worked a little by day and still begged by night, and brought home whatever the poor invalid could use—sat down by the bedside and wept. Yes, Grace loved the poor dying girl, and

thought—ah, some dreadful things! when that spirit-like child should disappear.

"I am cold," the child said one day. "Grace, darling, lie down by me—will you not, Grace? I am cold."

"To be sure, love," Grace answered—"to be sure," and she went to arrange something on an old sideboard; "to be sure," she repeated, and came over to see her sister.

Bitter! bitter! she had not even the consolation of granting the dying girl's request—Emily was dead!

On that very day Captain Brackenbridge came to look after his brother James, and before a week Grace Brackenbridge was at "The Hall," and before a month the same James Brackenbridge became gaoler in a city on one of our great northern coasts.

Grace Brackenbridge had studied life in a hard school, and her maxims were that ambition was religion, pride the Deity, and money the incense of worship. "Poverty, poverty," she cried to Mr. Wood. "Oh, enough of that!" Grace, there at least, spoke as she had been made to feel.

Whatever may have been her uncle's views, or pursuits, or principles, he gave his niece the benefit of a fashionable education. She sang well, played well, and talked Italian and French. Her character, as we have seen, had been hardened, and was likely to remain very much what Mr. Wood found it; and, singular to say, the young lady so humbled the A. M.—the self-asserting and ever selfish Mr. Wood—that he saw only with her eyes, and thought only with her head, and felt only with her feeling.

It was the supreme SELF still, however. He would astonish the world with *her* beauty—he would see her swaying the world—and his wife. And what a fellow he, Mr. Wood, must have been, on his vagrant tour, without a penny, or a friend, or a character, to have won such a prize in the Lottery of Life as Grace Brackenbridge!

Alas, Mr. Wood! Alas!

But our episode is not to exclude our dinner-party, which duly assembled at "The Hall," and was duly entertained by Captain Brackenbridge and his niece. Sure enough, the Episcopalian clergyman, and the Roman Catholic priest, and the Baptist minister made their

appearance, and the inevitable Mr. Johnson was of the party, and the cheery and kindly Captain Malin and his lady, and two or three other ladies, among whom was the helpmate of the Baptist clergyman.

We need not say that the dinner was superb and the scene perfect. In fact, no one could say whether the *economé* of the establishment, the cook, or the proprietor, was most to be praised and even thanked for the enjoyment of that evening. What plate! What fare! What magnificent Madeira! What Hermitage! What Champagne! Many a spot, and many a hand, and many a long year contributed to the select magnificence of Captain Brackenbridge's table on the evening before the yacht race.

Even Mr. Wood was happy! He was the guest, and the favoured guest. He had nothing to look for—nothing to insist upon. He was supreme—recognised as *first*; and he had Grace Brackenbridge! The heaven of self-love could not shed more light upon the reign of Mr. Wood's vanity. He was resplendent!

Grace was all her best friends could desire, though her manners were more subdued and her conversation not so ready. She really had some reason to be proud of her suitor. Mr. Wood seemed to live upon the thought and language of the company, and was eloquent. He was moderate in his exactions and quiet in his manners, and appeared to have mastered the topics of conversation just as much as he had mastered the management of a yacht. Self-assertion had no adversary!

The eternal Education Question was on the *tapis* very early; and the Baptist clergyman, Dr. Conway, and Johnson became ardent, learned, and fluent in the support of their various views. The Baptist was a great common schoolman—that is to say, a secularist; and Dr. Conway was as uncompromising a Churchman; while Mr. Johnson was prepared to stand by the "liberty of man and American independence." The Eternal States wanted to be let alone, and once let loose from all ministers and all church-going, her soul and her ships would fill the universal world.

Johnson spoke in a tone of badinage, but every one knew that he spoke his sentiments. His manner was simply to make his observations less offensive.

"Now, Dr. Conway," he said, "why make such an eternal row against the common school system? Haven't you had your turn, and failed?"

"And failed!" answered the Doctor.

"Well, yes," continued the Baptist clergyman; "Sacerdotalism and Dogmatism seem to have failed."

"I cannot see," answered Dr. Conway. "Have they failed in the United States?"

"Oh, you know, in these Free States, sir, our constitution keeps Sacerdotalism in its place; and besides your legions of nuns, and Christian Brothers, and I don't know what—why you have a minister on every hearthstone, and a preacher at every corner."

"Then, the fact is," quietly observed the Episcopalian, "that Dr. Conway's system seems not to have failed in America."

"But look at his agencies—thousands upon thousands in every corner of every town and hamlet," replied the Baptist.

"Behind the agencies," observed Mr. Wood, "there must be something. There must be labour, and sacrifice, and earnestness, and faith. Where those exist—unpaid for—and exist in 'thousands upon thousands of cases,' as you, sir, say they do, the *power of a system* is pretty manifest, I think."

"Be it so! be it so *here*! But look at the failure in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Mexico—why, there is no faith to be found—no religion or morality. Your system has failed, sir," continued Johnson. "*We* must try now."

"You vote us out of the world—I mean religion out of the world," Dr. Conway replied. "It is curious. We are *gone* if we be *quiet*—we are making brute force demonstrations if we send some hundreds of thousands to make what is called a 'pilgrimage.'"

"Do you not admit that Infidelity and Scepticism rule the world after Christianity has had hold of its education for a thousand years?" the Baptist demanded.

"I admit no such thing, sir; I admit that the active are the evil, and become *representative* men, because the good are quiescent; but you do not know the inner soul of the passive multitude. You judge by the demagogues and the demagogue press."

"You are pressed there, sir," added Hazlitt. "You admit the *power of the system* where you see it; and you cannot bring proof of the condition of things where you cannot examine."

Mr. Wood had determined upon a display.

"And what, sir," Mr. Wood continued, kindling with his theme; "what can you conclude, even if Sacerdotalism and Dogmatism have not swayed the practice of the majority of mankind? They came to give *FREE MAN* the means of governing his passions, and a knowledge of what was true. The question *then is, did they give man* what they were sent to give? That is the question to be determined. It will no more serve your purpose to say they have failed, if people refused their help, than to say an M.D. failed, if the patient will not use his medicine."

"What is the use of a system which will be rejected?"

"Why," Mr. Wood went on most fluently, "Dr. Conway will tell you it has its use for those who accept it, and employ it; and its use in being at hand for those who may desire it, after rejecting it. Surely, in a system of *FREE THOUGHT*, it is to be supposed that a multitude will fling off the restraints of Truth and Morality, to follow the lead of their passions, unless you suppose *coercion* of mind, as well as teaching."

"It comes to that," said Dr. Conway.

"Certainly," put in the Episcopalian. "Once admit man's free will, and you must judge systems by their fruits, or those *who follow*—not by the conduct of those who repudiate them!"

"Well, all I say," cried the Baptist, "is, that men will now try their own intelligence."

"Which means," said Wood, with the old curl of the lip, and the old cornrake voice, again; "which means that, as so many men have tumbled overboard, notwithstanding the bulwarks, you will try how things will go on without any bulwarks at all!"

"Why, Mr. Wood," cried Dr. Conway, "you ought to have been a lawyer, and now preparing for the Bench."

"Well, no, sir," was the reply; "I only try to be honest. I cannot comprehend why a system is to be judged by the manners of those who *don't follow* it. I cannot believe the average world is nearly so bad as some

philosophers make it. And I do not see, if the world be very bad, notwithstanding teachings, restraints, and examples, that all shall not become a savage anarchy, when these teachings, restraints, and examples are removed."

"Hear, hear," cried the Episcopalian.

"What is the use of the teachings, and so forth, without the power to enforce them?" asked Dr. Conway, very quietly.

"That is outside the record, though it is true that your Brownson has said so with great force," Mr. Wood said.

"Why, Wood!" cried Brackenbridge; "why, Wood!"

"The logical chariot drives towards Rome," cried the priest, laughing.

O Roma! O niente!" murmured Mr. Wood.

And as they retired from the table to follow the ladies to the drawing-room, Mr. Wood felt what a happiness faith would be, if he only *could believe as he once believed*.

But Mr. Wood had shone. Mr. Wood indisputably led. Mr. Wood felt he had given Grace Brackenbridge reason to feel proud! He wanted no more.

The conversation in the drawing-room was lighter and pleasanter, and, varied by some music, made the evening an exceedingly pleasant one. Mr. Wood, however, got a singular insight into the falling asunder of modern society, and the extent of his own creed in America, by Captain Malin's description of how himself and his very amiable partner first came together. She had been his brother's wife; and he had admired her devotion to the eldest of the Malins, and to her children. The brother died, and, of course, there was no difficulty about a marriage; but then a regular marriage would be followed by a forfeiture of a small pension which the lady enjoyed.

"We shall lose so much, Sarah," said the brother-in-law and suitor; "but we shall have enough."

"Lose the pension?" demanded Sarah. "The pension I have as George's widow?"

"Yes, that is the law, you know."

"Nay; but I guess we should be fools to lose the pension: for the minister will not make us stick together more faithful, or like one another more!"

"And so," laughed the captain, "we have outwitted the Treasury."

We love the United States, and we have reason ; but a sad future looms upon them, or a machine to make consciences must be added to the triumphs of American skill.

The day, "big with the fate of Mr. Wood and Ned," was to unite the company before a dozen hours, so that they did not feel that night as if they were breaking up. The seaman, and two of the clergymen, knew what they had to expect from Mr. Wood's bravery and skill ; but the majority of those present were filled with a keen curiosity, and some jealousy at the position filled by the *novus homo* from the "old country."

The two sides of the river were awake early, and bettings had been enormous. The amount staked by Captain Brackenbridge, people said, reached the large figure of a hundred thousand dollars !

Some parties certainly remarked, and among them was our friend Mr. M'Cann, that the Captain never lost *large stakes*, though he frequently lost a hundred dollars, or even five. And only we know the world we live in, and how the unsuccessful defame the fortunate, we would be inclined to give a long look at and after Captain Brackenbridge, and examine his relations with the occult sciences.

The day was dark, the wind fitful and squally, and the waters seemed to tremble as if they shook with the cold and biting wind. The river looked black under the scowl of low-hanging clouds, and the curls on the waves had a kind of crispy preternatural whiteness that contrasted with everything above and about.

Yet the sight-seers were not intimidated, and congratulated themselves that at any rate there was no rain. Little steamers shot over and hither ; small boats rocked and rose and tumbled as if they wanted to empty themselves of their burthens ; and sailing boats shot hither and thither with their sheets lying low down, and looking like great gulls stooping to touch the water with their wings. The city, you would imagine, was on the river ; and the dresses, gay for the season, were in competition with the darkness, making a kind of summer gladness in spite of the weather.

The yachts are well known by their colours. Brackenbridge's green and white ; his competitor's the tricolor of France.

A young man, not very tall, but of magnificent physique, lightly steps on board a small boat, where two sailors, with white and green favours, stand to their oars. He is soon recognised; and both sides of the river send up a ringing cheer of welcome. "What a yachter! What a man!"

They had scarcely time to indulge their admiration, however, when the river ran stark mad. A young lady came down towards the shore. She approaches the boat. The yachter gallantly stands by the tiller. The lady is handed on board, and goes to give lady-luck to the Irishman's yacht!

Such cheering and waving of hats, and huzzaing! Such a scene had never before been witnessed by Brooklyn or New York.

At length they are on board the *Orion*, Brackenbridge's yacht; and there they find Ned, busy as a bee. He is laying out cords, settling pulleys, disposing of weights in the bow and the sides of the craft, examining the tiller. Ned is everywhere, and arranging everything; and Ned looks pleased. Wood is glad to see Ned happy. 'Tis a good omen; and, besides, early that morning, he looked in the very zenith of evil temper—just as bad as if he saw Peggy Doherty walking "wud a New York boy."

"We'll bate," said Ned, almost as if speaking to himself; "we'll bate."

"Masther Jack."

"Well, Ned."

"Keep 'er up, an' leave me the rest."

"Very well, Ned, very well."

Mr. Wood was determined to keep Ned in his good humour.

"'Tother have more life, you know," said Ned; "but this crathur, she's a darlin' at kissin' the wind. Arn't she?"

"All right, Ned."

"Beg your pardon, Miss," Ned said; "but I think the cabin would be your place."

"I shan't be in the way, Ned," said Grace.

"Murdher, Miss; sure you can't be out o' the way wud all the pullin' an' dhraggin' we'll have."

Mr. Wood kept smiling.

Grace Brackenbridge rose at the moment; and while the little yacht stretched herself for the contest, and

bowed down towards the water's brim, Grace ran along the windward side with an ease and facility that made Ned cry out as if he saw a phantom.

"Oh, murdher!" cried Ned.

He made up his mind to leave Miss Brackenbridge to regulate her own movements.

The gun has fired!

"Hurra! hurra! they're off!" shouted the hearts who spoke their prayer and delight.

They're off! How beautiful!—how grand!

There was a pause.

"The tricolor wins!" shouted a man on a steamer.

"There goes the Irishman!" cries another.

"White and green falls off!—white and green falls off! What is the meaning of white and green falling behind?"

"Two to one! Fifty to three on the tricolor! Ten to one!"

"Done!"

And off they fly!

The white sails cutting the dark clouds, and bending down towards the dark waters; the splashing waves and spray high over her sides and sails; the working of the head of the *Orion*, as she pantingly shot by steamer, row-boat, and sail-craft, was watched by every one who had a glass, while a glass was available; but still she was a good way behind. The universal opinion was that Brackenbridge lost a fortune!

"Well, Masther Jack," Ned whispered.

"Hold on, Ned; let them bet a share."

"Faix I will, enough—the *buddochs*."

"Eardley," said Grace, "you are not going to be beaten?"

"Hah! Grace, you will have to support a crestfallen knight."

"You do not say so?"

"Arrah! let him *alone*, will you! I lost a ton weight o' wind since he began to look at you."

"You're looking at me yourself, Ned."

"Faith, I can't help it."

"Now!" cried Hazlitt; "now, Ned, the Shannon and Old Hazlitt-ville—now!"

In a moment Ned loosed the sails; off they spread themselves to meet the inviting wind! A moment's

pause, like the agitation preceding a supreme effort, and the *Orion* shot off nearly a point and a half from her course, and became lost to the eyes of all on shore, and at sea.

"She is lost!" cried some.

"Out of the running!" cried others.

"She is a darlin'!" cried Ned.

By-and-bye, far, far away, and working under a wonderfully close sail, and making for the vessel round which the yachts were to turn, was seen something like the *Orion*.

"'Tis she!—'tis she!—'tis she!" cry the crew of the adverse craft.

"She'll turn before us."

"No, no—never; keep up—keep up! She has a long run off her travels—never!"

"Look at that, now!" cried Ned, having wound round the point with a charming grace. "Look at that, now," said he; and then settling and setting his sails, he went up and kissed the prow of the *Orion*.

"You crathur!" said Ned.

What Grace Brackenbridge did a little later, we will not chronicle. She saw the race was won.

"Well," cried Brackenbridge, shaking Jack by the hand, "I congratulate you . . . and Grace!" he said.

It was kindly done, and Hazlitt felt it.

"Thank you, Captain!—thank you! but Ned is the man who won the race."

"Well, to be sure!—to be sure!" cried Ned; "did you ever hear the likes of Mr. Wood! Arrah! what is the use?—what is the use?" said Ned.

"The whole plan was Ned's!" Hazlitt repeated. "The other has more life, my man said; but this is a darlin' at kissing the wind! This was the reason we flew off to make full way, because we knew we could beat him at close sailing."

"You are four thousand dollars a richer man this evening, Mr. Wood," said Brackenbridge, as they left the parlour that evening to go upstairs.

"How is that?"

"Your per centage on my winnings, and those of Johnson."

"Do you say so?"

"Your man gets two hundred dollars."


"Well, poor Ned!" said Hazlitt.

Hazlitt received the money in specie next day; and Hazlitt moodily laid it by! He never thought of home—or mother—or sister!—but he thought he had a *fiftieth part* of the amount required to wed Grace Brackenbridge! *He loved himself!*

Alas, is Eardley Wood ever again to be Jack Hazlitt? Who knows?

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWING MR. EDMUND BROWNE'S VISIT TO THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON, AND HOW CAPTAIN JOHNSON WAS NO GREAT WINNER IN THE LONG RUN.

BOUT the middle of May, 186—, a chaise and pair drove into the pleasant town of Killaloe, the old cathedral town of Clare, and made its way to the neat hotel, midway up the hill on which Killaloe sits in dignity. Even in the pre-railway times, the arrival of a chaise and pair would have produced some little sensation in Killaloe; but at the period just indicated, the facilities of railway travelling had lessened the horses' labour and ostlers' chances on the roads running along this part of the Shannon, so that a good many who had time at their disposal emerged in an edifying trot to where the vehicle seemed destined to find an evening's repose.

The usual out-of-the-way stamping of the horses, and masterly pulling-up of the reins, and rush forth of the ostlers, and india-rubber movement of the man in bar-ragon, and the waiter, towel in hand, approaching the door of the chaise, having been punctually performed, and the door of the chaise opened, with light, swift movement a gentleman descended, and approached the

hotel door. He raised his hand quietly, as if to stay the eagerness of the servants until he should have found the state of affairs inside ; but then as quietly beckoned to them, as if he had satisfied himself that all was right.

The gentleman to whom we direct attention was about two-and-thirty years of age, not much above the middle size, but most graceful in his form and movements, and having an expression of thought, if not melancholy, which is always a kind of attraction, even to a crowd. The gentleman was dressed in a dark travelling suit, wore tight-fitting high boots, and carried a scarf on his arm when he entered the hotel. He was embrowned enough to be a foreigner ; and his rich dark hair, that appeared in profuse fulness under his travelling hat, would have led to the same conclusion. But it was remarked that he wore neither beard nor moustache, and that his whiskers, trimmed straight down on either side, and running under his handsome chin, looked like a band, on which the chin and face reposed. One other thing was remarked about the stranger—and that was, that his shirt collar did not turn over the tie, and downwards, in double triangle, but ran round his neck, white as snow ; and the points, like half-opened wings in front, held a diamond pin at their meeting. We have taken some care in this description, and the more singular because the gentleman is not at all a stranger ; but we like him ourselves, and have known him since he was a hale-hearted youngster—and we like the reader to know him too, and well ; for no one ever knew anything that was not kind and good, and many knew things that were more, of this young gentleman of two-and-thirty. He is Mr. Edmund Browne of Pall Mall, of the well-known firm of M'Cann, Browne, and Company, bankers.

Mr. Browne found his quarters good ; and, indeed, it was never hard to please him. He was said to be the ruin of good servants, of whom, nevertheless, he kept a rare supply. Some of them were so irreverent as to call Mr. Browne "heaven on earth," and others "a saint," or "an angel ;" but we are to remember that Mr. Browne, the banker, was so singular in his habits that he would have no people round him but Irish people ; and everyone knows that a little kindness goes far with that race of men, women, and children.

Mr. Browne was generally credited to the United States of America ; and, indeed, he came to London from the States, as everyone knew ; but, then, the servants found him so considerate, and quiet, and liberal, and so like a good Irish gentleman, that, no matter where he came from, they made up their minds Mr. Browne was an Irishman.

" If he came from it tin thousand times, he's no more an American than I am," Thady said ; and Biddy confirmed the view of her companion by " Arrah, to be sure ! Did *you* see that man meeting the little childher in the sthreet. An' stopping 'em—'iss stopping 'em to give 'em money, an' the poor——arrah ! let me alone : I never see that man pass by a poor little boy without turning the boy's head a'most with the handful he gave him."

" Thru for you. ' American ! ' how are you—'tis long since I caught you ! Arrah, where's the American would mind the eight o'clock Mass like Mr. Browne ? ' *Sha'sthone*.' If I stud for 'im in America, I wouldn't believe but he was an Irishman !"

Mr. Edmund Browne's place of birth was thus fixed by, and on, principles that cannot be questioned. The poor servants would have what makes the mass of characteristics define the national character—not the chance of birth. After all, the saying that " a man is not a horse because he is born in a stable" is not so wide of the mark as impractical metaphysicians would make it. And we accept the poor people's conclusion as true, regarding the country of his extraction.

Mr. Browne dined quietly, drank little, and dressed studiously for an after-dinner ramble. To the landlady, who apologised for the fare, he replied that he could not desire better ; and to the waiter he made a nod, quite eloquent, as to the servitor's qualifications. Indeed, he told the landlady that it was quite pleasant to see the open frank expression of the countenance of the servants in this country, and their " eminently native politeness" —a sentence which was parsed by the schoolmaster, next day, to an admiring audience ; and which, to this day, holds its place as an illustration of the sound work an adverb has to perform, in its list of services, if it be employed properly.

What we really want to suggest is, that a man can

make a great deal of people comfortable, and at very little expense. It does not cost much to say the honest truth of honest merit, and make the poor heart glow that, may be, has not many comforts. And "tell truth and shame the devil" has a most apposite application here ; because that marplot of human felicity has a constitutional objection to our seeing any good in any one unless ourselves ; and, in fact, that is one of his theses and preachings to us, ever and always. So, again we repeat—"to tell truth and shame the devil" is most appositely illustrated by him who has a kind word for every one, before him or behind him ; for who is so abandoned as not to have some little mark of where he came from—that is, some quality worth a good word ?

Well, Mr. Browne ascended the hill of Killaloe, and before he descended upon the other side, he paused to look at the scene before him. The outline of "Keeper," like a new earth springing out of the old ; the mountains to the north-east, far away (the Great Artist's background for His glowing picture) ; the crowds of trees, clothed in the transparent green of young summer, and singing their summer song to the sky ; the great Shannon, coming forth from afar, and twisting and turning itself in the beautiful beams, like something too happy to be perfectly tranquil ; and the singing birds and peeping flowers ; and the gambolling lambs, and quiet, matronly sheep ; and castle, and mansion, and farm-house, looking from wood, and copse, and river-banks—everything around seeming to gather about the mirroring expanse of water, which reflects their beauty.

In sober truth, Mr. Edmund Browne looked upon a scene which claimed kindred with an exalted soul.

It was an impious thing, but, like many impious things, it was a suggestive thing, that a landed proprietor said, one evening, not a hundred years ago, near the spot on which Mr. Browne then stood. The good man was dying, and the clergyman of his persuasion found it hard to reconcile him to the last great change. At length, warming with his theme, he desired him to look up to heaven—to see the glory soon to be revealed in him—the blessed—the good and the beauty of the new Jerusalem, where they dwelt ! But the dying man looked out from his bed, through one of his chamber windows. He saw the

Shannon in the last sunset he should ever witness. He heard the music of its march mingle with the concert of the air. His eyes turned on the minister, sad, sad in expression, and fading fast. "Ah!" he said, "ah, Sir! I will leave heaven to God, if God will leave me Balboro'!"

Mr. Browne did not go sight-seeing without a good glass, and no wise person will. He had a magnificent span of the picturesque to enjoy, and he was a gentleman who could enjoy it. But, besides his love of the beautiful, Mr. Browne had some memories of the Shannon, which wed his warmest feelings to the noble river, and he had a dream that now his warmest hopes were likely there to find their summer.

Back through the weary waste of one-and-twenty years, across graves, and sorrows, and clouds, he sought the Shannon side, and viewed the willows where he dreamed, and the castles and the crags which he had peopled with his phantasies. And he thought of the innocence of heart, and the busy workings of that sanguine trust that wove the destiny never to be realized; and he thought with himself how much of a dream there is in the realities of existence, as well as in the child's imagination. Mr. Edmund Browne was a rich man with a noble soul, and on his future there seemed to shine a golden sunrise. But there stood before his mind and in his vision, at that moment, a poor cabin and an old woman, whose eyes he sometimes caught fixed in tearfulness upon himself, who made one little boy her world, and love, and joy, and whose hard, brown face relaxed and became transfigured when she looked upon her darling, and stooped down to kiss him—and to curse his foes, we must add; and at the old woman's image Mr. Browne's eyes overflowed, and his pulse quickened, and he felt he would give up all the world's grandeur, and the rewards of the world's esteem, for the feelings of ecstasy that once filled his heart when he had made the poor old woman happy. The words of his heart to-day were what they would have been in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, had he found a treasure to give it all to *Gran*.

Mr. Browne held his glass in his hand, deep still in his reverie, when he was rudely ejected from dream-land by the hand of the *real*. He heard a voice just near cry out "Beautiful!"

Mr. Browne started, and looking round found himself in the presence of a clergyman, who seemed to pause on his journey somewhat as Mr. Browne himself had done. Their eyes met, and the effect seemed pleasant to both, for both smiled as they simultaneously repeated, "Beautiful, indeed!"

The clergyman spoke.

"You seem a stranger in these parts, sir," observed the clergyman; "but good fortune has been your guide. You could not have selected a more beautiful point of view."

"My good fortune is greater than you think, Reverend Sir," observed Mr. Browne, smiling, for I really needed some friendly direction at the moment you arrived."

"Well, you see nothing comes by chance, my good sir, nothing," said the clergyman. "Providence can be seen in everything; and in everything man is his debtor—his debtor, sir—only man keeps his accounts badly—badly! Pray, pardon me—pardon me, sir—'tis only a way of mine—a way."

"I honour you for it, Reverend Sir, and I quite share your views. In fact, I do not know how many times in my life I have experienced their truth."

"You are an Englishman, sir."

"No; I have the honour to be an Irishman, though a resident of the country on the other side."

"*On the other side!*" emphatically repeated the clergyman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Browne, who did not desire to observe the political echo which the clergyman gave to his words. "And I have some business with a family named Hazlitt in the neighbourhood of the Shannon here."

"Then, sir," exclaimed the clergyman, "you, sir, are Mr. Browne—Mr. Browne," he repeated.

"Quite true, Reverend Sir," answered Mr. Browne in astonishment.

"I know the whole history of your kindness—your kindness. And, sir, trust me, the kindness was not a minute too soon—not a minute."

After some few observations on the population and their habits, the clergyman turned again to old Mr. Hazlitt's case, and Mr. Browne's kindness.

"But, Mr. Browne," said he, "I have been mystified—mystified about that same affair. I never will believe that scapegrace, Jack Hazlitt, handed back the money with his own consent—with his own consent—never!"

Mr. Browne smiled.

"I see I am right—right, Mr. Browne—and I would think it a better chance for him—I mean old Mr. Hazlitt—a better chance, soul and body, if he were not fed with a re-hash—a re-hash."

"How is that, Reverend Sir, I pray?"

"Well, sir, after a pretty fair lesson, which his manner of bringing up his son taught him, this apparent contrition or benevolence of young Hazlitt is making the old man think 'after all,' he is right. He begins to say that people thought he had spoiled his son, and Queen's Colleges, and mixed education, and so on—so on; but that there *now*—there now—what a noble fellow; and the humility always bred—always bred, sir, by misfortune, is passing away, I'm afraid."

"You are a clergyman?"

"I am the priest of this parish."

"Father Riorden?"

"Rearden, you have it sir—you have it."

"You know Mr. Hazlitt well?"

"I do, and Miss Hazlitt, Nannie, well," said Father Riorden. And he paused. He then turned to Mr. Browne.

"I am aware, sir—aware that you are a Catholic—a Roman Catholic."

"An 'Ultramontane,'" said Mr. Browne, smiling.

"The thing your friend Frank Moran would say," went on Father Riorden, "and which is such a spectre to the great Anglo-Saxon."

"Ah! he begins to understand."

"To understand! Not he. He will never understand. With your politicians it is only a rawhead-and-bloody-bones to scare the ignorant—the ignorant, sir; and your press—your press—well, it sees only one thing—what will go down with its patrons; your press writes for party, not for truth—no sir. Politicians of any knowledge or experience know that 'Ultramontanism' means nothing, or means every Catholic that minds the obligations of his state, and that all are Ultramontanes, or

nothing. They know all that quite well ; but it sounds well as a thing to hate. England is made up to stick to it—stick to it, sir.”

“But you know, some of our own employ the term to designate others?”

“Oh! *our own*: don’t call them by that name, Mr. Browne. They are not ours—not they. They wear our colours, to appear to have a right to sell themselves, and us—and us. Ours!—oh, no, Mr. Browne.”

A pause.

“Where were we, Mr. Browne? Ah, I know. I know I was saying that I had been made aware that you were a Roman Catholic, and you made the distinction in jest which so many of your public men pretend to make in earnest—in earnest, sir. Ah! well, then, I was going to say that I had some hopes that in Mr. Hazlitt’s humility the grace of faith might be vouchsafed. We can never make grace and pride shake hands, you know—never. Well, well.”

“Sometime or other, I suppose, the facts will come out. They are simple. My partner, Mr. M’Cann——”

“Oh, the fine fellow!” cried Father Riorden, “the grand fellow! I beg your pardon, Mr. Browne—your pardon!”

“Not for that interruption, certainly; no more worthy man than J. J. M’Cann. But Mr. M’Cann had seen young Hazlitt at play, and found that he was cheated. He found moreover that Hazlitt would have his own way, and that ‘sense bought’ was his best schoolmaster.”

“Right, sir!” again interrupted the priest. “Right!”

“He allowed him to play away till he had lost everything—£700 or £800. Meanwhile, he took care to make himself possessed of the playing-cards used by the parties, and found they were marked minutely on the backs; and, in fact, the cards always employed by blacklegs. He then purchased all Mr. Hazlitt’s notes, now in the possession of the blackleg—Bank of England and Bank of Ireland notes—by a cheque upon his own bank in 1042 Street, New York; and when the cheque came in he stopped it.”

“Well done, Mr. M’Cann! Noble man!”

“He made the party understand that his safest way was to keep silent on the whole thing; and he sent the

money home to me to be placed to Mr. John Hazlitt's credit."

"How wonderful are the ways of God! No other ship, no other man, no other time would have saved a good family. But, O sir, if you knew them."

"You must now be my introducer."

"Oh! shall I not?—shall I not? But stay! You asked me if I knew Mrs. Hazlitt? Well, everyone knows that there's grace and a blessing where she moves; and she has given Nannie the whole form—the whole form of herself. Ah, Mr. Browne, I'm not ashamed or afraid to say you will meet—you will meet!—Well, I'll go no further. But Mary O'Brien——"

"O'Brien, did you say?"

"Yes, sir—of Gort-na-Coppul. She has, they say, the grace and the beauty—och, but whatever she has outside, the heaven is in her heart! Ah! 'tis the poor, the poor; the poor and the desolate know that—know that, because she makes the poor and the desolate feel it; and also the angelic Nannie! she does."

"Indeed I have heard——"

"Heard! Didn't alms bring down the Angel Raphael? Wasn't his company the angel that 'alms' put in its own place? because you know 'alms' itself is God's Angel. And, sir, sir!—ah, pardon me for all this moralising; but really, sir, what wonder that you feel the presence of the other world—the presence of our unseen Raphael—when you are near one whose life is made alms to the wretched?—what wonder?—the wretched——"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Browne.

"You mean Nannie?"

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Browne, laughing; yet he really blushed—blushed; and Father Riorden saw the same thing perfectly. "I mean the character you draw."

"The *characters*, then—the *characters*," said Father Riorden. "Dear Nannie," he said, half musingly; "surely the holy angels always surround you—you Nannie!" he said.

"You surround the family with singular interest, and already make my journey feel a happy one. You must, of course, know the Hennessys?"

"The Hennessys? To be sure, sir—to be sure. Oh, we have all heard of the wonderful M'Cann; and I

could not tell you, in an hour, how much every one speaks of his noble benevolence, and how much Mrs. Hazlitt feels it. And I really believe that his care of Minnie Hennessy, and his magnificent gift to help the family to emigrate, have had more effect upon her than the recovery of the money for herself."

"And John Hennessy?"

"Has just left—he lived about a half-dozen miles away—and was half beside himself with joy. Yet his daughter's attempting even to travel with Hazlitt, John could hardly forgive—hardly."

"Surely, all care was taken to shun imputation?"

"Yes—yes, Mr. Browne; but on *that subject* our people are, you know, unapproachable. They will make no allowance—none. Any more recent news of Jack?"

"I have heard little. He has won a great yacht race, and has made some money. His associations are wealthy; but they do not move in the most respectable society, and are said to be what is called a 'ring'!"

"A 'ring'!" cried the clergyman. "What is that—that?" asked the sententious Father Riorden—"a 'ring.'"

"Well," answered Mr. Browne, laughing, "a 'ring,' or 'circle,' is a kind of company—a joint-stock in adventures, sales, losses, and profits. They stand to one another in all difficulties, and help each other out of dangers of all kinds. They may be confined to one locality, or may spread over a whole State; and they may consist of as great a variety of classes as of places. Mutual aid, in all contingencies requiring help, is the life-principle."

"I understand—I see," said Father Riorden; "and now I have been wheedling you on till I have led you to the parish priest's house; so in you are now to come."

Mr. Browne found himself at a turn which revealed, on a rising ground at no great distance, a handsome dwelling, two storeys high, and approached between two luxuriant quickset hedges, from which a number of graceful poplars shot up all along the way. A well-kept carriage drive swept round a pretty little lawn to the hall-door, and opened its arms at each side to embrace the field and flowers that laughed in the life of a spring now gaily dressed to welcome summer. A big, magnificent dog lay at the door, patiently expecting his master,

and a goat as big as the dog stood near, casting its drowsy, sensual eyes here and there, as if waiting for some one also. It was a kind of comment on the character of the house to see this pair on such amicable relations, and Mr. Browne had sense enough to remark the same. Of course, as soon as the master came in sight the row was general: the goat kept running round in a circle, pucking imaginary things with his horns, and sometimes imitating bipeds by standing on his hind feet; while Nero placed Father Riorden in imminent danger of being overturned by aiming at a canine embrace.

Mr. Browne looked and felt extremely interested, which, we may well think, had its effect upon the good priest.

"Ah, yes," he said; "love makes love, you see. The animals are sensible—yes, indeed—very sensible to kindness; and they show plainly enough the road to mutual regard. Kindness changes their very nature—their nature, sir. How much might we do for one another, Mr. Browne, if we listened to the philosophy of our hearts, and of the Gospel, too. Oh, how much!"

The house was just what we might expect from the approach. The drawing-room and library were the same apartment, on the left-hand side; the parlour on the right. The furniture was very neat, if not very rich; and the whole wore the appearance of tranquillity and competency. Mr. Browne remarked that Tasso and Cicero's Letters were on the table of the library; and, of course, the inevitable portfolio, containing an out-of-the-way number of cartes. Almost at once Mr. Browne fell upon the carte of Lelia Moran, and pronounced her name. This gave occasion for a long account of Frank and his stately lady-mother. Mr. Browne informed Father Riorden of the wonderful progress which Frank had made, the high society in which he moved, and the grand hopes entertained by all his friends. He hinted at Frank's probable alliance with the Haydock family, and the attachment of the Baronet to the beautiful Lelia.

"What's the use of all that?" demanded the priest.

"Why?"

"Why, because neither marriage can ever be. Are the Haydocks not Protestants?"

"Certainly."

"And, think you, sir, the Morans have read no lesson in the household of dear Mrs. Hazlitt? I know them, sir, well. I do!"

"That *is* a difficulty."

"A difficulty! Frank Moran! Not he. Look, Mr. Browne, do you know this rich Englishman over the Shannon?"

"Mr. Bolger?"

"Just so, sir. He is very rich?"

"Very."

"He could settle two thousand a year upon his wife?"

"Certainly."

"And he is a good fellow?"

"A most respectable man—and well read."

"That he is. Well, Mr. Browne, he came to Hazlittville. He came in a carriage and pair, worth one thousand pounds. He came with letters of introduction from a number of great people, and from Frank Moran among the rest. He did, and offered to lay his fortune at young Nannie's feet—and to settle upon her, in her own right, two thousand pounds a year."

"And?"

"And he was refused. He was unquestionably very eligible, and Hazlitt is failing fast—fast failing. The old man would have been delighted to obtain a protector for his child——"

"But did *he* refuse? Is he not a Church of England man?"

"He is. But his answer was, 'I thank you, Mr. Bolger; and I will repay your kindly candour. I value you and your position, and you are most acceptable for every personal reason; but Mr. Bolger, you are a Protestant.'"

"Mr. Bolger was astonished, and as was to be expected, remarked how strange it was that a Protestant gentleman would make such an objection."

"Well, and then?" Mr. Browne inquired, evidently roused a little.

"And then John Hazlitt said, 'I love Nannie too much to half close against her the world she has spent her life in—the world of religion.' And, sir, Hazlitt, went on, 'it *is* half closed to a woman married to a man of a different creed.'"

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Browne.

"He did that and more. He told him that though he loved his wife more than his life, and always lived to make her happy, yet sure he was that in this matter he had, in spite of himself, been a cloud upon her road. And he then said, 'Mr. Bolger, I lost my son because I did not make him stick to his mother's teaching. I lost him doubly. He died to my heart, and died to his own honour. My daughter has the soul of a seraph.' 'Oh, Mr. Bolger!' he said, 'it cannot be.' Nannie knew nothing of the whole thing, unless the fact of his having wished to be known, and that he had letters from Frank Moran. 'From Frank Moran!' cried Nannie, and she furthermore spoke not a word."

"Pray, sir, do you think there is any attachment there—I mean to Frank?"

"Well, Mr. Browne, that I cannot say—no! But her remark might easily be one of astonishment at Frank Moran's introduction of a Protestant gentleman. And, to say the truth, had the parents decided otherwise, I think the issue would have been the same."

"She would not yield?"

"Well, when Nannie believes herself under a moral obligation, I do not think she could be induced to ignore it—I do not. And when you become acquainted with her you may soon find it out yourself—indeed you may, sir. But, Mr. Browne—Mr. Browne, by the hand of the clock, and the weights and wheels—here they come! I am so glad! here they come!"

Sure enough, as Father Riordan spoke, Mrs. Hazlitt and Nannie made their appearance at the end of the great cut hedges, and were walking quickly in the direction of the Parish Priest's house.

Our readers are, we hope, sufficiently acquainted with both mother and daughter not to require a second introduction. It is only seventeen or eighteen months since we bade them a temporary good-bye, and they are little changed since we met them. Mrs. Hazlitt is a shade paler and Nannie is marked by more thought, but otherwise they are the same.

Mr. Browne did not practise the self-denial of an anchorite as the ladies approached. He took every advantage of his position to examine them carefully; and at that moment, and at the distance from which he

viewed them, it was hard to say which was younger, more graceful, or more attractive. Even when Mr. Browne saw them nearer, he could not help expressing astonishment at the regal grace of Nannie's mother, while he could not help admiring Nannie herself. There were a thousand thoughts crowding in upon Mr. Browne's mind, and perhaps not a few anxieties. He was the soul of honour—frank even to a fault—and although he had mastered a sudden, impulsive, emphatic way of giving his opinion, that governed him as a boy, no one ever could complain of not knowing exactly what he held.

We have said that Mr. Browne was very graceful himself in his manner and carriage. In every way that a stranger saw him, his deportment was that of a perfect gentleman.

The introduction of Mr. Browne to the ladies immediately followed their entrance; and the circumstances made all the company old acquaintances in a few moments. Lelia Moran, her mother, and Frank, unfortunate Jack Hazlitt, and Mr. M'Cann, and even Lowry M'Cabe, and Nelly Mooney, came in for as great a share of the conversation as the young Baronet and the two enchanting London ladies.

Mrs. Hazlitt fixed her fine eyes upon Mr. Browne, and they had a singular expression. They were tender, even affectionate in their gaze, and Mr. Browne could not help observing it. Whatever were the recollections or inspirations, it was Mr. Browne blushed, and it became him.

Mrs. Hazlitt was ardent in her inquiries about Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and praised her to the skies. Nannie was as anxious about Lelia, and quite as laudatory. She was suggesting by her manner more than by her language that Mr. Browne had an interest in that quarter. But Mr. Browne left not a moment's difficulty on that subject.

"Miss Moran," he said, "is likely to make a grand alliance. Frank rises rapidly, and before three years will be a Queen's Counsel; and I heard it rumoured that, almost immediately after, he will be made a Colonial Judge."

"A Judge!" cried Nannie.

"Certainly," answered Mr. Browne, smiling.

"Hah!" cried Father Riorden, "you are afraid that

Lelia and you will be more separated ; remember, I say *Lelia*, little one."

Certainly Nannie reddened, but she was not at all confused.

"Ah bien, mon père," she said, "I think I really was in love both with Frank Moran and Lelia—equally though."

"Well, Nannie !" the elder lady said.

"On my word, mamma, it's a fact. If I cared more for either, I believe Lelia had the advantage. But how is poor Lowry M'Cabe going on?" she asked, to turn the conversation.

"Lowry, Miss Hazlitt, is a great man. He saved young Sir Emery Haydock's life, and sent the assassin to prison ; but all the power of England could not make Lowry prosecute, so the villain is free again."

A good two hours were happily spent—'twas a luxury of happiness to Mrs. Hazlitt, and certainly Mr. Browne shared it to the full. Before the departure of the ladies all things were settled for one week, at least; Mr. Browne was to take up his abode at the priest's house. He was to visit Mr. Hazlitt the day after, and to receive the thanks and hospitality of those who owed him so much.

"Remember the confirmation class at twelve to-morrow," said Nannie to the clergyman.

"That is what brought you up, little one, it was," replied Father Riorden.

"Precisely," answered Mrs. Hazlitt, "though *I* had forgotten it." Her eyes at *this* moment *were* fixed on Mr. Browne.

Filled with thought, and perhaps happy in anticipation of the morrow, Mr. Edmund Browne, the banker, retraced his steps to Killaloe. The parish priest desired to drive his visitor to the town in a capacious gig; but Mr. Browne would not hear of such a thing, nor would he even allow the clergyman to accompany him on his way. He had great company in thought—and good company, too, because he was of that selfish class that ever and ever aim at happiness by dispensing what they can of the same commodity. Happiness is an angel in its way, as Father Riorden described almsgiving ; and St. Thomas is an authority for the opinion that "*angels are where they operate.*" Distribute bliss and it will come back to

you again in streams pure, bright, and abundant,
"occursus ejus usque ad summum ejus."

Mr. Browne crossed a green field, jumped a hedge or two, and found himself in a narrow way, where hedge-rows looked ragged enough to be the poor of their class, and the *borheen* had two deep furrows made by cart-wheels that seemed to have had their way, for many a day, in tearing up at the humble road. Yellow pools were here and there on the sides; and a few cabins, very like the locality in dress and wear, looked hungry and dark behind accompanying dunghills. Even the geese were not fair, and the cocks and hens looked spiritless, idle, and sleepy, because the *borheen gloss* only gave place for a home, to want and sorrow.

At a turn, and under a sallow-tree, a little boy about twelve or thirteen years old was working away with his knife on a piece of wood, and so earnest in his occupation that he never saw the traveller. The child was poorly clad, but he was clean, and particularly distinguished by a very white linen breast and collar. Mr. Browne paused. He looked at the boy steadily, and evidently felt deep emotion.

At length he called to the boy to come to him, and the youngster readily obeyed; but he kept still working away at his piece of sallow as he approached the gentleman. Arrived, he took off his little cap.

"Put on your cap, my boy; and tell me does this road go to Killaloe?"

"Oh! yes, sir; but there's a great round intirely."

"Is there?"

"Yes, sir; but you can make a short cut across the fields. Look, sir! over there."

"Ah! I see. Thank you."

"You're welcome, sir."

"You go to school?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"What do you learn?"

"I'm in fractions, sir."

"And where do your parents live?"

"They're dead, sir; I live wid gran."

"And she keeps you at school?"

"Gran does, sir. She knits an' spins, sir; and she says the neighbours are good to her."

Mr. Browne had been carefully wrapping up in paper some money ; and now he took the little boy's hand.

"Look, my good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you give this to gran, and tell her I sent it."

"*You*, sir !—who ?"

"Tell her that one whose granny reared him, and taught him to love the poor, sent her that."

"Your gran was fond o' you, sir, is it, and reared you—is that it, sir ?"

"God bless you, my boy ! All right."

The sum sent was a large sum for poor gran, and it made her happy, and made her strong in her loving care. And how happy the memory of the dead made Mr. Browne of Pall Mall !

CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING WHAT MR. BROWNE GAINED BY HIS CHARITY,
AND THE DOUBLE GENEALOGY OF THE SAME GENTLE-
MAN.



EARLY next day Mr. Browne was snug in his new quarters, and began to feel that return of youthful joy so entrancing to the nature whom life's realities begin to rob of life's charms. He had an exquisitely situated bedroom of no great dimensions, but it was itself a kind of beauty looking out upon the Shannon.

Its windows, only two, were wreathed with lines that marked the twining paths of the roses, and gave early promise of their return. And looking out from the windows, Mr. Browne found that the house was nearly built in a garden, of which the walls of the house themselves seemed only a continuation. Beds nicely planned, and walks nicely cleaned, and gooseberry and currant

trees, and apple and pear trees, were crowded with messenger blossoms, which proclaimed the near presence of glowing May ; and charming hedgerows with smiling green peeping between, and young flowers dripping with gems which only advancing spring can scatter, were crowding back and off, until the Shannon sang its welcome where they seemed to spring from its breast. Mr. Browne had thoughts happy enough to wreath any scene with enchantment ; but had he not been nearly as happy, there were objects of tranquillizing beauty around and before him that whispered peace, and content, and gratefulness. Mr. Browne was sentimental enough to hum a little distich :—

“ Chante à jamais sa bonté, sa puissance !
Chante à jamais sa gloire et sa grandeur ! ”

Mr. Browne's piety was now, however, led by Father Riorden into another direction. He reminded his guest of the visit promised to the confirmation class, and Mr. Browne was well enough inclined to make it. The two gentlemen were soon in the parish priest's vehicle, and made their way along the road in the sensible manner which the Rev. Mr. Riorden's quadruped was accustomed to travel. Father Riorden did the work of his own parish ; and although the parish was not a large one, the travelling was quite enough for himself and the poor beast. The animal had special privileges according to its special labours, and among them a great amount of its own way. The priest thought, and prayed, and read his office, and even the morning paper, on his horse's back ; and as rapid motion did not comport with two at least of these occupations, Bessy lapsed into its literary or religious gait, even when the master was not saying his office or reciting his prayers at all, and would not change the same gait for any one in the world. Father Riorden pretended that the animal insisted upon piety as the normal condition of dutiful travelling, and as the condition of any service to be rendered by itself.

What was very striking, however, and what Mr. Browne had not seen since long, long ago, was, what a summons Father Riorden's gig and horse appeared to give to the whole country round through which he passed. From cottage door and farm-house, carman stage and hovel ;

from the sowing or setting, or trenching or carting, the horse and gig of the clergyman were an attraction universally felt. To the hedge which separated them from the road, to the horse's head from the doorway, and often side by side with the vehicle for a quarter of a mile, the poor people gave and got the news, the blessing, and received the *coorlah*, and then went their way with a new light of soul and a new strength of rectitude. Mr. Browne enjoyed a rare feeling and re-lived a blessed youth on that morning when they set forth for the confirmation class of Hazlitt-ville parish, or the parish where Hazlitt-ville was situated.

Happy, happy land, where the people can say "father," and feel they have one, when the clergyman meets them by the way. He is the living gospel, and its freedom, and its instrument of grace to the soul.

For three weary centuries and a half evil has been making the religion of separation; and, alas! evil by an inscrutable judgment has had its way. Evil has had its way as a vial of vindictive justice upon the graceless, faithless, and ungrateful. And who knows in these times of modern trial how much ruin evil will perpetrate still—and perpetrate by the same deceptive course which it has pursued so successfully?

"The old love is in the old land still, Father Riorden," remarked Mr. Browne.

"Thank heaven that it *is*—it is *so*," replied Father Riorden. "A bad look-out for the world when that bond breaks, Mr. Browne."

"You think so?"

"Don't *you* think so?"

"Well, Father Riorden, I like to hear *you* speak."

"I *do*, then, think so. The world may become anything you like when the people and the priest are as two."

"Well, but I like to hear you say, Mr. Riorden—"

"Call me 'father,' now, do," said Father Riorden; "and don't you commence the separation, I pray—don't," he said laughingly.

"Well, father, I like to hear you explain."

"Well, what preceded the Revolution—the bloody Revolution of France? The separation of the people from the priests. What led to the demoralization in

Italy, in Austria, in Spain, in Portugal?—the separation of the people from the priests. What favoured most the sources of all modern convulsion and decay of public principle?—the separation of the people and the priests. All Europe is now an open book in which you read the prophecies of evil coming, and the record of evil crushing mankind's happiness. It is all simply the separation of the people from the priests."

"You do not call this a 'reaction' against the clergy?"

"No, sir; I call it the jealousy of Governments that attempt to grasp the crozier, and to have all to themselves, as they think. I call it the corruption of infidels, to whom a conscience is an inconvenience, and to whom all that makes a conscience is mortal hostility. I call it, above all, the punishment of human crime by divine justice."

"And do you see the end?"

"No one can see the end clearly enough; public law is giving way to the code of brute force, as we see in Italy. Secularism, which means every man's idea of his own convenience and advantage, separated from faith and morals, illustrates it. We are coming fast to the principle of *force* as the dogma and the ethics of Europe."

"And —?"

"And that will end in despotism or in anarchy—unless God interfere. See, sir, those petty States—Naples, Parma, Modena—fought against the power of the priesthood, until populations began to find a gain in *indifference*, and the people whom they made indifferent were easily made disloyal when new influences came to work on them. Principle once dismissed, men look for the agreeable. They do, sir. Their conscience is to seek opportunity, and let the passions revel. Kings have used these instruments against Christ; and the same evil power that inspired the kings, inspired the people afterwards to make kings feel that they had broken the rod of lawful rule. O sir! populations are not led by abstractions. They will be led by *men*—men representing a conscience which authority must regulate; or men representing the sovereignty of their evil passions; and that means, 'take what you can, and enjoy where you may.' The end, to repeat it once more, is, that some one will coerce men by an army, and then

tyranny rules ; or an army becomes impossible through the general disorder, and then anarchy sways. You must choose either, if for one half-a-century, or maybe for half that time, you separate men from their religious guides."

"Thank God, sir, our country stands by the old love !"

"Thank God, sir, she does—thank God !" answered Father Riorden.

As the travellers anticipated, they found the little church crowded, and a large number busy in preparing the little flock. Everything in and about the house of prayer was very neat, but nothing very rich. The yard was handsomely planted ; the walks were becomingly kept ; and the evergreens in the border-beds were cozily railed or wired in, and evidently well protected from the incursions of cocks and hens, or the marching in and out of illimitable regiments of geese, who tread out the civilization of gardens as heartless vandals do that of men. The interior was seated by short forms and kneelers up the sides, leaving large space up the nave, and the altar was of Caen stone, nicely enclosed by rails of twisted metal, decorated with trefoils of gold on a blue ground. The roof was open, not too lofty, but sufficiently so for artistic freedom and good air, while the plain tiling through and through the building was clean as a new pin. Mr. Browne nodded to the parish priest when they entered, and the nod just said, "This is what I expected from you, Father Riorden."

Mr. Browne went straight up to the altar-rail and knelt down ; and he shot up from Father Riorden so fast that the priest looked round to see what had become of him. The clergyman himself knelt a little inside the entrance.

Teachers and children turned their heads to see the fashionable gentleman from London quietly saying his prayers ; and we are certain that the said fashionable gentleman knew they did, and was in a due degree influenced by the knowledge.

Mr. Browne believed there were two duties performed at the same time, which is the same thing as to say that he felt himself under two obligations. He thought, very likely, that one duty was to pay the direct debt he owed to God, and the other was to pay the one he owed the big and the little in the parish church.

It would amuse an observer of human nature—only some observers have a conscience—to see “fashionable young gentlemen” in their dealings with God Almighty on the occasion when a kind of social necessity obliges them to recognise the claims of a divine sovereignty. The lounge to the church so lead-like and weary; the ascent up the steps made with such an effort as a climber may be supposed to make when just reaching the top of Mont Blanc; the blessing, somewhat like throwing a cigar-end over the shoulder; the stretch upon the seat, if he can get room to stretch, and which means, “If I *must* be here for half-an-hour, once in a while, let me make the thing as comfortable as I can;” and that dignified patronage and half performance of everything which plainly proclaim the out-of-the-way compliment he is paying to the Christian religion, by the self-sacrificing action of coming there that day and hour—all of them are a lucid commentary on the amount of knowledge, and an exact balance of the weight of brain, contained in that man’s head. Poor O’Connor Moran was just the one to describe the psychological specialities of that *genus homo*. “He is the meanest of cowards,” our poor friend would say. “He hasn’t the courage to be anything. He hasn’t the pluck to be what he professes to be, or the pluck to pick up with Luther, Knox, or Rousseau. He is of the dunghill breed, sir,” O’Connor Moran would irreverently say. And somehow any “fashionable” young man who happened to go to church at the same time with O’Connor Moran became very much improved by the company.

We have moralised too much, not for the case, but for the reader. Yet a page or two is well employed, if it remind one how much good and evil is sown by the example of those who are of the “better,” and the “respectable,” and the fashionable class.

“*Exemplo regis totus componitur orbis.*”

The young, the humble, and the unlettered, are rapid in producing the fruit from the seed-sowing of example; and if the interests of God or the interests of men can be of any obligation—that is, if the first commandment be not abolished, Mr. E. Browne only did what we all should do. We can attest that *straightness* made Mr. Browne a

banker, as well as it made him a Christian. Even when he was "Little Eddy Browne," he used to say, "Dad, I wouldn't tell a lie to myself." The boy shrewdly said, that when his deed went against his creed, he lied to himself. Was he not right, good reader?

It was a great enjoyment to the priest to develop the knowledge of his young parishioners, and to find Mr. Browne very competent to perform the same function. Mrs. Hazlitt was there, too, and so was Nannie, and no place became them better. Both of them were very much struck by Mr. Browne's readiness in the mystery of examining the youngsters; and both of them not much less so when he told them that he himself was "habitually a Sunday school teacher." Poor Father Riorden was completely overpowered by this announcement, and he shot out his right hand with great force, and he wrung Mr. Browne's right hand with great force!

How the faces of the children beamed; and how the little boys felt a pride themselves in the "gentleman's" knowledge; and how the little girls were thinking how handsome the gentleman was, and all they would have to tell about him at home; and how Mrs. Hazlitt thought that he was very like in manners Frank Moran's father, and like a man that would make home happy; and how Nannie thought of Lelia Moran and Frank, and how happy the three of them should be when they met together—Mr. Browne, the banker, and her two old friends; and what other things all of them thought we must leave to the eloquence of that interior world of action and expression which springs into existence so unbidden, and makes that charm of a double life, which, doubtless, is every day lived by the reader of this history.

They felt happy every one. The children were happy, and the teachers, and the priest, and the visitor. And the happiness seemed of a kind reserved for one class of deeds, and indeed for one class of places. The spreading of inward light and love that fills the soul and sets the heart aglow in the HIDDEN PRESENCE, is the touch of the TABERNACLE, and is like the spell of predilection that produces the awful ONENESS of the promise.

The party had only just left the church when, proceeding down the beautiful road, they saw, turning round a hedge-way by which the route led towards the Shannon,

the renowned Father Ned, the fine-hearted friend of O'Connor Moran. An exclamation of joy escaped Father Riorden, because he was very much devoted to Father Ned, and Father Ned to him. The ladies bore themselves more quietly, because, for a reason they had, they were not surprised at all. And Mr. Browne simply waited for the moment when he could conveniently do so, to present his hand to Father Ned, and announce that he was "Browne."

Very short time it would take to make Father Ned acquainted with anybody, and a shorter time, if possible, was required to make him more than at home with the new-comer. His relations with "dear Lelia," and the "old lady," and "Frank," were well known to Father Ned, and in fact had led to a correspondence between Father Ned and Mr. Browne; so Father O'Donnell and Mr. Browne were old acquaintances.

It soon appeared that Father Ned and Mr. Browne were destined to spend the evening together, and also that Father Ned had "on his own hook," he said, "asked two more to meet them." Father Riorden was importunate to ascertain who they were; but Father Ned would make a mystery about it, and keep them on the tip-toe of expectancy. They knew well, however, that Father Ned would not accomplish such a feat as asking two strangers to any one's house, even though sure they would be welcome. He used to say he never had a serious falling-out with any one; "because," he used to add, "I never *fall in* too much with any one, not even with old Riorden;" and they were models of attachment. The maxim is a French one, and not the worse for the voyage across to Ireland.

They had not to wait until the evening, however, for the solution.

Mrs. Hazlitt considerably availed herself of the company of Father Ned; and Father Riorden, having walked some three or four hundred yards with his visitor, Mr. Browne, thought he would join the old people, and allow Nannie and Mr. Browne to speak about London and the Morans.

And Mr. Browne did speak a vast deal about Frank and Lelia; and he was very detailed in his accounts of the impressions made by her beauty and her virtues; and

he particularly dwelt on the attachment of the young baronet for Nannie's old companion ; and Mr. Browne did not at all forget to mention the admiration of Euphrasia Haydock for Frank, and Frank's great attention to her ; and we believe we must admit that this was tentative somewhat. But whether the conversation was directed by policy or by chance, it is unquestionable that both felt somewhat the happier at the end of it ; Mr. Browne for some occult reason known to the reader, and Miss Hazlitt, our Nannie, for a reason very much the same. We need not explain it. Conventionally the reader is bound to know all that kind of thing, which is a great comfort to a writer—at any rate a great comfort to the writer of these lines.

Mr. Hazlitt was ready to receive them, and evidently had been thinking of his son. A case of pistols belonging to Jack Hazlitt lay upon the table of the drawing-room—and a pair of boxing gloves. The fine painting on ivory, of two children playing by the side of a river, that usually hung near the great mirror, now lay upon the mantelpiece.

The servant arrived to demand the presence of Father Ned, and Father Ned smilingly followed the servant. In a few minutes the drawing-room was emptied into a reception-room down-stairs, and Father Ned's friends were found to be a blind man and the blind man's wife.

No one can tell how much might be made of this incident and this visit, if the reader were dealing with a sensationalist writer, or even an author who wanted to make the most of his materials ; but we flatter ourselves that all the readers of this book have come to the conclusion that we belong to neither class. We have habitually avoided mystery and plot, and all that kind of literary play upon human sensibility ; and we do so in this present visit of the blind man and his wife, by announcing that he is no other than a most respectable middle-aged man, and she a most respectable middle-aged woman, whom Father Ned has brought down upon Mr. Browne for purposes and projects as like Father Ned as members of the same family could be.

"Here is the gentleman, now, James," said Father Ned.

"Well, I'm glad to see him," answered James. "I

always stick to the old word," continued James, "because I *see* people in my mind ; my mind, Father Ned, creates them, as it were, and shapes them, I declare, according to the form my heart invents."

"Well, what kind of man is Mr. Browne, now?" asked Father Riorden. "What kind, now?" he repeated, according to his reverence's way.

"Mr. Browne, sir! Is it Mr. Browne?"

"Why, yes, James."

"Well, sir, Mr. Browne is a young man—and he has a kind face, and he has a man's courage, and a man's strength—what our fathers called *nearth*. It wouldn't be hard to move Mr. Browne in a good cause, and it wouldn't be easy to stop him. That is the kind of shape my heart gives Mr. Browne!"

"Well done, James! well done!" Father Ned cried, taking the blind man by the hand.

Mr. Browne, at the same time, took the good man's hand in turn.

"Ah! that's Mr. Browne," the blind man exclaimed. "The small hand, that holds like iron."

All laughed cheerfully.

"Now, Mr. Browne," the blind man continued, "you see little James's father."

"I know that, sir," Mr. Browne said. "We shall talk all about your son before I leave for London."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Browne; the blind man came to see you, and to thank you, here, to-day; and, although this poor, dear, loving wife of mine, I dare say, would like to talk, for talk sake, of her Jamesey, all I could say in the world would be, I'm content in my mind, and thankful to God and you, Mr. Browne."

"Then you do not feel your privation so much?"

"Sometimes I would like to see my boy—and often to see my Mary, here," the poor man said, and he turned the sightless balls towards where he knew she was. "And still I shall be spared the changes that years make in those I love, Mr. Browne; and I shall see them as I saw them—see her, my Mary, as when I crowned her the 'May Queen,' eighteen years ago."

"O James, dear! James, dear!" cried the good woman

"Now, James, do not——"

"Ah! a cushla, the gentleman and Mrs. Hazlitt, and

the young lady and the priest won't like the world less to see an old man as much in love as he was at one-and-twenty. But, Mr. Browne, whatever reason I had at one-and-twenty—and the world said I had enough—I had lots of reason since."

"I know that," Mr. Hazlitt said.

"That you do, sir. When I lost my little place, and went into the Workhouse, she followed me, and she needn't do it; and when the white-washed walls and the weary heart were dimming the light in my eyes, she put on the pauper's clothes to mind me. You know, sir, my Mary became a nurse in the infirm ward to be near me."

"God bless her!" cried Mr. Browne.

"O sir, that was little to her—I mean little to what she did for me."

The poor woman appeared in agony, but the blind man went on.

"When the sight failed me, she said we should come out into the free air—and she could work or beg, she said, but I should stay no longer among the white walls, and the sorrows of that black place. The little boy was then about twelve years of age, and though poor Mary found it hard enough to get the week's rent and the little meal in the beginning, she always kept Jamesey at school."

"A good boy he was," Mrs. Hazlitt said.

"Well, ma'am," continued the blind man, "we soon became known to Father Ned, God bless him—and Father Ned wrote to Mr. Frank Moran, God bless him; and Mr. Frank found out Mr. Browne—may the great and good God bless him!—and Mr. Browne took my boy and gave him and me, and his mother, a living."

"Not yet," Mr. Browne remarked; "by-and-by he may be able to help you."

"Ah! bless you, sir—bless you, Mr. Browne—Jamesey sends me ten shillings every week out of the pound a week you allow him."

"Ten shillings a week! and live in London on the remaining ten!"

"Well, Mr. Browne, you see, *he*, Jamesey, is his mother's son—and that's the way."

"You must come over to London when he has a higher salary," remarked Mr. Browne.

"Why, then, Mr. Browne, I think I see all around me here, and the noises of the water, and the birds on the trees are music to me ; and when I pass the churchyard, I remark the old head-stones, and the places where my parents are lying. I would miss them all ; but I would go over the sea for sake of Mary—this foolish little woman ! She would be dying to see her son ; but I know she *would* die sooner than leave her poor dark husband."

The young fellow's fortune was half made by the visit ; and Father Ned felt extremely comfortable.

"He must be a well-educated man, remarked Mr. Browne.

"Yes ; educated for the legal profession, when his father was canted out about twenty-two years ago. The father died, leaving him a remnant of fortune, on which he married. A couple of bad years, and a demon of a landlord, sent him down," said Father Ned, "and when I first discovered him, it was in the Workhouse of Killaloe."

As might be expected, the evening of a day all sunshine was bright and happy. Mrs. Hazlitt seemed to look on Mr. Browne in some such way as she would look on Jack Hazlitt, were he all she had wished him. There was a tenderness in her manner that was striking, and even affecting ; and a familiarity that, for her, always so restrained to strangers, was really wonderful. As for the old man, he was in high spirits and agreeable to every one. He rallied Mrs. Hazlitt on her wonderful good looks ; and Nannie upon the loss of Frank Moran ; and Mr. Browne upon his bachelorship, and the priests upon their politics ; and, in fact, the news from Jack Hazlitt, and the recovery of seven or eight hundred pounds, raised erect the drooping spirit, and half-healed the wounded heart.

Mr. Browne was, of course, the guest, and Nannie was the *vis a vis* at table, and Father Ned, with his scholarly attainments, and Father Riorden, with his good sense and fine benevolence, and the queenly lady of the mansion, who looked perfection and was perfection, in *tenue* and address, made the circle both charming and charmed at the same time. The conversation about Jack Hazlitt became, for the first time, quite free, because the father knew nothing of the circumstances under which the

money was restored, and easily concluded that his son was becoming a good and a rich man. The mother was more staid ; but even to her Mr. M'Cann's acquaintanceship was, for many reasons, a fountain of hope ; and Nannie, who shared her mother's confidence and ease, was, of course, a reflection of her whom she deemed angelic. They were the "one heart and one soul" from which have flowed forth the grandeur and glories of devoted love. What wonders of heroism, sacrifice, endurance, suffering, and triumph have sprung from that union of "one heart and one soul !" It is the eternal harmony which comprehends all things true, beautiful, and heavenly, and commands the vision and the power of the Infinite !

Father Ned was quite a Roman, and he delighted all around him by his description of the paintings, sculpture, and buildings, ancient and modern, in the Eternal City. Father Riorden was nearly as enthusiastic about France, and the rival claims of the French capital. Mr. Browne listened like a wise man, and commented like a scholar ; and, moreover, he had the advantage of having grown up in the West, as well as of visiting and studying the great centres of population over the European Continent. Indeed, although both clergymen had a high opinion of Mr. Browne's abilities, neither of them, and no one in the company, had imagined that a man of business could have become so familiar with the condition and literature of the old countries ; and it was during a pause which followed some eloquent remark of the young stranger, that Father Ned suddenly asked,

"What part of Ireland has your family sprung from ?"

Extremely quietly, as if he had been describing a Roman aqueduct, Mr. Browne answered,

"I had no family."

Father Ned laughed, and Father Riorden joined him. Mrs. Hazlitt blushed, and Nannie looked bewildered.

"Melchisedech," cried Father Ned, "without father, or mother, or genealogy !"

"I have not even that distinction," again quietly remarked the stranger. "My father I never remember, but I believe he was transported. My mother I remember only when I saw her dying ; and I believe I am indebted to the charity of a noble soul for my earliest education."

"Mr. Browne," cried Mr. Hazlitt, "I am sure you jest with us ; you do not mean to——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hazlitt," interrupted Father Ned. "Mr. Browne, I do not like to flatter you ; but, upon my word, you tempt a man."

"You speak truth," said Father Riorden.

Nannie withdrew for a moment ; but Father Ned, who saw her eyes welling over, divined the cause ; and Mrs. Hazlitt, very shortly after, summoned her in again.

"Well, Mr. Browne," Father Ned continued, "you must have heard that your family sprung from this neighbourhood."

"Yes ; a kind of cloudy tradition upon which my grandmother sometimes spent a sentence or two."

"A sentence or two ?"

"Yes ; my grandmother Bid—' *Bid*' she was called—would be as well pleased her grandson descended from a decent ploughman as from *Ollamh Fodhla* ; but she would have the ancestor and the descendant honest men and men of courage, poor old woman."

"Bid ? Bid ?" again inquired Father Ned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Browne, "the freshest, lovingest, honestest soul I have ever met was old gran. She was noble, sir ; and I almost worship her memory."

"Mr. Hazlitt," said Father Ned, "have you ever heard that this estate belonged to the Brownes ?"

"Yes, certainly. My ancestor bought it from some Cox or Watts, and he had it from Edwin—I believe he was a baronet, a Sir Edwin Browne, who, I suppose, sold it to him."

"You are aware, Mr. Browne," said Father Ned, "that from 1703 to 1780 Roman Catholics could not keep land in fee."

"Oh, quite."

"And that they often conveyed their right and title to Protestants whom they trusted, hoping for a better day."

"I heard so."

"And that sometimes the said Protestants, through neglect or dishonesty, kept the estates in their families, or sold them to strangers and made paupers of the owners ?"

"I have heard that, too."

"Your father's name was Edmund?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Browne.

"And your grandfather's?"

"Well," said Mr. Browne, smiling, "I have heard so."

But now Mr. Browne's eyes lit, and the little company began to hush their breathing. You should see Nannie's face! Mrs. Hazlitt looked like one who was not surprised.

"Your father was transported for the possession of arms which his enemies had secreted in or about the house?"

Mr. Browne looked astounded.

"And your grandfather was ejected from a property which he held under a joint lease, on which there was not a farthing debt due of him."

"You are a profound historian, Father O'Donnell," said Mr. Browne. "Who is your informant?"

"The dark man, Mr. Browne. '*Grah galore agus beatha an aenacht*.'—*Happiness is found in love's company*. I think, however, that half the dark man's knowledge is due to a lady who knew your grandmother, and loved the grandson when he was a boy."

"What, sir?"

"Well, if your wife is ever to be a 'lady,' your love of the dark man's boy and——; but I declare, Mrs. Hazlitt——"

Mrs. Hazlitt was seen now with great tears rolling down her cheeks! But they were drops in the sunlight; she was smiling all the time.

All was triumph! Just the time for music! Language was now a heavy burthen on the tongue, and literature, art, and anecdote would fall flat upon the overwrought fancy. Father Riorden declared he had heard Mr. Browne sing, and Mr. Browne had made up his mind to relieve his soul. All parties were quite agreed.

Mr. Browne opened the piano, and Mr. Browne played a sweet prelude; and Mr. Browne sang a charming little song of Petrarch, the burthen of which was not mysterious. It concluded—

"Una speranza un consiglio, un ritegno
Tu sol mi sei in sì alto stupore
In te sta la salute e'l mio conforto.

“ Tu hai il saper, il poter, l'ingegno :
 Soccorri a me, sicche tolta da errore,
 La vaga mia berchatta prenda porto.”

Nannie's time had come. But how could Nannie sing after Mr. Browne's song? Nannie would sing for those who heard her, not for herself; and the two priests were immovable in their resolves to get a certain song, *not* of Petrarch. Mrs. Hazlitt made some little difficulty, but it was laughingly done, declaring the thing was old now, and the music very indifferent. But Mrs. Hazlitt's opposition was something of the kind one loves to provoke. The deprecation of the graceful lady by the Shannon, Father Ned said, was *itself* music. At all events, the priests would have their way, and Mr. Hazlitt would have his way; and so, Mrs. Hazlitt was led to her piano, while the poetess stood beside her mother. The song was—

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The words by Nannie, the music by Mrs. John Hazlitt.

I.

“ Hark 'tis the Christmas chime !
 How peacefully it rings !
 Bearing the blessings of the time
 Adown on Angel's wings !
 And harmony celestial round
 A list'ning world flings !

II.

Hush ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
 How joyfully it peals !
 Up in the clouds, like Angel's rhyme !
 While the list'ning world kneels !
 And the opening East with golden crest
 The Star of Hope reveals !

III.

List to the Christmas chime !
 How gloriously it swells !
 The Anthem of a faith sublime—
 In each sweet cadence tells
 How sin and care fly everywhere
 Before the charmed bells !

IV.

Hush ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
How tenderly it cries
Unto the weary, wounded soul :
'Awake, faint heart, arise,'
The Son of Man—the Sinless ONE—
Leaps, love-pierced, from the skies !

V.

List ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
How soothingly it cheers
The mourners of the loving dead,
Who weep by many biers !
For He who raised the Widow's Son
This Christmas-time appears !

VI.

Hark ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
Within the Vatican
Christ's martyr bends in silent prayer
Unto the Son of Man !
The Pontiff-saint makes no complaint,
But smiles at bolt and ban !

VII.

For in the Christmas chime,
He hears the mighty word
That marshals wide the Seraphim,
And bares the flaming sword,
And striketh wrong with death-blow strong !
The falchion of the Lord !

VIII.

Hence, while the Christmas chime
Peals joyously to-night,
And laughing stars in clusters shine
Like beck'ning Angels bright,
Sing we the hymn of Bethlehem !—
Sing we Jehovah's might !

IX.

Oh ! may this Christmas chime
 Bear blessed hope to thee,
 Dear wand'rer in a distant clime ! *
 Thou, dear to hope and me !
 May Christmas bells for thee weave spells
 Of HOME's sweet ecstasy !

X.

So faintly swells the chime !
 The night fades fast away !
 And op'ning clouds shall soon proclaim
 The coming sunshine's sway !
 So then good night ! soon love and light
 Shall hail our Christmas Day !"

* * * * *

The amount of enthusiasm deserved by this song was understood by the company who listened thereunto, and who cheered according to their kind (number), again and again. All we can say is, the sentiment of the song is commendable, and the music, which is the reader's *own*, is extremely good.

We conclude the chapter by saying that Mr. Browne made up his mind, for some reason or other, to run up the new line of genealogy ; that Father Ned and Father Riorden promised to assist him ; and that the dark man promised to find "THE PAPERS," and so forth, which, although they might not result in giving to the world another "Lord," would be sure to give to the world another "Lady." How much of truth or of mere goodwill was in the dark man's story time will tell.

* Of course, the hero or subect of our story is meant Poor Nannie !

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING THE BRACKENBRIDGE REMEDY FOR ALL
HUMAN ILLS.

HE HALL became the centre of yachters and of the lovers of yachting to such an extent that the proposals for new matches became innumerable, and even the matches made became too numerous to get time and river-room for half of them, unless yachting were to monopolize the Hudson.

Jack Hazlitt was of course the "lion of the season;" and although the absence of a competitor left the arena clear for self-complacency, it must be admitted that Jack did not abuse his position. In fact, Jack needed some one of his own quality to abound in his own character, and here, at least for some time, there was no one to stretch out his hand for the palm.

Among those who came early to make their visits and the victor's acquaintance, about three weeks after the late contest, was the commodore of the *Tricolor*, an earnest though bustling man of five-and-thirty, with laughing grey eyes, no neck, and arms that swung like long, empty saddle-girths by a horse's side. As soon as Wood appeared he walked right up to him and said:

"By the sternsails, shipmate, you are a clipper! Never has there been a race more honestly won, and more honestly lost!—never!"

"Thank you—thank you! We all did our best, I suppose; but my craft hugged the wind better than yours—that's all."

"Aye, aye, shipmate," answered the commodore; "but who stretched out your craft's arms? Who stretched out her arms? That is the question. That's it."

"You are right," Brackenbridge interposed; "it was grand steering, and fine management of the sheets. Mr.

Wood's Irish yachtman must have his share of the merit. I am glad, commodore," the captain added, in a low, significant tone, "that you have an easy conscience after the match—that you were beaten *against your will*." And Brackenbridge gave one of his forced, dry laughs, while he looked at the commodore, somewhat quizzically.

The commodore looked alarmed—quite.

"But, Brackenbridge!—Brackenbridge! You do not mean —"

"Mean, commodore! I have had the honour of paying a visit to your banker yesterday morning. Permit me to hand you the docket. I told the youngsters that as you had been so badly beaten, people ought to pay you any debts they owed."

"Thanks," replied the commodore, "thanks, shipmate. 'Twas well thought of, and above-board-like."

The commodore now pressed his attentions very much upon Mr. Wood, and begged him to come to the "Bowery," where he lived, and see him; and he congratulated him again and again; and he congratulated Captain Brackenbridge; and he congratulated the Hudson, and New York, and the United States, that so worthy a son of "the ocean wave" had found his way to the land of freedom! He, the commodore, "knew a good deal about yachting and the sea service in general," and if he could be of any assistance to Mr. Wood, he would esteem it a favour to be counted among Mr. Wood's friends.

It was quite plain to Jack Hazlitt that the commodore had had a strong stimulant given to his spirits by the announcement which Captain Brackenbridge had made about the bank; for before the story of Brackenbridge's visit to the banker, the commodore's manner was what is called *tentative*. That is, the commodore spoke upon every subject so quickly, and, as it were, in such a detached and fragmentary kind of way, that he left room to any well-conditioned and considerate person to introduce anything else more important; and to any one who felt he had a duty to perform, the commodore's manner was a perfect invitation to speak out and perform it, as he was there to listen.

A country cousin who calls on one, expecting an invitation for the "opera season;" an uninvited town friend who knows you are going to give a dinner-party, and

who, four days before the festivity, drops in to make a morning call ; a visitor who wants a very particular favour, and who is approaching it in the most approved and very particular way, and having seized the "*tempora mollia fandi*," and shoved them in by head and shoulders, descends upon you with a bland smile, and a "by-the-bye, I was—a—I have been thinking—a—that you"—and so forth : all these illustrate the *species* of that grand *genus* called the "*tentative*," and so fitting an occasion as the present should not be allowed to pass over without hanging them up, as a specimen of the garments of the nineteenth century.

Now, all this had a singular analogy with a scene going on in another part of "The Hall," and a scene which might have concluded so as to make the "crooked ways straight," had only one thing been added unto it ; but, alas ! that one thing was wanting—and that was a CONSCIENCE.

Grace Brackenbridge sat in her boudoir charmingly dressed ; and Grace Brackenbridge leant, and gracefully leant, upon an exquisite square table, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and gold ; and she held in her hand a miniature. Fixedly, fixedly she gazed upon the countenance—a face young, fresh, and very beautiful, and one the beauty of which turned one's soul heavenwards, so open, pure, and serene was the expression. The likeness was of a beautiful woman, but the woman was an incarnation of a beauty wrought in the sky.

"His sister," said Grace. "His sister !" and she shoved away the locket from her eyes.

"Psha !" she said ; "she, she. No, *she* cannot be *his* sister ! That mild, meaningless face. That insipid—that—of course it is clear she is handsome, and dreadfully virtuous, and worries the world wide about this poor family, and that, and flits up and down through a Sunday-school, and says prayers—but his sister !"

Grace Brackenbridge kicked away an innocent footstool—shot it from her little foot, her right foot, right across into a plate-glass panel, which had not been constructed for a boudoir where a young lady kicked away footstools in a passion.

Grace Brackenbridge laughed.

Well, who knows what the laugh meant ? Because

such a woman's feelings and ways are a labyrinth in which ordinary people lose their way ! And, indeed, there is no great degree of rashness in saying that, while threading the labyrinth of her feelings, a lady herself would need a very rotund ball, and ought to hold the thread of said ball rather tightly. The meaning of all of which is, that these amiable persons sometimes mistake even their own real frame of mind and source of feeling. But do we mean to say that more pretentious parties, who shall be nameless, know themselves a whit better ? By no means, but much worse ! Is not that enough ?

However this question may be decided, we return to the asseveration that Grace Brackenbridge laughed.

There was a pause then, and the proud and wayward girl looked into vacancy ; and somehow the name of "sister" brought strayed thoughts back, and summoned from the dead past affections that die not with it, and a poor home and a broken-hearted mother, and a father—a father she could not love, and had hardly forgiven !

Grace Brackenbridge became somewhat calmer ; and somewhat listlessly, as if accidentally, she turned her eyes upon the portrait again, and they rested long—a very long time.

The new view was not quite re-assuring. She thought those eyes *had* meaning, and that mouth had power, and the lines of the calm brow had the direction of tranquil energy ; that kind of thought *that*, repulsed ten thousand times, again advanced, and could not be destroyed.

"I have been mistaken," thought Grace. "That is no ordinary woman. A man like Eardley Wood might love her ! Yes ; well, and if so, how many men have changed, and how many women, too ? Why not *he* change ? He has a perfect right to change ! Every one has, the world changes ! But if he has *not* changed !" Here was a deep wound, which Grace Brackenbridge should inflict upon herself ; it was the necessity of the mood. "If he has *not* changed, and still, still," she said to herself, "if he has made such professions to me under my uncle's roof !" and the red blood mounted up like a tide and rushed back in sudden ebb.

Grace Brackenbridge became pale—dreadfully pale—and her eyes were raised half wistfully, and fell upon a silver-mounted four-chamber revolver that lay quietly on

the mantelpiece. A terrible expression came upon her face—and her brows stretched out until they seemed to tighten over her eye-balls of fire.

"Yes! yes!" she now cried audibly. "Yes I would! I would! How dared he! The cowardly cheat—a stranger received——"

Grace Brackenbridge had most successfully conjured up the phantom of direst evil; she had employed all her energy in rendering herself miserable, and she had succeeded to the full. She burst into an agony of weeping—an agony which fortunately had plenty of house-room at "The Hall," and no witnesses. So she cried away, who knows how long?

She had somewhat recovered her serenity when she heard a bell ring rather loudly.

She recognised the sound perfectly. She had more than once listened for that sound with bated breath. It was Mr. Wood ringing for the servant. She felt it was the signal of Mr. Wood's preparation to go out, and coming to seek her in the boudoir, a thing which had now become a habit of the household, as far as the lady and Mr. Wood were concerned.

Grace Brackenbridge was right. Neatly attired for a saunter, well fitted, gracefully gloved, and revealing the vigour of youth, and the light of inward happiness, in he came—there stood Mr. Wood.

The young man saw in a moment that some strong passion had been struggling, and that recent suffering had left traces of no ordinary pain.

A thousand surmises presented themselves together, and were dismissed or only half understood. He looked at her in a bewildered kind of way.

"Grace!" he said; "Grace!" he repeated, with more emphasis.

Grace Brackenbridge had by this time greatly changed. She felt that she had been acting foolishly, and the thought of so much weakness had humbled her. She rose from her chair, and she approached him, pale but calm, and wearing the saddest of sad expressions of countenance. She gave him her hand.

"Eardley Wood," she said, "I have been wild, wicked, and doing every one injustice; but, oh!" she continued, "oh! Eardley, you do not deceive me! Ah, Wood! with

me 'tis the last throw and the first ! *You have a wide, wide world ! Pardon me, Wood,*" the poor girl cried, "pardon me ; but my mother before me was deceived ; and, Wood, I saw my mother die—die of a broken heart. I wish—I wish !——"

The revulsion in the mind of Grace Brackenbridge carried her like a wave to the opposite extreme of feeling. She saw she had been unjust and absurd ; and the natural soul itself restores the equilibrium by a stronger regard or greater devotion. Her dispositions had, at the mement, less of selfishness and pride than on any occasion since they met ; and had she had a Christian girl's principles to regulate the present workings of her soul, the reparation and reconciliation would have been a blessing ! Alas ! Grace Brackenbridge had no such thing.

The future stood before Grace Brackenbridge like a hooded spectre—that future which to Mr. Wood so often had appeared to wear the bloom of perpetual summer, while Grace Brackenbridge inwardly laughed at the young man's romance. Grace Brackenbridge knew more than Mr. Wood of the ups and downs of life, and the chances of the career on which Mr. Wood was entering. She now felt happy. She felt that pagan felicity which springs out of the success of personal ascendancy and the absolute dependence of whatever is worth regard. How is the happiness to be retained ? How is the golden hour to be fixed, and the shadow stopped upon the dial ? The Christian girl would look up ! The Christian woman would place everything that is near and dear in the hands of the UNCHANGEABLE, and come near unto them in His smile and with His blessing ! Faith would wed justice and joy in a bond of immortality ; and what the world calls mischance and misfortune could never reach them anymore, because their "habitation is in heaven."

But Grace Brackenbridge was not a Christian woman, nor even a pagan woman with a public opinion like that of some pagan times to sway her. She had no aim beyond the grave, and no duty but to balance convenience against inconvenience, and suffering against enjoyment. What wonder that it came into the strong-minded American's head to make her escape from the world while the sun was up ; and to carry the redoubtable Mr. Wood along with her to the "land of shadows !" The wonder to our

mind is, that a great many more, who have had the advantages of liberating themselves from the trammels of a Christian education and a Christian conscience, do not supply themselves with Hamlet's "bare bodkin," or keep strychnine on their dressing tables !

The fact was that both their minds, at the same moment, became filled with the same thoughts. Two young people, within a fortnight, had stepped out on a verandah at New York, and determined to become independent of tyrannical fate, and eternally united in the bonds—of prussic acid. They certainly accomplished both purposes, very probably ; but faith says, not to their liking ! Pagan times tell us, how philosophically such tragedies were enacted at one time ; and though the scepticism which lives under the protection of Christian traditions and habits, preaches the power of humanity to go upon its own hook in this nineteenth century, the said humanity sets up on the Brackenbridge dogma whenever it has been long governing itself. Ah, reader, pardon this moralizing. It means, simply, that the devil is making a little roundabout on the journey ; but leading philosophy *alla volta* to paganism again, as sure as he is a murderer and a liar from the beginning.

Alas ! alas ! the secularism and sensuality of a degenerating age ! whither do they hurry mankind ! " When the Son of Man shall come, thinkest thou he will find faith upon the earth ? "

There was no catastrophe this time, but a great deal of self-accusation on one side and forgiveness on the other.

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CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING HOW MR. M'CANN CAME TO THE HALL, AND
THE BEAUTIFUL CHAIN HE WORE.



WE have no intention of depicting the things which followed the change of soul and solemn plighting which closed the scene in the last chapter. The conventional language might describe the conventional facts, but we believe readers in cases like this, are very far in advance of historians, and not only see for themselves what happens, but insist upon many interesting things which do not happen at all. We therefore claim the gratitude of every imaginative individual who reads these pages, for confiding to his discretion all the facts of the case—those which occurred, and those which the reader would insist upon having occurred—had we committed ourselves to a narrative.

Things had calmed down considerably in half-an-hour only; the great unknown world seemed still to half-surround the occupants of the boudoir, allied, certainly, with a sense of relief at the departure of the messenger whose voice was heard from the gloomy gate, crying "Come." Both had been, for a time, silent and thoughtful—at any rate thoughtful-looking, because we have an opinion that in such cases people only *exist*—*exist* in the shape of an impression which fear and memory stamp in the mind. If any one differ with us, we present him with any amount of freedom to hold his own opinion, and thus we shall keep the peace with all of the Mr. Wood stamp who may honour this tale with a perusal.

Things, as we have said, had calmed down considerably, and the traces of anticipated sepulture were wearing off the countenances of the gentleman and the lady, when a servant came to the door, and knocked.

Grace had sufficiently recovered to say "Come in" as she always said it—that was, if we are to indite the truth, in a tone like "Well, what a bore this fellow is!"

The same gold and red man, with white stockings, who stood, holding the door, as if himself and the same door were about setting off on a set of quadrilles, demanded "if Captain Brackenbridge could have the honour of calling."

"Certainly," was the reply—and made in the same dissatisfied way.

"Eardley, Eardley," she said, "I wish you and I were a thousand miles or two away from my uncle."

"Hush! Grace! hush!"

"Well, well, Grace!" cried Captain Brackenbridge, entering the boudoir, "what can be the attraction of such a place as this for two young people, such a day? What?" he said, looking at Grace, "Grace not well?—not well, Grace? or," he said, laughing, "has there been a quarrel—a quarrel?"

"Uncle Brackenbridge," said Grace, with a wonderful assumption of solemnity, "Uncle Brackenbridge, look at that portrait."

Brackenbridge took the locket from his niece's hand, and cast his eye upon the calm face of Nannie.

"Who is that like!" demanded Grace.

"Who is it like—why, how should I be able to say to whom the lady is like, Grace?"

"Grace, child," the captain continued, "Grace, you are jealous!"

"Don't you think with cause?" demanded the fair hypocrite.

"Certainly, lady," cried the captain, "*there is beauty*; and aye, aye, I guess there is high thought and culture. When she conquers, the hold is that of a ten-inch cable; and I know, if she set to at a man, he has small chance of freedom!"

"Well, then?" cried Grace more energetically.

"Well, then, young one?"

"Mr. Wood wears that locket!"

The captain laughed. He thought Grace much too calm for the occasion she was simulating.

"I have it all!" cried the captain; "you thought Miss Wood was an Irish maiden, who held your young knig^t

enchained, and you became rampageously wicked at the forestalling! Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ain't that it? You found, after buffeting the waves and becoming nearly shipwrecked, that this *was* Mr. Wood's sister; and you are playing Ned the Yachtman on your uncle!—there now."

General merriment sealed the truth of Captain Brackenbridge's guess, and he was about to change the conversation.

The red and white and gold once more at the door. He bears a card on a superb salver—in fact, he bears three of them.

"Ho, ho!" thought the captain; "ho, ho! 'John J. M'Cann, of 1,042 street,' ho, ho! Here is an honour, on my word!"

"Show the gentleman to the drawing-room," said the captain.

Captain Brackenbridge felt flattered; but of course he did not reveal his feelings to Mr. Wood or to Grace. A shade of curiosity was, however, mingled with Captain Brackenbridge's sense of pleasure. "What does it mean?" he thought.

"We will go down, Wood," said the captain. "Grace, you will follow as soon as you can."

On entering the grand drawing-room, they found the veritable Merchant, Publicist, and great man on 'Change—and, of all things, occupied in contemplating Grace Brackenbridge's picture.

He turned round as the two gentlemen entered; and his massive head, and bright steady eye, and genial self-possession were at once felt by both to be a power.

"Mr. M'Cann, I am obliged to you, indeed, for taking this trouble," said Brackenbridge.

"And, assuredly, so am I," said Wood; but, as usual, he spoke with a snarl and a manner which forbade any one's believing him.

Mr. M'Cann was magnificent. No man in any "world" could be more superbly dressed; and such a bouquet as he wore! and such a grand one as he carried in his right hand! and such a silk vest, tawny colour, with golden buttons, and a chain—oh! such a chain! It was not massive. It was a cord—a little rich rope of refined gold; and twining all around, from end to end of the

little rich rope were little serpents of the same metal, burnished ; and each little serpent had two large eyes of sparkling diamonds !

" Mr. M'Cann looked like a man covered with fire-flies by moonlight ; and long—long as politeness would permit, Captain Brackenbridge fixed his gaze upon the visitor.

" I must first of all congratulate you on your great victory," pleasantly said Mr. M'Cann. " Indeed, here the congratulation is common to both of you, gentlemen—great luck has attracted great science ! "

" You have clenched it, Mr. M'Cann. Mr. Wood has done a wonderful thing, and I am a gainer."

" But fame says Mr. Wood is going to owe you more than a fortune."

Wood smiled, and felt flattered by Mr. M'Cann's interest in him.

" Well, Wood must judge for himself ; and my niece ——"

Grace's entrance prevented her uncle from finishing the sentence.

Mr. M'Cann was not slow in making himself perfectly agreeable to the young lady ; and even Mr. M'Cann could not help being struck by her personal appearance. But Mr. M'Cann had a long head and a clear eye ; and he thought with himself how helpless Minnie Hennessy's companion was in the heart-chains of a beauty so decided, and, may-be, under the spell of a devotion like his own.

The yachting became a topic, and the next match, and the coming engagement of a great cantatrice ; and the " Flower and Work Show"—which led to the mention of a wonderful contribution made by a Convent in New York, which carried away a prize ; and a miraculous piece of embroidery which was sent by the same establishment, and which an awful old dowager purchased for five hundred dollars.

" Ha ! Mr. Wood, you are concerned there."

" I ? "

" Yes, Mr. Wood. That piece of work was from the magic needle of Miss Hennessy."

" Hennessy ? "

" Ah, you do not know that the magnificent John

Hennessy has come to New York ; and is at this moment preparing a dwelling and a settlement for a dozen young Hennessys. By-the-bye, what a fine family ! ”

Grace looked inquiringly—a little puzzled. She looked from Wood to Mr. M'Cann.

“ Do you speak of the young lady who accompanied Wood—and who had a maid-servant with her on board your *Centaur* ? ” demanded Brackenbridge. “ I thought her name was Carroll or O'Carroll ? ”

Mr. M'Cann smiled one of his sweet smiles—benevolent as the open look of an evening sun-cloud in summer.

“ Well, young lady, I will make no mysteries. Am I not good ? Mr. Wood, here, brought a poor young woman and her servant from the old country, and brought them at his own expense—because their families could not afford to pay.”

“ But the *name* ? ” Grace said, colouring in spite of herself.

“ I am caught ! ” cried the New York merchant. “ Caught ! Well—no, my fair young lady. Minnie Hennessy could never cross her father's door-step, if he thought she would leave her home. She was *his* pride and *his* love ! Yet if Minnie remained in Ireland, the home would soon wither away, and her parents wear the pauper's livery. She made up her mind to dare all, and save her little brothers and sisters, and her grand, fine father !—and so, to avoid pursuit, she changed her name to Carroll, and Mr. Wood gave a new world to the Hennessys.”

“ I should so like to see her ! ” cried Grace, and her whole form softened into benignity.

“ Then you will,” answered Mr. M'Cann.

Captain Brackenbridge approached Mr. M'Cann. He was looking at the wonderful chain of diamonds and gold.

“ It *is*,” said Mr. M'Cann, “ a valuable chain. It is, however, a lady's chain, and destined for a bride. Your own chain, captain, is a fine-looking thing ! Really, it is very rich ! ” and Mr. M'Cann took the chain in his fingers, and examined it very leisurely and minutely.

Suddenly Mr. M'Cann turned again to the captain.

“ Is there a man in the linen trade whom you trust Captain, and whom you wish to serve ? ”

“ Well, I've not had many acquaintance there away,

and I think all the linen and muslin I ever used came from the Pembrokes in 99 street, and the Jewels, Philadelphia."

"You think well of them?"

"I like the Jewels."

"Just let me enter their names. I may be able to do something with—I trust I shall."

A sharp knock at the door.

"Telegram for Mr. M'Cann, sir."

"All right."

"By the powers!" cried Mr. M'Cann. "Why, Mr. Wood, fame will crush you."

All looked wonderingly and inquiringly.

Mr. M'Cann read:—

"A small ferry-boat went down this morning, about 4 A.M., a good way up the river. She was worked by two men of first-rate character, and under the direction of the agent of Minchin and Co., who had chartered her to carry a box of specie to their bank at Brooklyn. The two hands were gallantly rescued by J. Johnson, of the firm of Brackenbridge, Johnson, and Co., and the Irishman who had chief part in managing the sails at the late yacht race. The agent and the specie went to the bottom. He never let go his hold, poor fellow."

Grace Brackenbridge got deadly pale.

"I must away," cried Mr. M'Cann, and he precipitately retreated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOWING HOW CAPTAIN JOHNSON AND NED THE YACHT-MAN SAVED THE TWO BOATMEN.



HE losing of a conscience is not so wonderful an exploit as many people think it, and the results of the loss are more wonderful than most people can ever understand. To lose a conscience all a man has to do is to abolish eternity; because, then, to make this world comfortable is reasonable enough. And when you come to the conclusion of "every man for himself,

and no one for all of us," a creed is the easiest manufacture among the industries of the mind. Thus has sprung up that grand dogma of modern progress, that what belongs to a man in this world is all he can get, added to all he possesses.

Grace Brackenbridge had laid down the dogma to Mr. Eardley Wood ; and there could be no more effective preacher. Eardley Wood himself had, by the force of genius, aided by education, divined much of the morality before. Numerous appearances around him began to inspire the thought that he was beginning to be acquainted with some eminent professors of the religion ; and Mr. Eardley Wood did not feel at all so indignant as if he had to encounter all the world who thought otherwise, and not only thought otherwise, but who classed the devotees of Brackenbridge-"*ism*" in the category of robbers and assassins.

We do not at all mean just now to stigmatize the religion of "The Hall" by any terms worse than those with which Miss Grace Brackenbridge had designated her uncle's creed ; and whether she spoke in badinage or in literal earnest is all the same, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," which is the double use to which we take the liberty of applying the young lady's conversation.

Mr. Wood's views were the logical sequence from that grand principle of manners, that if a man does not want to *do* right, he ought not to *think* right, or in plainer phraseology he ought to settle into the profession that "*right*" means to do the best you can for your position, your comfort, and your purse.

Mr. Wood saw with clearness that some ship-chandlers had various prices for their commodities ; and what, said Mr. Wood to himself, is taking more from me than from another, only using an advantage to take my dollars, when he can ? The draper will do the same thing, though in a different manner ; and the wine merchant, and the lawyer, and the priest, and the landlord, and the man upon 'Change. Take, when you are able and safe, is the creed of the world, thought he. To get as much as he can is the practice, and clearly it is also the principle, only one man calls what he can get by one name, and another by another. With the trader, when he can overreach a man, it is "*profit* ;" with the landlord it is "*rent* ;"

with the man on 'Change it is gain by "speculation;" with the man who takes it by force—well, he has no name to give it—but all the others call it "plunder." They take any amount they can, and they are called "honest" men; others take any amount they can, and they are called "rogues." But *call* them as we may, there is no essential difference between them. The world grows wiser, and knows better every day, thought Mr. Wood! And then, that quarter of a million of dollars came into his head; and a Spanish galleon, laden with some such freight would be a thing like what Oliver Cromwell called Tipperary—"something worth fighting for."

We cannot conscientiously say whether the blood in the veins of Mr. Wood claimed any kindred with the philosophy which he was evolving, for on that point we can have no precise information; but if Mr. Wood, perchance, called to mind the form of legality by which "the great copper-nose" enriched Mr. Wood's ancestors, he would have a knock-down argument against all such persons as worship the Dictator, very much more powerful than that derived from getting a good price for a horse or good rent for a farm.

Mr. Wood was brought to make closer acquaintance with the physiognomy of his philosophy on that very evening of the day which brought himself and Grace Brackenbridge so very near the solution of speculative questions like the nature of those neighbours called "*meum et tuum*."

It is plain to the reader of this history that Miss Brackenbridge recoiled from the view of the future which she contemplated; and, as the little revolver did, in her mind, kill the same ugly future, and every other future, she sought its friendly agency to save herself and her suitor from its assaults. Mr. Wood harmonized in this view of the lady's, as well as in every other; and if the lady had been consistent with her creed, Mr. Wood and she might have known by this time more than they had dreamt of what the *future* meant. But how could such a thing as consistency be expected in any one insane? She was on the brink of making a clear breast of the whole situation, as she had known it for a long time, but her heart failed her; and then she presented her challenge to FATE.

Ned the Yachtman was the reason of Mr. Wood's new experience.

Mr. Johnson, who travelled a great deal, did much of his travelling in his own yacht. He rarely had with him more than one man, because the seas, winds, and rivers were close relations of his from his cradle. Sometimes he had two men, sometimes three men, for he contrived to employ a good number, and in many places ; but, as a rule, Mr. Johnson's dark brows spanned only one of Neptune's vassals on board his yacht.

And that yacht was wonderful ! She sometimes shot into the harbour's eye like an arrow. She shot round Staten Island, betimes, like a racer in a ring. Down by Babylon—across the east front of the river—up towards the west, like a gull ; and then she was found quietly moored by the quay or anchored in the river, a weird-like beauty that puzzled common people, and made a few look very wise.

We may say, by way of parenthesis, that these wise people, to whom as to a class we refer, are powerful manufacturers of suspicions, rash judgments, and multitudes of deformities of uncharitableness, and that the reader is requested to shun them !

We have been saying that Captain Johnson was very much in his yacht, and the telegram received by more than Mr. M'Cann showed that he had been fortunately yachting the day of Mr. M'Cann's visit. What we have been only hinting, however, is that Ned the Yachtman was with him. In fact, Ned's qualities were so eminent, and so eminently valued, that few days passed without employing his abilities ; and, what was better for Ned, every day brought him a quantity of hard cash, and made the way from Brooklyn to New York more short and more easy.

Thoughtful people have conjectured that Ned's engagements those days had in view other objects than those revealed to Ned ; and that Ned might be not only an estimable help in yachting and other great works, but that his intercourse with his master might lead to communications which might teach said master to think of El Dorados owned by his new acquaintances, where the quarter of a million might not be so much after all.

A preface is an excellent thing ; but the reader might not value much more of it, so we give it up.

Captain Johnson and Ned were coming in from the river's mouth—in fact, they had been in and out; and the captain had boarded more than one ship passing or coming in, and had remained awhile on board of each, as if he had been a custom's officer, or had met on board some dear old friend. He lay too, then, at the dark, or lounged up and down—Ned as happy as the night was long. The captain had plenty of luxurious Cavendish, and as for the Cognac brandy, if Ned had no other reason for blessing his stars that Father Mathew had not been preaching in his time, the brandy on board the *Firefly* (which was the name of the captain's yacht) would have been sufficient.

Early in the morning Captain Johnson gave orders to make for Brooklyn. Ned touched the *Firefly's* tiller, and the captain spread the sails. She flew. The wind was not directly in her favour, but the *Firefly* did not care for that. "She bates steam," said Ned, "and she bates it without making crooked faces!" Ned was at his old work of "making human nature happy."

At the dawn of day, and at least one hour and a-half before the time which the newspapers had been good enough to fix for the event, the *Firefly* was coming down towards the south end of New York, having Brooklyn on her starboard bow, and New York stretching like a sleeper half awakened on the larboard. The captain sat at the helm having given the sails up to Ned. He was making fine way. The course of the river was clear, and he had not come far enough inward to feel crowded by the shipping.

The captain flung his left arm round the tiller, and with his right took a match from his pocket. He held his Cuba cigar in his mouth, ready for the blaze. He struck against the tiller, or against the sole of his boot, Ned could not say which; but a light burst forth, and a detonation ensued which no match had ever before been known to produce, and Ned, in his suspicious kind of mind, concluded that the whole thing was like a *signal*.

At that same moment came a cry of terrific and mortal fear from some part of the river not far ahead, and then another and another—and then a silence, which to the listeners was more awful than the cry.

"My God, captain, what is that?" cried Ned.

"A boat in distress," answered Captain Johnson.

"Off a quarter-point!" cried the captain.

"A quarter it is," replied Ned.

"Here away! Here away!" cried the voice of a man under the lee bow.

"Hold on for a minute—one minute!" cried the captain.

"Keep up now! Keep up!—Up!"

"All's well!" exclaimed the captain.

Only half defined in the struggling light of the morning the figures of two men were dimly seen, holding each an oar that helped them to float in the agitated waters; and apparently the poor fellows were so weak that one quarter of an hour more would have been their doom. One of the ferry-men had a slack rope knotted round his left wrist.

The *Firefly* came near, and the captain, peering through the dimness, first started, then looked steadfastly, then cried out loudly—

"Why Blenkinsop!—Blenkinsop!—You!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Come along—this way! A little more. Tighten sail, my man! So—so!"

Joy of joy—the shipwrecked men are in safety!

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWING HOW NED THE YACHTMAN SAID HIS NIGHT PRAYERS IN THE MORNING EARLY AND DISBURSED THE SUM OF FIFTY POUNDS.



NED the Yachtman was an Irishman by birth, education, and natural qualities, as we know, and, in fact, he was an O'Kennedy by name. Ned had therefore an imagination that worked for him sleeping and waking; and—alas that we should say it!—he was of that dreadfully suspicious class of men who would give up their lives before they would give up a theory, or before they would live without one.

It is to be admitted that Ned was spoiled by the admiration of his sharpness, which was often and openly expressed by the "Shannon shore," and that he had been so often right as to do something towards fairly establishing his character. To-night tried him—tried him deeply in the theory line, and, even on the water, and holding the tiller, he kept dreaming away. Yet one would think that nothing could be plainer than the men's situation. The bank at Brooklyn had had a slight run. The bank in New York had sent over a box of specie by a row-boat, in charge of a confidential man and two watermen of unblemished reputation; in fact, men who had been many years in the employment of Captain Brackenbridge, and who had been recommended for their honesty by Captain Brackenbridge and Johnson, both. The small boat had unfortunately sprung a leak. She was weighted, too, to make her steady. A whole plank, they said, seemed to fall in, and the boat went down like lead! The poor young fellow in charge was not able to swim, and the good boatmen had more than enough to do to save themselves.

In good time, and long before the river steamers began to ply, the shipwrecked boatmen, and Captain Johnson, and Ned, arrived near the East-Terrace; and the yacht having been made tight, the men who had been saved from drowning brought, with some difficulty, a dark and heavy package to "The Hall."

This was the great deed of philanthropy which the telegrams announced, and the newspapers all, unless Mr. M'Cann's, lauded to the skies, by which East River was made the tomb of a young man, with a large family, and at the same time the receptacle of half a fortune lost to the owners for ever!

Ned the Yachtman went to bed that morning, and took great care to say his *night* prayers. Piously he fulfilled his duties, and ardently he raised his eyes to heaven. Ned's parents taught the family every night to repeat the Ten Commandments, and Ned had never given up the practice. So this morning he repeated them slowly and fervently; but he twice—nay, three times, repeated over—

*"Naw dhin morroogh, Ghuid naw gnuish
Naw nish shiv Breagh air ainn cuish,"*

which means that Christian men are not to murder people, rob, steal, or tell lies to their neighbours ; and Ned found himself repeating the same two lines when, after a while, the yacht, and the three figures he last saw in her, and the great box, and the harbour, were all vanishing away ; and Keeper Hill, and the Shannon, and Hazlitt-ville, coming in their place, and the dear ones whom he knew and loved so deeply.

Ned always thanked God that his family were "great at dhrames, bekase it enabled a man to take a chape thrip home, and spend a share of time there !"

Ned was up early, and out long, after a couple of hours' repose. In fact, he could not be found for half the day, and had not presented himself for breakfast. What had become of Ned ?

Well, Ned the Yachtman never made many the wiser of where he *went* that "bout ;" but, some years afterwards, a comely matron was teaching a little boy to pray. She smoothed his brow, and kissed his little lips, and said, "Now pray for the holy priest that saved your poor father." And the little fellow did pray for the said clergyman ; but we cannot answer for the knowledge which he really possessed of the avocation which engaged him. We *can* say, however, that his mother is a handsome woman, quite American in accent and dress, but soft as the summer wind of Balboro' in her manners and expression, and her name is Mrs. Margaret O'Kennedy. Ned the Yachtman has a home and a name at last.

Well, this is letting the reader into our confidence, even at the expense of that mysterious reticence so much valued by modern story-tellers ; but we owe our readers something for their patience.

Ned the Yachtman, about two o'clock that day, came to "The Hall," very down-hearted, and, for him, very pale. He had gone to his room, and employed himself there some time ; and, sooth to say, he employed himself in packing up his little properties. They were not many, but he had got them honestly ; and that remembrance two or three times brought a gleam of sunshine to his mind. He hung over two or three memorials of "dear Miss Nanny," and some things of "the ould mästher" himself ; and then he came to something of "the misthress"—a medal and a rosary ; and then poor

Ned paused. He felt, he said, "chokey." He had been standing ; but now he closed his little box, and he sat down upon the lid, and he drew the beads of his rosary all along from the crucifix to the last stone, slowly, time after time, with his right hand through his left, as if gathering holiness, or making a spell. But, alas ! no. Poor Ned was transfixed to the weeping mother's side, and the lovely sister's presence, and he raised his eyes to God, and his heart was full of pity—deep pity overflowed his soul !

"God Almighty help ye !" cried the poor yachtman. "God Almighty help ye !" Ned cried, again and again.

The poor fellow came at length to a few things of Wood's ; and he looked at them long.

"Not these ; no !" said Ned, firmly. "No, nor these ! Nor these ! Och, no !" said the yachtman. And with tears in his eyes, the pipe, the knife, the gloves, the comforter, the stick of Irish hazel, and a silver ship-and-anchor pin, which Mr. Wood had given him long ago in Ireland, were all tenderly laid on the right-hand side ; on the left-hand side was gathered everything he had received from him in America, and everything he had received from any person at "The Hall," but he made separate packages of the American gifts and properties, and tied Mr. Wood's in one package, and all the others in another package, and then carefully directed them to the parties for whom they were intended.

Ned now blessed himself. "Thanks be to God that directed me !—blessed be His holy name !" said the afflicted yachtman.

Ned acted foolishly in his scrupulous rejection of the American properties, just then. He might have taken his time, and acted justly, and not provoked an enmity of which he could not guess the end ; but the poor man's feelings were too strong to see clearly.

The moment came at last. He went to "The Hall." He easily found the footman—"the man in goold"—and he asked for Mr. Wood. The footman was fortunately able to point to a portion of the plantation, and to indicate to Ned that he had seen his master go in that direction. The poor fellow followed, and his heart was beating—not with fear—Ned had never known cowardice ; but he felt that a supreme moment had arrived, and that

the hopes and joys of one week or two ago could never come again—they were gone for ever !

At length he saw the shadow of Mr. Wood at some distance, and he began again to think what he would say. Ned knew well what he would do ; but the foster-brother was searching for the way in which he could most easily accomplish it.

Wood saw him, and was not a little surprised. He was seized with a presentiment, and he rapidly walked in the direction of his man.

He saw that Ned was dressed in his best clothes, and carefully shorn, and, in fact, prepared for the city.

"Why, Ned, my boy, what's to do ? Off for New York, are you ?"

"Yes," answered Ned.

"Well," replied Wood, "do you want anything ?"

"No ; I don't want anything."

"There is something the matter, Ned ?"

Ned shook his head.

"Come, now, Ned, surely you have no secrets from me ?"

No answer.

"Come, come, Ned !—this is too bad ! Your old friend and companion, your foster-brother, your——"

"Oh ! for God's sake, say no more, Masther Jack—say no more ! Don't weaken my heart, nor touch my sowl, nor come 'tune me an' God !"

"Are you mad, Ned ?"

"Wisha, maybe 'twould be well for me I was sometimes. An' oh ! I wisht I died by the Shannon's banks at home ! I wish I did !"

"What is the meaning of this, sir ?" cried Wood, getting angry. "What the ten thousand —— do you mean by bothering me with your Irish keene and your Shannon and your——. You may go be ——."

"Wan is enough to go that way," replied Ned, somewhat recovered by the reaction which Wood's anger had caused.

"What's that you say, sir ?" cried Wood.

"Wan is enough to go be damned in a day," answered the yachtman doggedly.

"And I suppose I am the happy example," Wood said, laughing contemptuously.

"Faith, an' yis, sir—that's the honest truth," answered Ned. "An' now, Masther Jack," continued he, "I am goin' away; an' I don't want to do hurt or harm to any man, an' laste of all to you. So God be wid you! God be wid you!"

Wood started.

"By —," he cried, "this will not do. Come, sir," he vociferated, and he seized his man by the arms. "Come, sir! out of this you don't stir till you explain yourself. Come, what's the mystery?"

"Mr. Wood," said Ned, "take your hands off from me! I riverence your mother's son—oh! ochone, your mother! But, Mr. Wood, you know Ned the Yachtman's strength, and how Ned can use it."

Wood swore another oath, and drew his ready revolver. In a moment, however, he placed it in his bosom again.

"No," said he, "No! Ignorance! Ignorance and the priests!" repeated Mr. Wood.

"Ignorance!" Ned replied. "Ignorance an' the ministrers! Ignorance an' the Baptists!" cried Ned, warming. "Mr. Wood, no man belonging to me was ever a souper, mind!"

"A souper!"

"Yis; a souper."

"Yes, you unfortunate man, you saw me go to the Protestant church, and *think for myself*."

"I don't want to argufy, Mr. Wood, but if every man to think for himself was the ould Gospel of St. Pether, an' the way the Lord laid down in th' ould times, they'd take some time to teach all the savages to read, 'I guess,' as the 'Mericans say."

"Why, you mad fool, are there not educated gentlemen to teach them among the Protestants—though they do not speak Latin—as well as among the Romanists?"

"Begor, then, that makes things worse for all o' ye; bekase, if to have tachers be the road lade out an' settled by the Lord, the — a wan at all iv ye *ought to be there*, 'kase *Luther ought to listen to 'is tachers*. And take that now, since you put me to id," cried the yachtman.

Mr. Wood turned on his heel, and desired his old servitor to "be off."

Ned cried, "Ochone! ochone! Well no matther!"

The world is wide, an' I'm no shame to my ancesthors! Arrah! then, Mr. Wood! Mr. Wood! I could cut your heart, an' cut your soul, an' brake your neck, if I liked—you vagabone son of a Cromwell ——. Arrah, God forgive me! Didn't he lie on my mother's heart, an' drink her milk, an' laugh in her face like an angel? An' isn't he darlin' Mrs. —, his mother's son!—an' darlin' Miss Nanny's brother!—an' haven't they sore hearts to-day! Ochone! Ochone!"

Ned dropped a tear, and once more entered "The Hall" for his little property.

By the next river steamer he was on his way to New York.

And thus Ned the Yachtman parted from his old master, Mr. Wood.

* * * * *

Johnson found on the table in the drawing-room, that evening, the following note:—

"CAPTAIN JOHNSON—The fifty pounds is enclosed. I am sure it is payment in advance, and as I am leaving my place to-day, I return the money.

"Your obedient servant,

"NED O'KENNEDY,

"*Yachtman.*"

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING A VISIT TO THE CONVENT AND A FEW PASSAGES
WHICH REVEAL SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE.



HAT "tide in the affairs of men," of which Shakspeare philosophizes, is certainly a great mystery. Some float on listlessly, and simply wait for what comes next, taking, or surrendering, or resisting, or yielding, according to circumstances, but still leaving the quality of the struggle apparently to chance. Others take a steady direction, aiming at a certain route, and seeking the completion of a certain journey, and make their way prudently, if not successfully; and, however events may fall out, never have to blame themselves. And there is a third class who drive along the waters now in one direction and now in another, fixing their expectations on one point to-day, and on another to-morrow; and thus with much travelling making very little way. But the mystery is that all the activity, and all the passiveness, finally come to a terminus, when the world seems to stop, and moodily to wait for the train across the dark valley.

No one can help remembering the period when time, and events, and speculations, and adventures, and successes, and stays or failures made up the waking and sleeping work—when everything was dared and everything was possible. Hours, and days, and weeks, and years, flew past—and even great facts became small things, they went by and on so rapidly. In fact, the soul herself seems conscious that she is only on her way—on her way to the work of life; and in many a case while she tries to select her labour she finds she is obliged merely to accept it: *Siste, Viator*. This is the time of men's rudest trial. All human, or nearly all,

human attraction has died away. Human stimulant invigorates no more. The jog-trot of life—no matter what be our position—becomes insipid and distasteful, and we try to live over the past if duty should fail to render the present happy.

“Give me back ! give me back ! the wild freshness of morning,

Its tears and its clouds are worth evening’s best light !”

We have just said that duty may render the present happy. We stick to that assertion. Duty extends to an infinite degree our projects, our pre-occupation, our labours, our gains, our engagements ; and, in truth, restores youth’s state by the re-establishment of youth’s mental condition. We once before had the honour of reminding the reader—the soul which is ruled and led by the glory of the great future has work, hope, and success, always on hand. In fact, to her, failure and pain itself become no insignificant success ; and thus all kinds of events and occupations make the mind’s elysium. People do not want prussic acid or strychnine. The world is always beautiful, because the path is ever filled with the harmony of faith, hope, and love, marching on with our deeds.

Mr. Wood had now been a long while—some years—in his new occupations, whatever they may have been ; and the novelty, and even wealth, which made them so attractive began to pall upon his senses and imagination. The inevitable two hundred thousand dollars were not far off, certainly, and a few more successful voyages would bring him near his goal. But he had been too long at the work for a nature like his longer to feel a strong impulse ; and it may be doubted whether he hailed more, or feared, the time when his now roving life should come to a conclusion. Mr. Wood was what the French call *gâté*, if ever from his boyhood he could have been called anything else but a spoiled child.

Mr. Wood has become more of a man now. His dark eyes blaze from behind darker brows, and the fashion of the time has given him the beard of a patriarch. Every one recognizes the man, too, accustomed to the quarter-deck by the balance of his body as he moves, and his hard voice when he gives an opinion. Mr. Wood, it will

be remembered, was always a snarler, and the voices of snarlers are never euphonious; but he had, as time shaped him, added strength to his snarl, and even more decision to his expression of opinion.

Father Riorden was right in saying that pride and grace could never be wedded. From the moment that the theory of indulgent weakness broke down, Mr. Hazlitt became a changed man. "*It is well for me!*" the poor father cried, "*it is well for me that you have humbled me that I may learn your justification!*"

Mr. M'Cann duly communicated to Mr. Wood the principal events which had occurred at home, and Mr. Wood became well aware of Mr. M'Cann's intimate connexion with the Shannon and St. James's-square. But Mr. Wood was still wound up in himself, and even the life or death of his father seemed not half so important as an exciting voyage or an evening at *rouge-et-noir*—insipid as even they began to be. He became aware that Father Riorden's ministry had sweetened the last hours of the deserted old man, but now he had superadded contempt to infidelity, and probably any movement of natural affection was stopped by disgust at the father's "supreme folly!"

Mr. Wood became much pre-occupied, and from time to time a little ill-tempered to Miss Brackenbridge; but no quarrel of any importance had taken place. She kept her position with admirable resolution, and knew when a little might be given up to secure the main rule. His pursuits, whatever they were, never became a topic of conversation. He never approached the history of them in any way, and yet there seemed a kind of understanding about it all, just as if Miss Brackenbridge knew it all well.

When Mr. Wood came home after a month, or two months, or even ten months—for he had been at one time even ten months away from "The Hall"—he brought rare silks, and rich jewels, and wonderful skins from Russian marts, and shawls from the Cashmere looms. He was proud to bestow them, and proud to see Grace Brackenbridge wear them, and always was sure to select such things as no other man would bestow. Yet while the countries and their products and odd encounters and chances formed the staple of a conversation evening

after evening, the particulars of employment and "loss and gain" were confined to the smoking-room, or the gentlemen's lounge along the East River.

Mr. Wood, as we have remarked, was pre-occupied and came and went mysteriously, as indeed did everyone at "The Hall;" but one source of pre-occupation was never concealed by any of the gentlemen, or by Mr. Wood, at home or abroad when among themselves—and that was the sayings, doings, and movements of Ned O'Kennedy the Yachtman, and of John Hennessy's family, now settled near St. Louis. Ned the Yachtman, not yet "settled in life," had been for the two years and a-half alluded to above, in the service of Mr. M'Cann, and it is to be particularly remarked that Mr. M'Cann himself admitted himself "done" by the companion of Mr. Wood, the cool self-possessed yachtman.

It was in this wise, and will make a nice episode. Mr. M'Cann wished to employ Ned O'Kennedy in some way adapted to his abilities and useful to the office or the house, and therefore asked Ned one day what education he had. Ned answered that he might have had a fine education had he not been too fond of the yacht and his old master. So Mr. M'Cann was obliged to return to the point.

"But, Ned, what can you do?"

"Well, sir, I can write passably and I learned accounts well, and I have a smattering of Euclid and I learned navigation.

Mr. M'Cann looked like a man in one of Ned's old "*doldrums*."

"Accounts—Euclid—navigation! Ned come over here to this desk."

Ned went over to the desk, and sat down quite leisurely.

"Look at that map."

"Well, sir, the map of North and South America."

"Lay your finger on New York."

Ned obeyed.

"Where is Valparaiso?"

Ned placed his finger upon the spot.

"Show me how you would sail from Valparaiso to Quebec."

Ned ran his finger along, making latitude and longitude

according to convenience, and showing a singular acquaintance with navigation, not however without some mistakes.

"Write," said Mr. M'Cann.

"Oh, sir, here's my writing—a letter for my poor sister, a widow. 'Tis for her I got the order at *our* office to-day," Ned said.

Mr. M'Cann was not astonished at poor Ned the Yachtman's love for home, but he knew his anxiety to be "settled," and when he saw almost every penny poor Ned could have earned going "to the poor widow, with," as Ned had it, "a heart that never forgets you, *avourneen*, and that will keep little Bid, and Mary, and Pauden, and yourself folded up in it till it stops. The money goes home, and more, please God, will follow it, and we'll all be happy yet by the banks of the Shannon, or altogether here in this country. . . . And, *acushla*," he concluded, "give a pair of shoes to Biddy Grimes' poor little boy, and get a Mass said for our father and mother's soul—not forgetting the father of your children, my darling, and your wild brother will send you enough yet." When Mr. M'Cann had read all that, then the good gentleman took off his spectacles, and took out his handkerchief, and he wiped his spectacles and his eyes! Mr. M'Cann, as we have known for a good many long years, has a heart moulded to beat for humanity.

"Ned," Mr. M'Cann said, "I can do something good for you. By-the-bye, I never remarked your change of dress! Why, Ned, you are a—a gentleman, I do declare! Well!"

"Why, sir," said Ned, "when you are at Rome, *cum Romae fueris*—"

"Stop, Ned, my friend! stop! Too much for one day! come and see me to-morrow. Latin! Latin!"

Mr. Wood's yachtman finally settled down at St. Louis, in a bank which was closely connected with Mr. M'Cann's great concern in New York, and moreover he became an intimate friend of John Hennessy, and John Hennessy's family.

Mr. Wood was perfectly aware of all these circumstances, and had more than once spoken to his old companion, and hinted at a wish to retain him once more. But Ned was insensible, deaf, and dumb. No amount of

hint, or promise, or anything else could make him swerve from his allegiance to his new employer. He had changed so entirely in three years that he retained nothing whatever of his original manners unless their geniality, and he spoke English correctly, and with very little accent. All this Mr. Wood referred to very frequently, and no one seemed surprised, for every one estimated the yachtman's abilities, and knew how much of his former idiosyncrasies were put on for a purpose.

"But you were in St. Louis in April," remarked Brackenbridge, continuing a conversation which had been going on between himself, Johnson and Mr. Wood.

"Why, yes; you remember I wrote you from there."

"Did O'Kennedy see you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," Johnson said eagerly, "did that beast of an Irishman see you? The giant, I mean."

"Hennessy?"

"The same."

"Well, that I can't at all say. He certainly passed me by, and, without appearing to recognise, might have known me."

There was a pause.

"Wood," said Captain Brackenbridge, "*we must* engage O'Kennedy."

Mr. Wood shook his head doubtfully.

"And Hennessy," continued Johnson.

Mr. Wood laughed outright.

"Hennessy!" cried Mr. Wood, "Hennessy! - My honour to you, Johnson, that that fanatic would shoot you dead or break your bones at the turn of a hand, entirely for the good of the Holy Roman Church! Hennessy!"

"Look here, Wood," Brackenbridge said, very gravely, "it appears to me that we *must* have one or both in *some way*."

Mr. Wood made no reply.

"We can afford to pay."

"A thousand dollars?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"Two, sir, three, ten thousand—nay," he said, warming almost to passion, "if it cost us *a million*, they must be ours!"

We have taken a great deal of trouble to explain what

brought Grace Brackenbridge and Mr. Wood to the convent which they had so long desired to visit. The whole account of the matter is in the above lines ; they went to hunt up John Hennessy ; and if the visitors appeared very much interested in the institution, and influenced in their coming entirely by the philanthropy there living, and teaching, and edifying ladies and gentlemen who came to witness them, we suppose the visitors are not much worse than this bad world in general, and no more worthy of condemnatory remark.

They came at a most interesting moment, and were readily admitted. The day was the last day of May, and the door-keeper told them the nuns would be engaged for ten minutes or so, but "*they* might go to the chapel if they pleased."

Grace Brackenbridge at once cried, "Yes," and Mr. Wood was by no means unwilling.

Along a beautiful cloister, charmingly tiled, they were led by the nun, whose light foot-fall sounded like autumnal leaves on deep grass. Soon the strangers were met by the welcome which the organ pealed, like an invitation from God. And, finally, when the door of a lateral chapel was flung open, and the magnificent interior revealed itself, even the hard souls of the secularists softened with the feeling of the hour.

The altar of pure white marble bore a garden of glory, that looked like Mount Sion glowing with all the flowers of Paradise. The great window spanned them, and sprung above them as if to give the very sky a glimpse of their magnificence ; and the hooded nuns, in fair white mantles, which hung gracefully over their habits of deep black, in long line at either side of the choir, bent their placid and serene brows before the tabernacle.

"Beautiful !" muttered Miss Brackenbridge.

Mr. Wood made no reply.

Soon the incense began to roll upward from the hands of the priest—to roll, and swell, and twine, and struggle as though it wanted to speak—as if a cry would relieve it—so it rose up ; and the candles looked through the clouds like stars in the sky of heaven, and the sunlight came in and tried to bind up the incense with golden bands in its joyousness ; and the whole of them crowded in their loveliness about the Holy of Holies, and sang

their hymn of adoration in their fashion. Then it was a single voice seemed to steal out of a crowd of harmonies, and, in a cry of loving earnestness, to claim the homage of mankind in a "*Tantum ergo*," which seemed borrowed from the harps of Paradise. It was a supreme hour—an hour of fate when heaven might hang upon an answer to its own appeal, as it did in Pharaoh's case long ago. "Alas, seeing we see not, and hearing we do not hear!" The young man and young woman saw only themselves, sought only themselves, and "they found themselves."

A transatlantic *Hotel Dieu*, and orphanage, and refuge, would be well worth a page or two. The rosy children, and their noisy babble; and the fine old women, and the grey-haired men; and all their memories of dear old Ireland; and the conjectures about the coming out and the returning home. The transatlantic *Hotel Dieu* would be a sermon and a history, but we have no disposition to turn preacher, and historians are "*suspects*" when they rashly present their faces on the pages of a story. We pass on therefore.

All met in the parlour, much as Mr. Wood and Mr. M'Cann met before; and the mild gentle nun and the cheery decided body were in the parlour as at that time.

It was not very long until Grace Brackenbridge found it singular "that people could not serve God in society," and the cheery nun spoke like a pistol-shot, saying that "they were not in solitude here—were they?"

A roar of children in the play-ground, cheering, clapping hands, and all soul in their *abandon*, came as the answer to Mother Mary Baptist's question.

"Ah, but so much could be done in society."

"Again?" said Mother Baptist.

"Well, I mean in the world—we were sent into the world to follow its pursuits. What's to hinder salvation there?"

"Then," Mother Mary Baptist said, "St. Paul ought to have stuck to his tent-making."

"But he was called."

"And so were we," dogmatically settled Mother Mary Baptist.

"But you could be such ornaments to the world, who want such women?"

"I think you will find many such 'ornaments' left to

rust in the drawers of society, and if you can get them into fashion, old maidship will raise you a monument."

Grace Brackenbridge was badly beaten by Mother Mary Baptist—much more, however, by the question which came to her mind, "Had these people not been nuns, who would have done all we have seen to-day?" That question disheartened her, and she remained silent.

Mr. Wood ventured, after some time, to ask for Miss Hennessy. Miss Hennessy was in another reception room, and was engaged.

"Engaged?" asked Miss Brackenbridge.

"Yes, with her father."

"Her father!" cried Mr. Wood; "is John Hennessy here?"

Nuns have all things done while other people are arranging them—particularly cheery decided little nuns whose "life is always in their hands."

A lay sister came in and whispered Reverend Mother.

Reverend Mother then said, "Mr. Hennessy seems too much occupied, but will see you when you are leaving."

Mr. Wood bit his lips, and Mother Mary Baptist looked hard at Reverend Mother.

Finally came the parting. The sands had run down, and a bell ever so far distant became eloquent in double stroke.

"Come, come!—come, come!" the bell seemed to say; and the nuns rose.

At the same instant, Minnie Hennessy, pale, very pale, entered. She was followed by her father—the outspoken and awful John Hennessy—towering over all.

John Hennessy, with infinite grace, stepped between his daughter and Mr. Wood, and taking from his side-pocket a letter—a large one too—he presented it to Mr. Wood.

"That is for you, sir," he said, "and, mark me! you are to hold no communication with me or mine, ever—ever! The letter is worthy of your notice."

And John Hennessy led his astonished daughter from the presence of the astonished nuns, and the no less astounded Grace Brackenbridge.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWING HOW MR. JOHN HAZLITT DIED, AND MR.
EDMUND BROWNE'S SECOND VISIT, ETC.



HE may as well now as any other time pursue the fortunes of Hazlitt-ville and Jack Hazlitt's impulsive father.

Mr. Hazlitt made a brave appearance ; but his heart had grown rapidly old, and his anxiety for the settlement of Nannie increased as the poor man grew weaker. The wayward prodigal was seldom mentioned, and Nannie's pious and charitable practices were often commended. He had even been caught more than once reading books of morality, and even of devotion ; and Mrs. John Hazlitt frequently raised her eyes to God to thank Him for the twilight of a promised day.

Father Riorden came almost every day during the year after Mr. Browne's visit, and, it may be imagined that Father Riorden frequently mentioned the young banker's name. That Mr. Browne had proposed for Nannie was no secret, and that he had been accepted was just as well known, so that Father Riorden fell into something of a family authority and counsel, and felt obliged to give and get news from London as often as he could.

Mr. Browne himself made regular visits and was considered as the son of the mansion, and his conversation was manna to Mr. John Hazlitt. Mr. Browne's principles were so high, and his frankness so winning, that people besides Nannie's father said they hardly liked "to differ with that young man at all, he was always so likely to be correct." The result was that Mr. Hazlitt began in his own way to inquire why Mr. Browne, the banker, was such a wonderful model man.

Now, Mr. Hazlitt had had for many and many a year as much perfection before his eyes as men ordinarily find in a bad world ; but he never asked himself how such wonderful perfection grew every day under his eye. It seemed, as if by a law for which he was quite prepared, his wife and daughter should be faultless ; but why any other—particularly a young man from London—should live by so eminent a standard, became to him the moot question, and one on which he was not inclined to be silent.

Father Riorden got many opportunities of giving explanations ; and well he knew how to make them. Mrs. John Hazlitt, who knew her spouse's ways, suggested that the master of Hazlitt-ville was preparing the way for a great change, and that he was rather preparing others than obtaining information for himself—and she was happy.

"There is much in that, Nannie," he would say—"moral convictions—these things which rule actions and produce them—must greatly share the nature of the convictions which rule what are called articles of faith ; and if these convictions be shakey, the moral convictions will shake with them. Certainly, little one, you and mamma have the advantage there."

"Oh, yes ! and papa, you know, far-away things don't much move the world ; and when they are told that such a thing is right or such a thing wrong, they will be inclined to say they know better—in fact, the great mass of mankind require God himself present speaking to obey !"

"I understand you, you little mouse. You want to bring me to what you suppose is the only Christianity fit for all mankind."

"Well, papa——"

"Well, you are a little rogue !" interrupted Mr. Hazlitt, while he gave her a parent's embrace.

We may add that the brain of American philosophy, while seeking for a remedy to correct national evils, flung up his hands and exclaimed, like Plato, "A REAL PRESENCE is necessary !" and his own lips echoed the dogma "I am with you all days !" Startled by the thought, he walked right on to the temple of truth. "God has not abandoned society," said he. "Well," he continued, "there is only

one place can pretend to possess him." Here was courage equal to his opinions. He is now a happy man indeed.

Well, day by day, Mr. John Hazlitt grew more mild and considerate, and it was not more than two years from the time the Christmas chime was sung, when his heart harmonized with the religious chords, and he knelt down to pray with his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Hazlitt and Nannie both saw that a double change was near; but the next world's balm was already poured upon the agony of poor mortality, and they both knew how to be thankful.

Mr. Hazlitt was sinking, but quite aware of his condition. He had a strong desire that his daughter's nuptials should precede his departure; but, in truth, he was delaying them in expectation of something definite regarding his son. Information had been slow in carriage, and at last he made up his mind to propose the change which would give his wife and daughter efficient protection.

The blind man's prophecy was demonstrated. The parchments had been found by Frank Moran, and Mrs. Browne might, if her husband choose, become "my lady." But Nannie was immovable on that point—she would not have a title. Her mamma, her darling mamma, had no title, and Mrs. O'Connor Moran had no title, and Frank's wife, when he married—

"And, in fact, my child," said her father, in a weak voice, one day, "you are the more like Edmund; for here are his words by this morning's post:—'I dislike the pursuit of the title, for many reasons; but I shall place myself in Nannie's hands.'"

One day Mr. Hazlitt sat in his easy-chair, reading betimes, and betimes praying to God. Mr. Browne was expected on the morrow, and the old man felt joy in the midst of pain, because his child would be happy. Mrs. Hazlitt, with a sad, pale face, sat near him; and Ned O'Kennedy's sister, the widow, seemed waiting a command.

"No news from poor Ned?" said the old man.

"Aye, is there, sir," replied the widow. "Poor Ned," she said, "wrote me that he expected by the next post to send me a whole big fortune. O sir, you know we—I mane the childher an' me—never laves Ned's mind."

"And——"

"Oh, gannies! yis, sir. Every man in America is spaking of Masther Jack, he says; an' he hopes he'll be a grate man, like Masther Frank an' Miss Lelia."

The old man sighed.

"Move the chair towards the window, dear," said Mr. Hazlitt to the widow. "There, there—that will do."

"Mary," he said to his wife, and his finger pointed towards a bower by the Shannon's side. "Mary!"

"O John, John!"

"I am not going to indulge any weakness, Mary, were it only for your sake and poor Nannie. No. I wish to say that had I been true to the thought you inspired in the summer-house five-and-twenty years ago, this house of ours, Mary, had been much more happy! Do you remember?—Ah, I see you do!"

"Topics of this kind, John——"

"Well, again, pardon me, Mary! And, Nannie, my child, be of good cheer! I want to say that I am happy, and I cannot help referring. I feel the happiness which I have lost and which I have destroyed. But I know you forgive me, both of you. Mary! you——"

The poor penitent broke down, and of course his wife and daughter were terribly afflicted; but he made a supreme exertion to calm himself, and to say:

"Mary, and Nannie my daughter, which is it better to die now, with the faith and hope I have been taught by Father Riorden, than to live at Hazlitt-ville for another score years and to die as I lived—die with a chain upon my thought, which I would not permit to warn me—indeed, yes, a chain."

Nannie wept quietly. Mrs. Hazlitt ventured to interpose.

"John, many holy souls were praying for you, and you had an honest heart, you know."

"Alas! a proud one, and a——Mary!"

"You have spoken overmuch, John."

"No, child. Listen to me now. Listen! Our family have hardly ever had a long illness. They die, nearly all, unexpectedly."

"Ah, my dear husband!"

"Well, better, Mary, you should know truth, and I act rightly. Only one thing remains now, or two. If I die

before our son-in-law arrive, I have to pray that within thirty days you solemnize my child's marriage, and go to England. Nannie, and you, my own——"

"Ah, papa ! papa !"

"Gently, now, my child ! Be obedient to your father, as you have ever been ! There !"

Mr. Hazlitt remained for nearly half-an-hour, seemingly in pious thought and in prayer. At length he awoke to the consciousness that his wife, daughter, and Father Riorden were near the chair.

The invalid stretched out his hand and grasped the hand of the priest.

"Welcome, Father Riorden ! I am happy since I have been prepared ; and I am almost afraid of my confidence when I think of my life ! I must repeat to you what I have said to my wife and child, for you are now their father."

The sick man then very distinctly gave directions regarding the nuptials for which he was so anxious ; and showed that he had most prudently disposed of his property.

"Father Riorden," he continued, after another pause. "pray often for me—and always for Jack, my poor wandering son."

"Oh, I hope we may yet see him, and even you yourself be blest with a return for your love—for your deep love !" said the priest.

"No, sir, I shall never see him—nor you—nor any of his blood ! and I do not ask the sight—why should I ! Oh, I pray only for his soul !—that he may send some help on before him, and not starve at the journey's end—the journey's end where we cannot give even of God's abundance !"

Filled with thoughts like these, and in the middle of such scenes, old John Hazlitt died ; and he had the comfort of sinking gradually with the cadence of the "old river" in his ear, and carrying to the doors of death the impressions of the charming country which had been the pride and enjoyment of his life. He died in his chair ; and the last words he pronounced were, "My son ! my son ! May God have mercy on the soul of my son !—ah, yes, even for *her* sake !" he cried, looking at Mrs. Hazlitt—"for *her* sake, through Jesus !"

As he had said himself, he had reason to fear that he would die unexpectedly.

The events which we have been narrating synchronized pretty nearly with the events mentioned in the last chapter; tho' they were a little later. There were no foes so spiteful as to make the old man acquainted with bad rumours, which somehow had come to Ireland, and the friends who were cognizant of how much the family had to fear were reticent as graves upon everything which could be an occasion of pain at Hazlitt-ville.

Long before the end of the summer, though not so soon as might have been expected, the noble steamer called the *Munster* bore witness to the accomplishment of Mr. John Hazlitt's wishes and the development of the fate and fortunes of the gentle Nannie.

One bright morning, when Dalkey seemed running gracefully inland with the early burthen of eastern gold, and the harbour looked the playground of the aimless-looking skiff, and lounging yacht, and single-manned oar-boat twisting round and round, the *Munster* swept onward, as proudly and as stately as if Brian Boru himself was on board. The number of passengers was very great, and the nationalities were not a few either, while the glory of the morning and the anticipated shortness of the passage put into high spirits every one on board.

Breakfast on board the *Munster* is an important affair, and it is not treated lightly. Every care is taken to supply the board, and we answer for it that the captain is always worthy of the responsible position which he holds. We bear witness to the urbanity and attention of captains in general—and we have reason, for we have given them a share of trouble in our day; but we have met quite a sufficient number of the curmudgeon species to say, and say with honesty, that every captain in the world is not like the captain of the *Munster*.

In the ladies' cabin were Mrs. Hazlitt and the young bride; and among the ladies whom they met there was one who might strike any one, and, in fact, did strike every one from the imperial majesty of her bearing, and the wonderful ease and sweetness that make dignity like sorcery wherever they are found. We do not intend to be guilty of the bad taste of describing her further; but we may say that the lady was apparently about six or

seven-and-thirty ; and, we may add, her husband was on board.

In the gentlemen's cabin were found a goodly number, among whom were Mr. Edmund Browne, Father Riorden, the Rev. Henry Banna, from Newcastle (north), and a tall, fine-looking man, whose dark hair is just becoming tinged with gray, with dark eyes, and commanding expression. He is the husband of the strange lady in the cabin.

Dublin Bay herrings, salmon, chops, steaks, tea, coffee, and muffin had precedence of all curiosity and all conversation. A word or two from this place and that suddenly shot out, but made no echo, or very little. The intellectual must wait for its own place—that is, when people are able to do it justice.

"The mind shall banquet while the body pines" is pure *poetry* in the worst sense of that delicious, deceptive, and universal and hardly discoverable quality of the human soul.

The newspapers have the next place after the meal—which is to their credit ; and then people have, at last, time to talk.

We ought to have mentioned Mr. M'Veigh—a remarkable man—dressed like a Protestant clergyman—squinting unrelially, and affected with spasmodic movements of the lips. Mr. M'Veigh was the one in the "series of eternal causations" which enabled Rev. Mr. Banna and others to state their views, and enables us to chronicle and transmit them.

"Hah !" cried Mr. M'Veigh, "the Marches gone. Down goes the papacy now !"

"The vile superstition of an epoch without knowledge or conscience !" answered Mr. Banna. "The curse of the world !" continued Mr. Banna, majestically.

Mr. Browne raised his eyes from his newspaper and looked at the captain.

"Liberty for the world now !" said Mr. Banna.

"Liberty in what ?" demanded Mr. Browne.

"Mind and thought, sir."

"You mean independence, then, of all religious teaching ?"

"Precisely."

"And scientific teaching ?"

"Oh! upon my word not in the least," answered Mr. M'Veigh.

"Well, then, sir, you know—you ought to know," continued Mr. M'Veigh.

"Pardon me," Mr. Browne said, "I am a citizen of the United States of America although I have had the honour of residing many years in London. We Americans take upon ourselves to judge what we *ought* to know. Logic, sir, is not the exclusion of good manners."

"Reverend sir," said the captain gravely, "the American gentleman's remark seems just and wise."

"What I mean," said Mr. M'Veigh, "is not said nor meant to be offensive, so it is not. I mean to say that science has the authority of demonstration. What has the man who comes to teach me articles of belief?"

"Why, demonstration too, sir," answered Mr. Browne.

"Demonstration!" cried Mr. M'Veigh.

"Precisely," Mr. Browne answered, quietly. "I suppose that we may say there is demonstration where certain known truths being admitted, another or other truths of necessity follow from them."

"We shall not differ on the definition."

"Thus, angles at the base of an isosceles triangle being proved equal, it comes immediately that if the equal sides be produced, the angles at the other side of the base are equal."

"No quarrel there, certainly?"

"Then, I suppose if five hundred men take part in a transaction, and chance to come from different places, and to have no interest in deceiving any one—on the contrary, if these five hundred persons come and tell you they saw the transaction, took part in it, and attest it, the fact follows from their testimony as well as the fact of the equality of the angles below the base follow from the equality of the angles above it."

Mr. M'Veigh shook his head.

"Can a man be certain of his parentage? Of any fact in history? Of the battle of Waterloo? Of the existence of Paris, or Rome, or London, or Dublin—from which we have come?"

"You see, sir," put in Mr. Riorden, "all the operations of life proceed upon the principle that things of the character mentioned by my friend, Mr. Browne, are 'demonstrations.' It would be wrong to call them

metaphysical or physical, because they do not belong to one or the other ; but a ruby may be a precious stone, though it is not an amethyst—and a demonstration may be perfect although not metaphysical."

"Do we not hang men, every day, on the supposition that guilt is 'demonstrated,' and punish for libel and for 'breach of promise' on the same supposition? and are not all our law proceedings adopted, employed, and recognized by everyone as the result of 'demonstrations'?" asked Mr. Browne.

"But that is so different—*very*," answered Mr. M'Veigh.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the quiet, tall gentleman of whom we spoke in the introduction of the conversation. "I have been very much interested in your discussion, and may venture a word. It strikes me that if any of us acted up to the idea that there is no demonstration outside the scientific, we should soon be voted unfit for society—voted insane ; because all right, title, property, dignity, and authority—in fact, the existence of society, depends upon moral demonstration being accepted. There is no other proof of who has *right*; who owns *property*; who justly claims *title*. And if any one tried to help himself to another man's goods, on the principle of the owner's having no *demonstration* of his right, the philosopher would soon wear a straight-jacket, or be sent to pick oakum."

"You think, sir, that the denial of moral proof, or asserting that there is only one kind of proof, is the key of anarchy?"

"Certainly."

"And, you said, not much less than insanity?"

"Certainly. For to suppose eleven honest men would conspire to fabricate a lie—would labour all their lives to establish that lie—would labour in pain and poverty to establish that lie—and would finally lay down their lives as a proof of the truth of that same lie, I think requires a man to have an insane turn ; and that he should in that insane turn risk the existence of society, and surrender eternal life, is more insane still."

"'Pon my word," said Mr. Riorden, "we are losing ourselves in metaphysics."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Browne. "I remarked that the proofs given by religion are demonstrations as strong as

those given by physical science ; and that as the man would be mad who would refuse the demonstrations of scientists, he would be equally mad to refuse the demonstrations of religion ; and if a man were mad who wanted 'freedom' from the demonstrations of science, he would be equally insane to refuse the demonstrations of faith. This I have certainly said, and I adhere to."

"We have fallen upon gloomy days," remarked the tall gentleman. "What is to become of the bone, muscle, strength, and poverty of society when they are all combined by free-thinking ! Where will force stop that has no principle higher than fear ? Just where force meets it. And when all fear has been removed, because no force resists aggression ! Alas, gentlemen, if Christians have not more courage, humanity approaches the night of a double ruin."

"Land ! land !" the cry came down from the deck.

The tall man came round to Mr. Browne, and presented his hand.

Edmund Browne smiled.

"Mr. Browne, of London ?"

"The same, sir—only my name is 'Eddy.'"

"Your lady is on board ?"

"Yes, and her mother."

"Thank heaven !"

"You know her, Mr.—— ?"

"Stop, now ! if it is to be 'Eddy,' it must be 'Gerald.'"

How Mr. Browne's eyes glistened with tears as he found himself in the presence of his oldest, greatest, best friend—the noble master of Moorfield.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWING THE WOOINGS OF FRANK MORAN AND SIR EMERY HAYDOCK, AND HOW THEY BOTH ENDED.



WE have remarked before that the young Baronet had access to St. James's-square at all convenient times—in fact, he looked very much like a member of the family. Of course, he met Lelia very much, and he made no secret of his admiration for her beauty and accomplishments. But Sir Emery Haydock, tho' strong minded, was not impulsive; and on examining the condition of affairs, he saw no reasonable difficulty; and hence, he wisely concluded to make no unreasonable hurry.

As for Lelia Moran, she met him at her own home or at Belgravia very much as one of his own sisters would. She received his attentions with frank thankfulness, and her manners had that sweet trust which even devotion does not always bestow, and which is the celestial of true friendship. She made up her mind to await, always, the manifestation of the Divine will—not anticipating or resisting whatever it appeared to be; and still following a maxim of her father's, she said as God *has* a will regarding *everything* we do, big and little, the least we can do is to seek it and wait the proof of it.

All this time we are answering the question of some gentle moralist. Why did Lelia Moran allow a protracted attention, if she had made up her mind not to accept Sir Emery's hand? and why expose the peace of an amiable young man to shipwreck by an appearance of sympathy which did not really exist?

But we have not said that sympathy did not exist; and we have not said that the attentions paid by Sir Emery to Lelia were such as she had no right to accept;

for besides the form and hue which the half-domestic relations of the family gave to their intercourse, Lelia was not a young lady who would take politeness or friendship, even in its strongest manifestations, as a declaration of love. In one word, the time for acting had not come—at least, had not come for *her*; though she doubted not that many occasions might arise to come to a final understanding.

The final time of understanding and the final understanding both came.

After the discovery of Euphrasia's change of faith, Frank Moran's position became more interesting than ever, and the necessity for action greater. He lost little time. He was quite in a position by family and means—not to speak of expectations—to ask Euphrasia Haydock's hand; and naturally he hinted his design to her brother.

The old Baroness found the two young men in her drawing-room in Belgravia one day. She sailed across the room to Frank and gave him a hearty reception.

After a few sentences there was a pause.

Lady Haydock broke silence. "Now, Mr. Moran," she said, "do not say one word. I know why you came alone this morning!"

"Do you, my lady?"

"Assuredly I do. You came to explain your conduct in proselytizing my two daughters!"

"Well, I cannot agree with you in that. I seem to have been the last to be made acquainted with the great event."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Surely, Lelia knew it well," remarked the Baronet.

"So I find," O'Connor Moran answered; "but Lelia kept the secret until——"

"Until?" demanded the Baroness.

"Well, until I saw it with my own eyes, and heard it with my own ears."

"At the Hammonds'?" said Sir Emery.

"Precisely."

"And that was only on yesterday," with a little ring of feeling in her voice, remarked Lady Haydock.

"Then, I can now make a better guess," said the same

speaker ; and her eyes lit up with the light of an affectionate joy.

"Well, *ma mère*," laughed the Baronet.

"You want," she said, turning to Frank—"you want," she repeated, and coming over, she laid her right hand upon his shoulder.

"I want," said Frank, "to have another mother like my own, and to give you another son like Emery."

The tears rolled down the face of the old Baroness, as she embraced her daughter's suitor ; and she quietly, very sweetly whispered, "I accept the son : I can never equal the first mother. But, Frank"—she called him for the first time by his Christian-name—"Frank, I give her a daughter—such an angel—an angel who has made my whole life one summer day ; and 'tis much to say I surrender Euphrasia not only with readiness, but with joy."

At this moment the door of the drawing-room opened, and in walked the two sisters and Lelia Moran.

For a moment there was a pause. Soon Euphrasia began to see the situation, and turned to her mother with a kind of beseeching look. She appeared inclined to go away.

Lelia, in the quietest manner, passed her arms around Euphrasia, and the old lady took Emma Haydock by the hand. The Baronet stood a little apart, and looked more pre-occupied than amused. Frank O'Connor Moran was upon Lady Haydock's left, and half-way between her and the young ladies.

"You have divined it, Lelia," Lady Haydock said, "as you divine everything ! You hold your sister in your arms—now sister in everything—faith, affection, and home !"

Lelia gave a little cry—a cry of suppressed joy. Emma and her sister were weeping.

"Dear mamma ! dear mamma !" cried Euphrasia. "How——"

"I have handed you over, my daughter. I send you after your heart——"

"O mamma !"

"Nay, my child, Frank Moran is too much of a man to be shocked by a mother's declaration of a daughter's devotion ; and though you have been the pride of the

house, as Emma says, I feel pride and confidence in giving you to Frank Moran, and Frank's mother, and to darling Lelia—there by you now."

This scene did not last long. Frank approached Lady Haydock, and, bowing down over her hand, he kissed it with a few words of reverence and affection. He then turned towards the kind and gentle Euphrasia, whose glowing cheeks revealed "the fire which burned within her." He looked at her full—full, perhaps, for the first time—in his own large, lustrous, loving way, and the eloquent language of the soul was fully echoed by Euphrasia. There was more in the trust, and joy, and light, and supernatural feeling of a gratitude that raised the two young people above the common world that moment than any pen could write or any tongue describe. O'Connor Moran had spoken his speech, and, as in the case of the *fiancée's* mother, he kissed Euphrasia's hand.

Yes, O'Connor Moran had made his speech, and if any more vulgar or earthly demonstration had followed the sublime form which their souls had given to their espousal, it would have effaced the tender beauty which only celestial feeling can impart.

Sir Emery was seen to have left the room for some time, but no remark was made, and Lady Haydock and Frank had begun already to speculate upon the family future, and life by the Shannon. The ladies were in the usual raptures of such occasions—Emma occasionally weeping, and laughing herself out of her tears. All were as happy as success and hope could make them, when a tremendous knock, which the whole establishment recognized as Lowry M'Cabe's, announced another visitor. In fact, the Baronet had the thoughtfulness and kindness of heart to go and seek Mrs. O'Connor Moran, that she might be a sharer in all their joy.

Mrs. O'Connor Moran and Sir Emery therefore entered the drawing-room together, and they were the signal for a grand cry of happiness. The Baroness lost her staid dignity, and Mrs. O'Connor Moran her greatness of grave deportment, and both looked like sisters long kept asunder. But the great *abandon*—the one which, in Mrs. O'Connor Moran, marked the depth of the affection for Euphrasia which she had never shown before—was reserved for her. It had a fine moral beauty, and

unveiling such scenes only spoils their grace. We pass it over.

There had never been so happy a family dinner, only every one seemed to feel that something remained to be done. Future views were half sketched, and future enjoyments half planned—the speakers and planners always wanted two or three more agencies for their work, or two or three more figures for their picture. The conversation was nevertheless full of life and poetry, and Frank shone out in great splendour, for the cloud which had long hung over his rising had melted away.

“What a magnificent being,” remarked Sir Emery, “is Mr. Browne’s lady—who joined us a week ago !”

“Dear Nannie !” cried Lelia.

“But what say you of her mother ?” asked Mrs. Moran.

“One of our old blood and oldest royalty.”

“Oh, by Jove !” answered the Baronet. “One need not go to the heraldry office to hunt up Widow Hazlitt’s pedigree. She is every inch a queen !”

“And——”

“I beg your pardon, Frank—are we not to have the honour of meeting all our new friends at the Square, next week ?” demanded Lady Haydock.

“Assuredly.”

“Is that Mr. Moore, whom I saw at Browne’s, an Irishman, Frank ?” demanded the Baronet.

Frank laughed.

“Well, upon my honour, I broke down entirely in the investigation of his nationality, he seemed on such awful terms with all the languages. At all events, I think him one of the finest fellows I ever saw.”

“And Mrs. Moore ?”

“Is *perfection*.”

The Baronet’s eye met the eye of Mrs. Moran, and he saw a “laughing devil” there.

“Upon my honour, Frank, your mamma bears a strong likeness to Mr. Moore,” continued the Baronet.

“You think so,” said Frank.

“Well, Sir Emery, Mr. Moore’s mother and my mother were sisters.”

“Sisters !”

The Baronet was set a-thinking.

“You are thinking of Gerald’s lady now,” remarked Mrs. Moran.

"By Jove, you have guessed."

"I heard you speak of a 'Judith' which you saw in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, at Naples."

"Yes."

"That is the original."

"Why, the original was the sister of Lord Tyrrell, whom I met at Athens."

"Exactly."

"And Mrs. Moore is the sister of Lord Tyrrell?"

"Precisely."

"And Lady Tyrrell?"

"Is Ailey Moore, my first cousin, and the sister of Gerald."

"Good gracious! Mrs. Moran, is your first cousin the Irish gentleman who painted the two companion pictures, the 'Mater Amabilis' and the 'Judith,' which formed the topic of so many a romance, talk, and even melody?"

"The same man," answered Mrs. Moran.

"Moore, of Moorfield?"

"Yes."

"And the pictures are those of his wife and his sister?"

"Of his wife and sister when both were maidens, and his wife still of the Anglican communion."

The Baronet's mind became filled with thought. He was a proud man, though he never dreamed he was; and he had been many times calculating upon the exultation of the Morans at being raised to the level of the English nobility, and finding an old title allied with the race. This conversation brought Sir Emery down a peg or two. He felt he had not the opportunity of humbling himself or raising up Lelia. But this state of thought reached its climax only when Lelia, quite innocently, asked her brother if Mr. Browne, of Pall Mall, was not going to be a baronet, for sake of giving dear Nannie a title.

"Well no, sister," Frank replied. "I hold all the titles, and deeds, and proofs, to the world's end; but Browne is firm. He is going to the United States, he says, where titles are out of place; and Nannie would not consent, or at any rate does not desire, to be any thing her mamma is not. She is an awful democrat—in the affection-line. She would be nothing that Jack was not, and her father, and her mother whom she adores."

"You were very fond of Nannie, as you name her," remarked Euphrasia, gently, and she raised her eyes to look at Frank Moran.

"I really think I liked her as much as ever Jack Hazlitt her brother did ; but she was always, as a child, jealous of Lelia."

"Of Lelia !"

"Yes, indeed," remarked Lelia, "Frank was very fond of his sister when the four children gambolled by the banks of the Shannon, long ago."

A sweet smile lit up the face of Euphrasia.

"And what of Hazlitt now ?" demanded the Baronet. "Is he completely lost—undiscoverable ?"

"No, no ; Mr. M'Cann and Mr. Browne have full knowledge of his whereabouts and occupations."

"Is he in trade ?"

"Yes, in nearly all parts of the world."

"What is he ?"

"A commander, commissioner, ship-owner, merchant-prince."

"He has made a fortune then ?"

"He is said to be worth a quarter of a million."

The Baronet looked at Lelia Moran ; and Lelia Moran absolutely blushed ! She blushed because she knew the motive of the look, and blushed at the Baronet's thoughts, not at her own.

When the party returned to the drawing-room, the three young ladies made a little circle of their own ; and there was light and innocence and hope to make it radiant. Emma's joy seemed ecstatic, and her sister Euphrasia seemed to understand or know her to have some reason why it should be so. The young people had lost all particular feeling of class in the feeling of love and religion, and nothing could have made *them* more genial ; but we must say that Lady Haydock had entirely lost a certain patronizing air, which up to that evening seemed to say, "I value your friendship exceedingly, and the proof is that I accept it considering I am Lady Haydock."

The young ladies were in their little circle then.

The two old ladies and the two gentlemen were in a window recess. The ladies sat at the extremities of the recess. The gentlemen stood between.

"I need not say I feel honoured to a degree," said the stately Mrs. O'Connor Moran, continuing a conversation ; "and I would forward Sir Emery's views to the very utmost of my power ; but I fear that here no mortal power can do anything."

"Why, Mrs. Moran, does not the matter happen every day ; and can it be wise, or can it be prudent, to make men feel that religion and social life are in deadly opposition ?"

"No, no, Haydock, that is not so," remarked Frank ; "religion and social life are not put in opposition by the bann on mixed marriages ; but religion is in opposition to a life which is 'social' only when it effectively keeps religion away."

"What do you mean ?"

"Let me answer Sir Emery," said Mrs. O'Connor Moran, addressing her son. "Sir Emery," she continued, "I am the inheritor of Lelia's father's opinions, and I discharge the duties of two—indeed I may say three, and add Frank, who, by-the-by, has been called after your friend, Lord Tyrrell."

Here was another come down and go up.

"Social life is the life of the feelings, sentiments—sometimes the passions and the imagination ; in fact, the life of the heart and the intellect."

"Certainly."

Frank smiled at the keen clear power of his sweet mother's conception.

"Well, how many of our feelings and affections, and how much of our imaginations and hopes, grow only in the field of faith ?"

"But really, really we are all Christian people—are we not ? Are we not all Christian people ?"

"Are we all infidels ?" asked the Baroness.

"There, my Lady," answered Mrs. O'Connor Moran, "we see the source of all your misconception. *It is precisely from the matters which make the difference between Anglicanism and the Church*, that we derive the enjoyments, hopes, feelings, and even transports of faith. You will not now ask me what these matters are. But you may ask your daughter—our daughter now—if these matters make not up the sources of home's most sublime joys—springs that can never find their way to the family circle ?"

"Why not?"

"Why, because one of the two would not understand them—or would deny them—and both would never combine to employ them for the education of home or for home's happiness."

"I am sure I could make Lelia happy. She can have the best society in England; and I need not say our family——"

"My dear fellow," said Frank, "you and my mother are in direct opposition as to what *is* happiness, and what *is* true distinction."

"So this is what made Euphrasia——"

"Stop, my son, stop," said the Baroness emphatically. "You are profoundly in error. Both your sisters are now Roman Catholics; and their reasons for conforming were *precisely the same*. I know that to be true; and however I may sympathize with you in your disappointment, I cannot permit you to be unjust."

"May I not speak to Miss Moran? It is perfectly awful this thing!" he said in low husky tones—"perfectly awful! Can I speak to your daughter? Come, Moran, a word for your old friend."

"To be sure—certainly. And were I in a way to advance your suit, mark me, Haydock, there is no one to whom I would so soon entrust my darling sister—not one."

"Indeed," Mrs. Moran added, "Frank is soon going away for some years—a thing which I suppose he has already told you. He is about to receive a lucrative appointment in the Colonies; and, therefore, to have Lelia settled before his departure would be of much importance. So, Sir Emery, all things favour your views—all things *but one*."

"I will see her! I will pray upon my knees—I will petition as no man ever petitioned before. I must win."

Frank shook his head.

The speakers shortly after joined the happy group in the other end of the room; and though the Baronet was not in his usual spirits, the conversation flowed on freely enough. The fate and fortunes of Jack Hazlitt—his wealth and expectations formed no small part, and all the time the Baronet kept a sharp eye upon Lelia Moran. She certainly had a deep interest in the exile and his fortunes—but no more.

The journey of Frank to America—the chance of meeting Jack Hazlitt—the renovation of the old *liens*—and reliving the old life of the families, all became enlivening topics, and awoke echoes within. Many a night might be spent before the topics could be exhausted—particularly in the frame of mind of the company then assembled in Belgravia. But the evening should close ; and it did—not before the early hours of morning.

* * * * *

At noon next day the Baronet found himself at St. James's-square. We will not attempt to describe the interview. It was one of terrible passion on one side and calm resolution on the other. The final answer and the end of Sir Emery's wooing was—

“WE MUST END THIS, MY FRIEND. I HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS IRREVOCABLY ENGAGED.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHOWING A CLOUD THE SIZE OF A MAN'S HAND, AND THE
PURPORT OF JOHN HENNESSY'S LETTER.



R. WOOD and Miss Brackenbridge dined at the Astor House, and went to the theatre in the evening. Both were a little more excited than usual, and as usual no explanation of events had been sought or given. It is a disposition not uncommon—if trials come, let them not be encountered *twice*; or “time enough to bid the —— good morrow when you meet him.”

The opera was a tremendous success. Signora Cherubini and Signor Tostoparato outdid all former actors and singers, and outdid themselves. They carried the audience by storm, and got a “storm” in return; and the lights, flowers, diamonds, feathers, and faces seemed to be the transformation of the common world into the world of fancy.

Between the acts the usual industry of binoculars brought doubtful and distant parties into visual acquaintance, and multiplied the excitement, if not the enjoyment of the evening. And we need not say that Grace Brackenbridge had secured at the Astor House a first-rate glass for the occasion.

A man rose in the pit, and placing a white handkerchief over his eyes, announced himself a “DRUID,” and a man in the gallery flung out a piece of green ribbon, and called for a cheer for Ireland! The Druid might have done something for himself, if an Irishman sitting near him had not called upon the house to have pity on him, “bekase” the rascal emphasised “the music has riz in ‘is head!” Nevertheless, the other Hibernian got his “cheer” and his “three cheers;” and no one would have been able to conclude that few in the theatre judged the

movement of the time worthy of the position, character, or hope of the Irish Future, as men of political science had been accustomed to view it.

The first, second, third acts had passed over, and the intervals had each their own interest—sometimes purely Yankee—sometimes English—mostly purely Hibernian ; and the evening, so grandly successful, was drawing to a close. The Prima Donna had been nearly annihilated with flowers, the Great Tenor had been called six times before the scene ! Cloaking commenced here and there, and in some places movements. In the stall where Mr. Wood sat some one cried, "What a chain !" In an instant Grace Brackenbridge directed her binocular in the direction of her neighbour's—singularly very near—in fact, next the stage box. She started—really shook.

"Wood ! Wood !" she hissed into his ear—"Wood ! The chain."

"The chain, Grace ! What *do* you mean ?"

"Why, my God, Wood ! look over ! There is M'Cann's chain. Why, Wood—there is your SISTER ! There is Nannie ! How magnificent !"

"Mr. Wood did look ; and there, sure enough, arrayed like a queen—with a gentleman of wonderful distinction of look, flinging over her shoulders a shawl worth a thousand dollars—he saw his sister, Nannie Hazlitt !

For once Mr. Wood was really moved ! Was it pride ? Was it natural affection ? Was it a confused idea of how much such a grand creature in her position could be to him in the future ? *What* was it ?

At once he determined to meet his sister.

"Come, come, Grace," he said, "we must meet my sister. We must meet dear Nannie."

"Come," answered his companion.

"Soon they had prepared for the night air ; soon left the box. They rushed down stairs, and were making round by the stage-door, and they passed by—whom ?—John Hennessy.

"Pardon !" a voice said. "Pardon."

"Well, sir ?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"Your name is Wood, sir ?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, you are the man who is wanted."

"By whom, pray ?"

"By the police."

"The police!"

"Yes, sir! I arrest you on the charges of murder and piracy on the high seas!"

"Show me your warrant!"

"At the station, yes; here, no."

"Stay," Miss Brackenbridge said, with wonderful calmness. "Policeman, you come to the Astor House with me and Mr. Wood, where I can wait my uncle Brackenbridge. I suppose you have no charge against me."

"Ready," answered the policeman, quite politely. "I am at your command, madame."

When Jack Hazlitt found himself alone in his apartment, he was not slow in drawing forth John Hennessy's packet. Every time he met Hennessy, he had a mysterious feeling that Minnie's father was connected with his doom, and the nearest thing to dread he ever experienced was when he contemplated John Hennessy as an enemy. It is plain, from the conversation with Johnson and Brackenbridge, that some event had happened in which the figure of John Hennessy was not a welcome one, and that his power was worthy of being estimated and prepared for. The same John Hennessy's appearance on the scene just then, also seemed to have a meaning. So that Grace Brackenbridge's curiosity could hardly be called merely feminine, and Jack Hazlitt's excitement was quite justifiable.

On opening the letter, an order on M'Cann and Co. for two hundred dollars fell on the floor.

Hazlitt started. Here he thought he saw "war," and he well knew the weapons John Hennessy could use.

The letter bore no address and no signature. It was as follows:—

"Thetwo hundred dollars are to pay you for my daughter's passage, and for the passage of her servant-maid. You did me and mine deep wrong; and you owe to the blessed faith you left the life you are badly using. If men like me came to believe what the likes of you, from the Godless Colleges, preach and practice, I would have killed you as I would a mad dog some time ago. When? you will say. Well, I will tell you. It was one night last April, in the streets of St. Louis. I listened on

the day of that night to two shipwrecked mariners' story; and my blood froze and then began to burn like a furnace. I needn't tell you why. No, no. But on the night I spoke of, I followed a man who wore false hair, had got up a false shape, and put on a false gait and a false accent. I at once saw the man mentioned by the sailors, the man who brought a blush to the cheeks of my family, the man whose life I spared for his mother's sake, and now a man of blood—and a robber! *You were the man!* I would know you if you had a mask of iron; because I know you with my soul. I give you back your money. Keep away from me and mine. I am not sure I do right in sparing you! but God will not blame my mercy to a neighbour's child—*mercy with a warning*; because by — if you cross me again in any case like the sailors' case, I'll hunt the tiger to his death, so I will."

Here was something to think upon during the night. Should he fly? Should he try and find John Hennessy, and, at any hazard, remove that foe? Had Hennessy set the police on his track?—Aye, there is the question. No! Hennessy had not. Would Hennessy volunteer to appear against him at the magistrates' court next day? Never, he thought. Hardly, in any case, would John Hennessy do that; but the letter put his appearance in this case entirely out of the question. He at last made up his mind to go directly to "The Hall," and take counsel.

To cross the river was to him nothing, by night or by day. Hazlitt looked like one who had a right to command the waters; and, to say the truth, his unvarying success in sailing his ship, keeping his time, accomplishing his objects, and apparently commanding the weather, rendered him a popular commander, and made his sailors superstitious. He would easily find a boat to cross the East River, and he could reach Brooklyn before three o'clock A.M.

But Mr. Wood had forgotten the policeman, who, having dined sumptuously, waited studiously and respectfully, sitting in the corridor outside.

At twenty minutes past one o'clock A.M., the night porter started to an unusually commanding summons of the bell; and a minute afterwards Captain Brackenbridge strode in with the tread of a millionaire.

He at once ascended the staircase, and divined what all parties required.

The only thing remarked was, that Captain Brackenbridge held a brief conversation with the policeman, and found him to have been a very old friend; that shortly after the same guardian of peace and order retired to his bed, and that the clock struck "*two*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHOWING WHAT AN ASSISTANCE JUSTICE MAY BE RENDERED BY DISTRIBUTING TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.



HE morning after the arrest Captain Brackenbridge was about very early, and he made calls upon several old friends whom he had for some time neglected. All the "old friends" were glad to see him, for somehow they were "the friends in need" who rather gain than lose by their philanthropy, and who in profiting others also make a penny for themselves. The salutation over, seats taken, some common topic hauled up just for breathing time, the conversation at The Bowery was the same as the conversation at Printing-House-square, and the talk at 102 street was identical with the talk in 1042.

We should here inform our reader that Captain Brackenbridge on this occasion did not indulge in his own grand turn-out, nor even save himself the inconvenience of frequent changes. On the contrary, in calling on four or five gentlemen, most worthy magistrates of the great Republic, he employed no less than nine different vehicles—sometimes trams, sometimes cabs, and sometimes omnibuses—but still changing every now and again.

All this might have been accidental, and indeed might never have been noticed at all, if that same Ned O'Ken-

nedy the Yachtman had not been about New York on that day, and seen Captain Brackenbridge four or five times. That clever Hibernian was engaged in doing business for our friend Mr. M'Cann, and was here and there and everywhere together, about bills, and notes, and advices, and all that kind of thing; and having observed four or five changes of carriages and direction, Ned found no difficulty in multiplying directions and changes according to his good will and pleasure; and in the end he came of course to the conclusion which uncharitableness always draws and suspicious cleverness not unfrequently. "The Captain," thought Ned, "is going to a good many places, and he doesn't want witnesses of his travels. He's up to some mischief."

Before Ned finished his day's work, he became acquainted with the scene outside the opera and the issue before the court of magistrates; and a little after mid-day Ned invented another theory.

"Glory be to God!" said Ned; "Glory be to God! and to the drop of decent blood that I got from the O'Kennedys! *Walk the middle stone, Ned O'Kennedy,*" said the Yachtman emphatically to himself, "*walk the middle stone, and mind 'Number One!'*"

"NUMBER ONE" was the name by which Ned designated confession; and he so designated the sacrament of penance till the day of his death. One day he met young Teeling, whom we introduced to the reader long ago, and saw him much changed for the worse. He had a worn-out kind of look, and a recklessness of bearing. Ned was a good fellow, and he had courage equal to his charity.

"Teeling," said Ned, "Teeling, you're changed greatly in a little while. What is the matter?"

"All will be right again," the young man answered.

"Our day is coming!"

"Your day!"

"Our day."

"Why, then, what do you mean?"

"I mean we shall have our own again. The harpies shall be chased! The tyrants shall be crushed! The land shall be free!"

"Tell me, John Teeling," answered our friend Ned, "tell me——"

"I shall have every foot of land held by my ancestors—every foot, mind!"

"Tell me," persisted Ned, "tell me, do you mind NUMBER ONE?"

Teeling understood him perfectly. He shook his head and laughed.

"Teeling," said the Yachtman solemnly, "the wisdom of Solomon, and the strength of Sampson, and the fidelity of holy St. Raphael are in NUMBER ONE; and don't expect any luck abroad, or success at home, unless you look to NUMBER ONE. Mind! a friend says it—a friend. If God never made a second way to success—real success—don't you expect to find a second way, John Teeling, don't! Mind NUMBER ONE!"

Ned often made missions in this manner, and often more successful ones than the one on Teeling. Poor Teeling stuck to the patriotic tack of Mr. Gretrix Meldon, a gentleman accredited from Scotland to organise "the power of the Irish democracy in America," and he was much encouraged by a Mr. Chrink, an intelligent American, who had devoted himself to the regeneration of his Irish fellow-citizens in the United States. Poor Teeling might have lived longer and more usefully had he minded NUMBER ONE. But patriotism and whiskey, and worn clothes and no character, always take the place of NUMBER ONE when NUMBER ONE is shut out in America. Indeed, the same fate follows the foes and the faithless to NUMBER ONE everywhere.

Reader, we have no doubt of *your* affection for NUMBER ONE, and hence we have been so explicit on this subject.

Ned O'Kennedy's religion and philosophy have to answer for this episode or digression. Whether it be so much a digression, however, is a thing about which we have an opinion of our own—an opinion in which the reader may by-and-bye agree with us.

Captain Brackenbridge very fortunately remembered this morning that he had immense quantities of Erie Stock and State Bonds, and who knows what; and he had made up his mind to get rid of some twenty thousand dollars' worth. The Captain was giving a preference to his friends at most friendly low prices, and making for their various houses when Ned O'Kennedy chanced to see him changing his carriages so frequently.

The Captain talked to each of the worthy magistrates on the subject of the arrest. He had "never in all his experience seen so absurd a mistake of identity." "Taking the man's social position, his independence, and the accusation——"

"Why the whole thing is grotesque," said the first gentleman upon whom Captain Brackenbridge called. He, the gentleman, was impatient at the absurdity of the thing, and he interrupted Captain Brackenbridge to tell him so.

"Five thousand, you said?" demanded the magistrate.

"Yes; five thousand."

"I shall write down *at par*?" taking out his pocket-book.

"Certainly, *at par*."

"*It is grotesque, indeed,*" said the magistrate.

Now this interview was repeated five times over, so far as the conversation was concerned. Nothing could have been more felicitous than the first gentleman's judgment and diction—particularly in the discovery of the word "*grotesque*." The Captain laughed very heartily in telling the second gentleman the indignation of the first, and in telling the third gentleman the indignation of the other two; but all admitted, and Captain Brackenbridge said the same thing ever afterwards, that the word "*grotesque*" was the most powerful agent for homogenizing human judgments that was ever found in the mouth of a man who had money enough to make the word "*grotesque*" be properly understood.

As might be well anticipated, the magistrates' court was filled—indeed crowded; because, though the time was very brief, the parties were both interesting and well-known; and the bad portion of human society have a secret longing to bring down such game as Mr. Wood and Captain Brackenbridge; and even some of the good give their zeal the name of philanthropy when they hunt up industriously a city sensation.

How is it that good people—that large class who would not injure a hair of their neighbour's head—feel a throb and a thrill when the neighbour has got a fall, moral or physical—when his character has been broken, his fortune, or his collar-bone? And how is it that the said neighbour's exaltation is a cloud upon the road of the same

class, and the neighbour's great honour, fame, or gain, like a hurt or an injury? Ah, who can give any answer to these questions unless the WISDOM that has created man's heart and recorded its history? In the simple words of the child's earliest and only true philosophy, "the will has been disordered by malice." The little catechism solves the mystery, and gives warning of the danger. The disease is going on six thousand years old, and has no cure but—LOVE!

LOVE? How is love to be obtained?

Again and again we blunder into the preaching line; but a sentence is not lost if we hear the warning against that "throb" and that "thrill" which so eminently demonstrates that our great ancestors long ago sat down under the "tree of knowledge of good and evil."

All this moralizing has sprung from our observing a crowd in court. Well, the court *was* crowded.

We may feel sure that Captains Brackenbridge and Johnson were present, and so were Mr. M'Cann and Ned O'Kennedy. A number of ladies had made their way into the galleries, and made much noise there; and sailors enough to man a small fleet kept rolling their curious-looking heads around and around, according to the approved system of cud-chewing. Mr. Wood sat beside his lawyer, and out before him and his lawyer were the Bench. The clerks and other officials, and New York police, gathered under and at each end of the aforesaid Bench; and, in fact, the Bench were the precious stones set in the frame-work of police, clerks, and other sundry official personages thereunto belonging.

We are not going to occupy our space and the reader's attention by any description of a trial. Of course there was a trial, or inquiry, or receiving of information; but it might be attaching too much importance to this preliminary to go through the witnesses' testimony in detail. We therefore confine ourselves to a summary.

For that summary we are indebted to Mr. John Hennessy, who on that day was in the court; and who, though with most provoking mystery, told it to the Reverend Mother of the convent and his daughter that same evening.

Here it is.

The ship *Merton*, coming from the south, and not more than three days from St. Louis, was attracted one evening about dusk by a schooner that bore a flag of distress. The *Merton* hove to, and having boarded the unfortunate craft, found every soul of the crew, but one, in fever, flushed, and perspiring profusely. The captain of the schooner briefly begged to be taken in tow by the *Merton*, and after some difficulty that course was resolved upon.

We may say the "difficulty" was the danger of contagion; but that difficulty was removed by two or three brave hands on board the *Merton* offering their personal services to nurse-tend the poor fellows in the schooner.

All was well and quietly arranged, and the captain of the *Merton* went to his berth in tranquil mind and hopeful heart. Even though his ship was largely laden with specie, and some terrible mishaps had lately occurred in the Mississippi, here he was now nearly at the end of his journey, and coming in with the crowning work of charity to give him name and fame in the nautical world.

But the shore he never saw! He went down that very night, and nearly every one of his crew shared his doom!

It happened thus.

About the middle of the second watch, four men appeared on the deck as if they had fallen from the sky. They were sailors, and seemed thoroughly to know the ship. The man at the helm was in one moment struck down! Noiselessly and effectively it was done, and he was as noiselessly dropped overboard. The watch walked up and down the deck, and never minded. He looked as if he never saw the murderers at all. During the remaining time between the watches the pirates ransacked the vessel, and met with hardly any resistance. Two of the coming watch rushed on deck breathless, but their zeal destroyed their power. They could not cry out! One was rendered insensible, and gagged by the pirates. The other jumped overboard, and like a brave man cried out, as he fell into the heart of the great deep, "Murder! murder! murder!"

It was too late. The ship had been bored in ten different directions. The drowning man saw her setting,

settling down ! She raised her hull high up—the drowning man saw it ! She looked a proud suicide who would forestall her fate ; and down she plunged—plunged fiercely, carrying to eternity ten sleepers and the captain, and the hopes of many souls on the shore.

What a singular providence ! Both the men, the first and the last of the victims, were saved, and told this incredible tale to the owners in St. Louis.

“But,” asked the astonished owners, “but what of the schooner ? What of *her* ?”

“I saw her sail away,” answered the last man saved.

“I heard the laugh of the diabolical pirates, and saw the red flag hoisted at the maintop, only for a minute, as if in triumph ! I saw it all, sure enough, sir.”

“A devilish plan !”

“Yes, a hellish plan ! And see here, sir : I am sure that three or four of our crew were joined in it, and *shipped in the Merton* to meet their mates and carry out the robbery and murder.”

Now the “mistaken identity” was that those two sailors swore that the leader of the pirates was Mr. Eardley Wood !

Mr. Wood was very serene and tranquil. Only one time he trembled. And, singular, it was when he first became aware that Mr. John Hennessy was within a few yards of him.

A great laugh was raised when one of the sailors declared Mr. Wood had a large red beard the morning of the piracy. He saw it by the clear light of the stars. We all know that Mr. Wood's hair was as black as a raven's wing. (“Raven's-wing” is the regular specific for describing that quality of hair.) And as the audience heard the description of the pirate, and looked at Mr. Wood, how could they avoid laughing ?

That mistake was absurd enough, but Captain Johnson almost annihilated the unfortunate tars when he came up, and showed by the log of his yacht that on the night mentioned by the seamen, he and Mr. Wood were off New Jersey on a cruise. Even the owners of the *Merton*, and a virtuous public who had been filled with indignation, were shut up.

Yet it must be said that the owners of the *Merton*

looked hard at Mr. M'Cann, and at one another, and left the court as if *they* were not satisfied.

But people who lose are hard to be pleased.

It would have complicated things somewhat if the policeman who had arrested Mr. Wood had deemed it necessary to tell "the whole truth," or if Mr. John Hennessy had been on the table.

But still it is plain the worthy justices had made up their minds that the whole thing *was* "grotesque," and when the men who had been saved, and who came to give testimony, declared they were Irishmen and Roman Catholics, and that they were sure their prayers kept them over water, we question whether their oaths of the existence of the night in question would not have blotted twenty-four hours out of the calendar.

Mr. Wood might well laugh at such accusers.

"*Do not fear*," said Reverend Mother, when John Hennessy, on leaving the same evening, begged that lady not to admit Mr. Wood to visit his daughter again.

Miss Brackenbridge had gone to her apartment immediately after her return from New York, and refused to see any one before the following day.

So ends the chapter which proves the value of twenty thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOWING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GREAT PATRIOTIC CLUB, AND HOW THEY CAME TO A CLOSE.



PATRIOTISM is no more to be blamed for the knavery that sometimes takes its name, than an honest man condemned for the crime of some rascal who wore the honest man's clothes while committing burglary. On the contrary, the hypocrisy of the venal is a homage to the virtue of public spirit, because men become

liars even for the name of possessing it.

We think this explanation necessary in opening this chapter, lest any of our readers should imagine that we condemn what even pagans and savages know how to honour, and which, as time grows older, grows dearer from its scarcity.

We who live in Ireland and for Ireland—the Ireland of our fathers and the Ireland beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific—have a deep, deep interest in keeping the strength of home-love intact, and the light of patriotic ardour ever burning. With us it is home-love, or an apostacy which divorces us from the long and glorious history of our dead ancestors, and wipes the map of Ireland from among the countries of the world. We must be patriots or “West-Britons.” And, indeed, more. If the moral forces now employed in denationalizing our race succeed in destroying distinctiveness of country, they will succeed in obliterating also distinctiveness of religion; for *Ireland, if not Irish*, may become anything at all.

And we must disburthen our minds by expressing something of the same conclusion, though from premises very different. Some patriots, who think it manly to play the sceptic, and make “freedom” consist in getting free from God Almighty, and refusing “freedom” to everyone who is not as absurd as themselves, may find, if successful, that the *eclat* of Irish love of country is the virtue which

springs from faith and faith's memories. An unchristian Irishman means an intellect and heart subjugated by selfishness, and is a West-Britonism worse than ever we had reason to fear.

We know not what is the definition of a *slum*—but we know what a *slum* is, and we believe that our readers can imagine one as well as we. Well, into a slum in New York, the necessity of the hour now hurries us ; and all we can promise is to remain there only as short as we can.

It was down in a labyrinth of lanes—this slum was ; and it had ingresses and egresses like a beaver's retreat. The windows and doors showed that paint and polish were not deemed essential in that spring weather—and windows and doors, we all know, have a tongue of their own to tell the constitutions of modern householders. The slum, in a word, wore quite a rakish and a *quasi* defiant appearance, which disdained pretentious criticism.

It was down in this slum the "Great Patriotic Club" held its weekly meetings.

We regret to be compelled to say, moreover, that the meetings of the Club were held on Sunday evenings ; and those who assembled at them seemed always to have been so much engaged during the forenoon, in preparing for the evening's duties, that they had no opportunity of minding public worship during the day.

Here, let us say in the May of 1861 or 1862, a meeting was assembled for "despatch of business," as the summons sent to each member had announced, and a couple of dozen, or perhaps thirty men were seated in a crowded and rather noisy conclave.

An oil lamp burned on the table, and a couple of candles burned on a rather rickety mantelpiece. A long deal table ran the length of the room, and forms of unequal lengths, by the walls and each side of the table, afforded accommodation to the assemblage, who, as we have remarked, nearly filled every available place.

The meeting were not teetotallers, as a casual glance might easily reveal ; and the indulgence of the Virginian produce was evidently permitted and largely enjoyed ; so that the whole assemblage were disguised in smoke that constantly thickened, until the cloud became so

dense that the lamp and the candles were struggling for life in the increasing assault upon their exertions. If to this we add the zeal and energy which brought two or three to their feet at a time, and gave the counsels of the evening the advantage of a half-dozen talking at the same moment, and twice that number seeking for their respective friends a "fair hearing," we shall have an idea, though an inadequate one, of the industry with which the "Great Patriotic Club" fulfilled the representative duties which they assembled to perform.

The speeches, as far as they were heard and were intelligible, were ardent and in a high degree full of hopefulness. One gentleman declared that he was prepared at any moment to sweep certain enemies "into the sea," and to "give their own again" to the exiled race whom oppression had driven from their homes; and another declared that two hundred thousand men had only one mind and resolution, and that was to add the "Gem of the Sea" to the other treasures of the irresistible, indomitable, and——

Here some one suggested, "and eternal," to finish the sentence, but the former speaker having been seized with a fit of hiccups, was obliged to sit down.

Some confusion followed, because a considerable number thought that the last speaker had been unfairly dealt with, and that jealousy of his powers had excited the opposition of some opponents.

Firstly, one or two rose to their feet, and this motion brought up three or four more—who in their turn aroused the angry justice of twice their number, until the whole meeting was on foot vindicating each his own view, and trampling under foot the pretensions of evil-disposed enemies.

No one can say how the matter would have ended that evening, if some member, whose voice was equal to the Falls of Niagara, had not called for "a song;" and the great majority saw that a lyric was really the *Deus ex machina* to bring the "Great Patriotic" to order.

The singer was Teeling, whom we have before encountered, and who has now become a man of distinction in that great crowd of enlightenment that think society well paid for supporting them, by their labours "in the cause of their race and country."

He commenced with a frightful burst in honour of America.

“Columbia! freemen of the western world!
Hail to the hour——”

Some one of bad taste insisted that the word “hour” should be “day;” but he was immediately extinguished, and the song was recommenced.

Indeed, Teeling thought to proceed, but the whole house insisted on his beginning again, while every man drank his health in a bumper!

The young man’s articulation was thick, and his memory not very bright on the occasion, and he made a struggle to go forward by a desperate rush. There was no use, however; “do or die” was the duty imposed upon him, and very likely he would have chosen the latter alternative, if a brother who had heard him often sing the verses had not prompted him by half lines—

“Columbia! freemen of the western world!
Hail to the hour when first your banner waved
In starred effulgence o’er the earth unfurled!
And shed a glory o’er the land it saved!
Oh, may that freedom which so long you”——

“Craved,” whispered the prompter.

“And craved in vain until——”

Teeling’s feelings overpowered him, and his legs became unable to bear him in his deep emotion. He dropped into his chair, and fainted away!

We repeat again that high above these deposits of worthless dissipation were men of honour, spirit, and strong will—men who hardly knew the classes who mimicked them and brought discredit on the holiest of feelings and principles. These were simply the agents and victims of the corrupt, idle, and creedless, who sought first to rob the people and then to sell them to power while they themselves “made tracks” in the hour of trial with “the price of blood” in their purses.

John Teeling became first a victim and then an agent, just as unprincipled as those who ruined him.

From an early period “The Hall” had an eye upon him, and “Mr. Meldon” had been purchased for a long time with a sagacity worthy of Captain Johnson. Teeling

was first supplied with "loans" of money, which the Captain knew he could never pay—and then he received largesses which made him utterly dependent. He wore good clothes, frequented taverns, was always at his club, and, when sober enough to speak, he spoke vehemently, and sang vociferously. In fact, John Teeling became a leader; and a dark suggestive word, with his command of money, made him a kind of mystery, and therefore a man of greater influence.

At the proper time "The Hall" stopped the supplies; and Teeling found himself without character, employment, or any disposition to work.

Now it was he became desperate—fit for anything—just the man for Mr. Eardley Wood's projects, and quite of his creed.

He had a map of Ireland, and he went among honest labourers and poor servant-maids. He gave them accounts of coming changes, and of his own great powers; and the infatuated creatures believed him. He sold them farms and houses, and even whole townlands, in the "old land;" and their hearts beat and their eyes swam at the prospect of once more possessing the old places, homes and haunts so dear to hearts that never can accept a "grave in a foreign country." Many joined in his speculations, and many became comparatively rich by them; but Teeling drank all he got, or he made a large amount of his evil gains a means of still more increasing them. Never was a poor people so wrought upon by deceit, and never did deceivers suffer more terribly. "Two sparrows are sold for a penny, and *not one of them falls*" without a judicial and all-comprehending Will; but Teeling had long ceased to remember, or even to believe it. How many in the same category—not to include "scientists" who rave about "globules" and atoms in the British Association!

About eleven o'clock at night the meeting had somewhat thinned, and the noise had a little subsided. The great organizer, "Mr. Gretrix Meldon," had taken the chair, from the back of which a green flag was gracefully waving. Many patriotic speeches had been made, and many patriotic drinks had been drunk, and many patriots exulted in the half-consciousness which so easily wins fortune and gains eternal fame. Teeling had disappeared.

He had been removed from the meeting in a state of helplessness, and now awaited the charity or caution of those who had charge of the patriotic incapables of the club.

During a brief pause, not of the noise, but of the speechifying, those who were sober enough, or observant, heard a slight scuffle at the door. It appeared as if some one was seeking, and refused admission. "Who is there?" "What is that?" escaped two or three; and one was making a movement towards the entrance, when the door opened wide, and an old, bent man, with flowing grey hair, and not unsteady step, entered the assembly.

There was a momentary confusion and an angry murmur, but they did not continue long. The magic of the majesty of years and weakness began to sway the aimless conspirators.

It is the pride of Ireland, and the sign of a hope, that age and weakness always win her reverence. The savagery that riots in force, and triumphs in striking the wretched who cannot return the blow, has never been found among our people, and as long as such humanizing sentiment sways a nation, her glory has not for ever set. The heart may have become passively perverse, but has not become permanently degraded.

Mr. Gretrix Meldon was the first to make official demand of the aged man's business to the meeting. He supposed there was "some mistake," because the "old gentleman did not belong to the club."

"Hear, hear," some few interposed, by way of supporting the chairman.

"Oh, hear the old man!" was cried out by many more.

All the time the grey-headed man stood bowing down and leaning on his staff, which those near him began to remark was of Irish hazel.

"Well, sir," asked the chairman, somewhat impatiently; "may we ask who you are, and what is your business?"

"Indeed, an' you may, sir," answered the old man, in tremulous tones. "I am an ould man from the ould land; an' my cabin is thrun down; an' I'm a beggar at three score an' ten; an' my little gran'child Mary, an' the ould companion of a long road—my poor wife!"

"God help you!" cried a dozen voices.

"The tyrant has been at your hearth," remarked Mr. Meldon.

"Ochone ! he was," answered the man.

"Well, my poor old man, you are among men who will right you and yours again."

"Right me an' mine !" repeated the old man, bitterly.

"Right them !—yes !" answered Mr. Meldon.

"Right 'em ! right 'em !" cried the poor creature.
"Right 'em ! Och, ye wur the curse of all the curses, an' the blast of all the blasts that burned th' ould tree ! Ochone, ye right 'em !"

Here there was evident danger of an aggression on the old speaker ; but the old man had won his way upon many by his noble bearing, and not a few had in their hearts a conviction of some wrong he had suffered.

"My good men, don't let an ould man make ye angry—an' if ye wur ever so angry, I'm not afraid. Th' ould heart is broke, now ; an' if ye killed Jack Teeling, he would be only the more looky, though ye would be his murderers."

"Jack Teeling !" cried all in the room together.
"Jack Teeling !"

"Yis, in throth, I am the same man. An' I'll tell ye what, good men : when I saw my cabin levelled, an' th' ould house-dog shot down an' dyin' 'mong the thatch, an' my gran'child cryin', and my ould companion a-clappin' 'er hands and callin' upon God Almighty, I nuvur cursed, or swore, or cried a tear—I nuvur did, bekase, I'll tell ye, I had a hope !"

"Poor man !" they cried.

"Yis, I had a hope ! a hope—a hope beyant the say, an' it was the life an' sowl of th' ould father an' mother !"

"That was well," said Mr. Meldon.

"I had a good hope, an' ye killed it !"

"We !" said Meldon.

"Ye are the murtherers !" cried the brave Jack Teeling.
"*Ye are !*"

There was a good deal of confusion ; but old Teeling evidently had the ear of the house.

"I sowld everything, an' I came to my son—bekase he was a good son, John Teeling was, till ye put a hand in 'im ! Don't stop me—I won't keep ye long. My hour is near come, an' I'll *lave ye to God !*"

"O Mr. Teeling!" cried four or five.

"Listen!" he answered. "Ye turned my boy from his mother an' father. Ye turned him from the chapel and blessed Mass. Ye made him a drunkard an' a robber, an' ye broke his mother's heart, an' mine! The Irish landlord was a saint an' a friend compared with ye, so he was. Stay!" he cried, straightening himself majestically; "stay! Ye led my boy astray, an' left his father hungry among strangers. His mother and little niece had like to die, an' we sould all we had, unknown to the world, to buy a male. The last thing I pawned belonged to my gran'father, an' I didn't touch it till my little gran'daughter reeled on the flure, an' fell down pale—pale an' wake, as if goin' to brathe the breath. An' ye are the men that done it all! Ye are; an' in the middle o' yer tobacky and dhrink, an' the devils of hell, ye talk of rightin' my counthry! Och, give me back my boy! Give me back my staff an' my joy! Give me back the light o' my wake eyes—the only, only wan the poor man had to comfort him on his death-bed; and make money, an' sin an' shame without the poor man's child; bekase sin, an' shame, an' money is ye'r pathriotism, so it is."

Old Jack Teeling then looked like a prophet! Even that crowd of drunkards was subdued in the presence of so much truth and courage.

The old man then laid his hat on the floor. He placed the hazel staff at an angle which showed evidently he was going to kneel down. A gust from a window in the end of the place of meeting flung back his grey locks, and the old man's face looked out really celestial. He began to bend his knee—his eyes all the time fixed upwards.

"What do you mean?" cried two young men who jumped up and laid their hands upon his shoulders.

"Mane?" demanded Jack.

"Yes; what do you mean?"

"I mane," answered Jack Teeling, deeply and vehemently, "*I mane to lave ye my curse!*"

There is nothing which an Irishman, particularly a young man, dreads so much as an old patriarch's curse. The fear is not an idle one, and even our transatlantic friends had not, on this occasion, yet learned to despise it. The young men, therefore, tried to raise him; but

Teeling had slipped through their hands, and had already got upon his knees.

"I call down !——" he cried.

Here a regular stampede began, and the door became thronged. The young men who had come forth at the beginning to prevent the malediction continued their importunity. Mr. Meldon cried out "Order !" Several members lay under the table, in the oblivion of good and evil caused by the soothing agency of grog and tobacco ; and Jack Teeling was still upon his knees.

A scuffle, though hardly an angry one, was heard on the stairs. The noise was like that caused by a number endeavouring to make way for one another. There was a shuffle—a move—a steady, rapid step—and in the open door stood a tall, strong man—prepared, evidently, for a journey, and armed to the teeth. Way was soon made for him.

The stranger rapidly came across to where Jack Teeling knelt. He saw at a glance what Jack Teeling meant. He placed his hands upon the old man's shoulders, and looked into the old man's face.

"John, avic, 'tis you !" said Jack Teeling.

"'Tis I, *chordhus Christhe* ! 'tis I. *Naw, dhin, molacht*—*molacht, Eoin agraph* !"

Jack Teeling turned his eyes upon the new-comer. The sound of the old tongue brought youth, and home, and heaven to his recollection.

"*Eoin ! Eoin ! Eoin ! ma chordhus Christhe agus ma chordhus chroidhe* !—Gossip in God and in love !" cried Jack Teeling. "*She dhe bheatha* !—You are welcome."

"Come, the ould woman is outside," said the stranger.

"An' Mary ?"

"And Mary, the angel," answered the stranger.

"An'——"

"Yis ; and the little dog, and the pot of airth you brought from the ould churchyard."

"Och, God bless *you*, John Hennessy !" cried old Teeling. "I'll go on your harth, an' myself an' my ould woman will live on the love uv yer childher. An' listen, John, agraph ! You will be ould Daddy Teeling's son, bekase the people uv this house killed the hope o' the house, agraph !"

John Hennessy shook the old man warmly by the hand.

"There, now!—there, now!" said Hennessy.

"You're right, avic—you're right. I'm a sinner. I'm a sinner." "I am a sinner" meant, in poor Teeling's mouth, "I am worthy only of stripes! Why should I judge these people!"

Thus, poor old Teeling lost a son, at least for the present, and got a happy home with John Hennessy.

How often mercy precipitates guilt, and calls in the sword of divine justice.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHOWING JOHN HENNESSY'S OPINION OF IRISH-AMERICANS, AND INTRODUCING KING JEROME THE DELAWARE INDIAN.



YEAR makes many changes, and not in all cases happy ones. The year succeeding the events last narrated was no exception to its predecessors or successors; and fortunes bloomed and withered, and hopes flourished and decayed, and virtues shone and went out, as the summer foliage and sunshine were followed by dark clouds and desolation. The personages of this history encountered some singular vicissitudes during that year, and we proceed to narrate them for the perusal and edification of the reader.

Firstly, we must locate Mr. John Hennessy in the valley of the Mississippi, in as golden a domain as ever opened its heart to the sun; and Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy has risen to the dignity of a confidential man in the "Eagle Bank" of St. Louis, an institution in which Mr. M'Cann had an interest equal to half the value of the concern.

John Hennessy had been made many offers to str

the north ; and he had nearly agreed to accept some, but his final resolution was to go west, and seek a settlement where the earth and society would be equally new.

"So, Mr. Hennessy, you have made up your mind," remarked Mr. M'Cann, a few months after Hennessy's arrival. "You will leave your friends, and go seek your fortune in the west?"

"Yes, Mr. M'Cann ; you see I made up my mind to go. There may be men to rear a family here, and I have met them—good men ; but, Mr. M'Cann, I would not risk it—no !"

"Risk what?" demanded Mr. M'Cann.

"Risk everything—soul, body, and comfort !"

Mr. M'Cann looked puzzled, or he attempted to look puzzled, because Mr. M'Cann knew too much to be quite blind to John Hennessy's views.

"It is plain, Mr. M'Cann, you Americanize us up north, and do not make us Americans. You teach us to forget our Irish ways, and we are awkward with the new ways, and they don't keep us steady."

"Why, have you not your churches, your convents, your societies—your Ireland in America?"

"Oh ! yes, and I'm thankful. But, Mr. M'Cann, how many mind the churches, or make use of the convents, or follow the clergy ? Ah ! Mr. M'Cann, our people can't bear the laugh well, and the jibe, and the example catches them up, as a strong man catches a baby, and hurries them on."

Mr. M'Cann looked very thoughtful.

"Yes, Mr. M'Cann, our people want to be *American* out-and-out ; at any rate, a great body of them, and that is not to be our fathers' sons, you know."

"Why, they say here, 'tis something better," answered Mr. M'Cann.

"It is ; oh, yes, 'tis better for eating and drinking, and for the clothes you wear ; but, Mr. M'Cann, that's not a *life* against a *life*, you know."

"What is the meaning of a life against a life, Mr. Hennessy ?"

"I mean the whole thing of a man or woman's life at home, against the whole thing of the same life in foreign parts. All the pleasures and pains of it, you know, and all the safety of it for one's character and peace of mind,

you see, and the help for the other world in the bargain."

"You are not far out," admitted Mr. M'Cann.

"Ah! you know it well, sir. Our poor fellows come spoiled with poverty, and they think they can never enjoy themselves enough, and they come dispirited by tyranny, and think they can never be independent enough. Don't you know that? Well, to make the independence *perfect*, Mr. M'Cann, they pick up all your ways—and your ways ruin them."

Mr. M'Cann nodded.

"Ah! yes, Mr. M'Cann, the old priest that knew their names is not there, nor the pious schoolmaster, nor the good or bad word of the neighbours. You know it, Mr. M'Cann."

"You go west, then?"

"I go for safety anywhere. I'll not break the union between John Hennessy and John Hennessy's father and mother in their graves by the banks of the Shannon. I'll not make the childher run a gauntlet, Mr. M'Cann."

Mr. M'Cann had no objection to make, and indeed knew John Hennessy's objections well; but Mr. M'Cann believed in an imminent change, and a very great one in America. Many of those coming out were well formed before they left their homes. Facility for enjoying themselves was no temptation to *them*. And many came now whose self-respect was quite strong enough to resist the example of the multitude, and to hold their ground like men. Self-restraint and true independence were growing; and as every poor Irishman was a kind of apostle of TRUTH if he were *good*, the work of the future was one of great promise, and ought to realize the hope of Americans who glory in the institutions of their country.

How singular it is that half-a-century ago De Tocqueville looked upon this as the only hope of the GREAT STATES; and that rigorous Protestaut, HALLIBURTON (SAM SLICK), whom the writer of these pages knew well, held the same nearly as strongly as DR. BROWNSON—that this was the great agent of homogeny and conscience which America yearned for, even to extremity.

From the valley of the Mississippi John Hennessy had now come up to New York to see his daughter, and Mr.

M'Cann, and Mr. Edmund Browne, who had made quite a sensation at the opera and in the city.

Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy's history is soon brought up to the present time. He was unremitting in attention to business—vigilant, intelligent, and acute. Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy was destined "to make a fortune," was a remark made by Mr. M'Cann very soon after the same Mr. O'Kennedy came to 1042 street to "make human nature comfortable among the clerks." Every one liked him, O'Kennedy, and most people had a respect for him. They saw the fulness of the young man's character.

Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy was soon sent to the "Eagle Bank," St. Louis; and he had a salary of twelve hundred dollars a-year when John Hennessy first met him in the capital of Missouri.

During this year "The Hall" had been the centre of great activity and much anxiety. Paragraphs of an ominous nature had appeared from time to time in the newspapers, and a mysterious "ring" became a topic of general conversation and the matter of some witty paragraphs. People hinted that the ring was a masterpiece of mechanism. People from all classes combined to form it, and it was to be found in every place, and its "transactions" were regulated by a system as complete as the combination of wheel and axle in a first-class steam engine. Long, and anxiously, and often were meetings held at "The Hall."

Again the necessity of regaining Ned the Yachtman, or securing him, became a subject of discussion, and all agreed that he should be regained if practicable.

They agreed equally that John Hennessy was a man to be engaged or converted; and Mr. Wood undertook the mission to accomplish the double task.

Meanwhile Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy had secured a quiet boarding-house in the suburbs of St. Louis, and was able to indulge himself in the luxury of a little sitting-room, a luxury which Mr. O'Kennedy learned to enjoy. He had made acquaintance with the city, and with the churches, and with a few select young men, whom he casually met at Mass on the Sundays. He joined the society of St. Vincent de Paul, and saw with his own eyes how much he owed to temperance and to a good Providence. Mr. O'Kennedy saw strength broken,

and character forfeited, and families pauperized and swept away by the demon of alcohol; and not unfrequently beheld men whose eyes flowed over with the tears of burning shame and sorrow, and whose habits seemed too powerful for human resolution, or even too perverse for Divine grace. Every day made the yachtman wiser, and every day made him thank God he "had minded NUMBER ONE!"

Mr. O'Kennedy, of course, became very intimate with Father Purcell, the Catholic pastor of his parish, and even spent some evenings after dinner at the presbytery. Father Purcell knew the country and the people well, and he had an apt pupil in the yachtman. Mr. O'Kennedy was glad to have met such people as those whom the clergyman made him know, because from them he derived exactly the kind of information which a man in his position at the "Eagle Bank" needed. In a short time, Mr. Wood's late servant became acquainted with the status of merchants, the character of small traders, the thousand and one "societies," religious, commercial, and patriotic, which fill the American cities, and often not for the advantage of the citizens; and the yachtman was able to employ and decline such organizations without the complications which men so often make and break inconveniently.

A most wonderful coincidence took place one day. Mr. O'Kennedy saw a heavy-looking German farmer pursuing an Indian along a little boulevard that led into the rural district. The yachtman marked the passion of the pursuer and the quiet unconsciousness of the red-man striding on. Appearances would be sufficient to make a man watch, but not to make one interpose, and the yachtman kept well in the wake of the two strangers.

It was well for the Indian. His pursuer had no sooner overtaken the red-man than he dealt him a blow—such a blow of a heavy stick as would have broken his skull had the aim proved accurate. Fortunately, a sudden turn of the Indian's head directed the force to the shoulder—not, however, without inflicting a sharp wound on the face.

Just then Mr. O'Kennedy arrived.

Quick as lightning he seized the massive stick with one hand, and the Indian with the other. In accom-

plishing this feat he was obliged to drag the German to the ground. But he did so ; and with a grasp of gigantic power he seized the man of the woods and raised him. The German endeavoured to regain his staff. He swore in bad English and wrathful temper. He would not be interfered with—he was a man—and he——

Ned pushed away the German with one hand, and stood between him and the Indian. He smiled, and took the German's shillelah horizontally in his hands. The yachtman looked in their faces. "See," said he, "see !" and just as if it had been a dry alder branch, he smashed it in three pieces, and flung it back among the trees.

Ned felt that a manifestation of power was the surest guardian of peace ; and having astounded his companions by his feat in stick-breaking, he insisted that the belligerents should submit their quarrel to arbitration, or go before the Bench.

The German was opening his mouth in angry complaint, when the Indian, who had stood moodily with his back turned upon the German, suddenly turned round.

The German looked at the red-man—looked at him once, twice, thrice ; he then gave a groan.

The aggressor had mistaken the Indian for a diabolical drunken malefactor whom every one feared, and who had discovered in the forest what the philosophy of the times practices in the city—"Let them keep who can." The malefactor had injured the German, and the writ of U. S. A. did not run through all the valley of the Mississippi. So the German, like the present Emperor of Germany, made himself law, administration, legislature, and religion, all in one.

The German explained imperfectly, offered to pay handsomely, and the parties determined to return to St. Louis together.

It was now found that the Indian's shoulder was swollen ; and although he never opened his lips, it was evident that the poor man suffered intensely ; in fact, he was unable to travel.

O'Kennedy knew some one in the neighbourhood, and indeed in every neighbourhood ; and he was just setting out on an exploring expedition, when who should be passing, in a grand travelling waggon as long as a tent at

the fair of Sixmilebridge or Killaloe, but John Hennessy and another Irishman, one of John Hennessy's "helps."

O'Kennedy set up a cheer of joy, and small time was spent in explanations; all parties took their places in the waggon.

"Where are you taking the poor man?" asked John Hennessy.

"Anywhere," the German answered; "I pay," he continued.

The Indian never spoke. He caught John Hennessy's arm just as they entered the city. He looked with dark, earnest eyes into Hennessy's face, and then turned his eyes in the direction of a small minaret. He looked at the minaret, and then at John Hennessy again. Evidently the Indian was attracted by the soul which was always shining through John Hennessy's face.

"I see; I see," said John to the Indian: and meanwhile he quietly took out of his pocket an enormous rosary.

No one ever surprised an Indian; but certainly no Indian was ever nearer to a look of surprise than our friend who had been struck by the German.

The horses now proceeded briskly, and even the Indian seemed to grow better. Along a street, up a broad way, a grand entrance at the end, guarded by fine old trees; 'tis the Hospital of the Sisters of Providence.

They descended, easily found admission, and the presence of John Hennessy was a "*sesame*" at every door.

They had scarcely given their message to the portress when the Reverend Mother of the convent presented herself. She at once walked up to John Hennessy, and bade him welcome. Her eyes then turned upon the Indian, and she gave a little cry.

"Why! why," she cried, "what has happened to my poor Jerome, our dear king! What has happened?"

The Indian smiled—smiled, oh! so angelically! He took from under his blanket a bronze crucifix. He just showed it to her, and kissed it.

"Yes, yes, Jerome! the cross, my child! the warrior is not ashamed of the cross! Poor Jerome!"

The Reverend Mother really wept; but there was a very strong reason. Jerome, the "Lion of the Morning," had been long a great friend. He had made large presents of birds, and skins, and money to the convent. He

had been at the convent that very morning, laden with Indian fancy-work of all kinds for the "good mother's" bazaar, and Reverend Mother knew he had no other business to the city. She felt as if she had a hand in his deep trouble, and the good soul shed some tears.

And where was Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy, and where was Mr. John Hennessy all the time?

Edmund O'Kennedy was looking very scared, and John Hennessy was looking very much amused; but at length he, Mr. Hennessy, said, "Reverend Mother, you have overcome one of the most courageous men in the United States! This is Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy."

"O Mr. O'Kennedy, you have relieved our poor so largely and so frequently. I do not wonder to find you here."

"Then, mother," answered John, "*he* wonders to find you here, for that is the very man who adores the once mistress of Hazlitt-ville and her daughter, the young bride of Vernon Avenue."

Was there not joy, and were there not felicitations?

And "how could that gentleman be her friend Ned, of whom she had heard so often?" And "surely they would often see him, as he must know how much she would love any one who had known her dear sister so many years."

We have found Mr. Jack Hazlitt's aunt.

Of course, no one was so cruel as to mention the nephew, or to allude to his presence in the United States. She may have known more or less than others; but she and her friends kept "a gate of prudence before their lips," and the name of the unconverted prodigal was not introduced.

John Hennessy returned to dine with his friend the yachtman. The Indian was in safe hands, and the German left a fine sum behind him; he was a generous fellow. They sat long, and talked of old times, old friends, and of the awful dangers gathering around young Hazlitt.

A knock came, and the knock brought a "help," and the "help" brought a telegram, and then came almost in the same minute another telegram, and another.

"Oh, don't mind," O'Kennedy said, "they are all the same message. Only a precaution; so many of the offices are purchased by certain parties, that we work by three, four, five, and even six modes of transmission."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWING THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF TWO DUELS,
AND HOW MR. WOOD'S PISTOL-PRACTICE ASTONISHED
THE SOUTHERN MEN.



OT many weeks after that most singular charge against Mr. Wood, and Mr. Wood's honourable acquittal, that gentleman made for himself a new experience, and added considerably to his fame.

Mr. Wood and Captain Johnson were in a hotel, seated at table, and enjoying a lunch, such as a thorough New Yorker thoroughly knows how to enjoy. As the apartment was all their own, they spoke freely on a great many things of interest and importance, and discussed the pro's and con's of many an adventure.

"But Brackenbridge has on hands something of tremendous dimensions. You have heard?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied Mr. Wood; "but I do not think Brackenbridge has very strict notions of his project; the thing itself, the time and place, are all in the clouds."

"The thing itself?"

"Aye," replied Mr. Wood, with his old hiss and dry sneer, "I think Brackenbridge only dreams."

"You mistake Brackenbridge; his head is a never-ceasing laboratory, and nothing on earth could stay him."

"Or in heaven," sneered Mr. Wood.

"But, see here," continued Wood, "who is to manufacture the galleon? Spanish vessels are not now floating homeward, teeming with treasure—are they?"

"Well, well, sometimes; and one is worth a generation of waiting, if we could only find her at last."

"You would man her, of course."

"I should say so. Our house can do any amount of that business."

"I only wish your house would take care to secure more courage than I have sometimes seen."

"How?"

"Well—no matter, no matter."

"Say!"

"Go on."

"Have you secured Teeling?"

"Oh, the beast! He'd sell his soul for a gallon of whiskey. He is all ready, unless he be found drunk when the moment of trial comes."

"But you can fall back upon Blenkinsop—can you not?"

"Oh, Blenkinsop goes with Teeling, to take care of him; but he is a d——d rogue, and would sell his father for a ten-dollar note."

"Lunch, please," called a voice entering the coffee-room.

"Cold lamb, sir, good lobster salad; Limerick ham, worth its weight in silver, and——"

"My good friend," said another gentleman entering, "do, pray, lay the table for five; and, look, help," he said, "let the champagne be better than the last, or I shall pitch it into the street through the window."

"And pay for all the glass," answered the waiter, laughing.

"And pay for all," was the reply; "and ruin the hotel in the bargain."

By this time the five gentlemen had arrived, and were seated nearly *vis-a-vis* with our friends.

It was obvious, before long, that the two gentlemen who had occupied the room—that is to say, Mr. Wood and Captain Johnson—attracted the particular attention of the new-comers, and became the subject of animated though suppressed conversation. According as the meal progressed, restraint seemed to lessen, and soon Mr. Wood and Captain Johnson felt a storm was brewing. Johnson seemed to deprecate any observation, and wished to withdraw; but Mr. Wood grew more determined to see the whole affair out, the more the signs of action became multiplied.

"Yes, yes," cried one of the five gentlemen—"yes."

"But——"

"I tell you," he interrupted, "I was in the next car-

riage, and I saw the box of specie quickly dropped out just where a man waited to receive it."

"Why did you not cry out?"

"Cry out! Bless you, we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I was alone in my compartment. Besides this, however, until I heard of the robbery, I did not well understand the case."

Johnson grew livid, and looked straight at the speaker.

"You never found the man that was travelling in the carriage?"

"I found the unfortunate clerk who was in charge of the money."

"Not the man who abstracted it."

"Yes—and the man who abstracted it."

"You denounced him?"

"Oh! catch me at that!—proof insufficient; and, besides, these ruffians have confederates everywhere. No honest man or honest cause is equal to their bribery and activity."

"What was he like—I mean the man who stole the money while the clerk took his nap?"

"Like?"

"Why—yes."

"Like? Well, bless me, if he was not as like that man yonder as the two twos in twenty-two."

"Me, sir! Do you mean me," roared Wood, and starting to his feet in a moment.

"No, sir. I do not mean you; I mean your companion. I don't know you; but I tell you there's a damnable set of thieves leagued here in New York or Brooklyn, and the public ought to mind them, I know."

"You spoke of me!" Johnson said very quietly.

"I did."

"And you meant to call me by such names as you employed, eh? and to identify me as a robber?"

The champagne was now high up in the former speaker's head.

"I identify you!—you!"

"Me!"

"I say, is your name Johnson?"

"Yes."

"Were you not on board that night coming from Philadelphia when the cash-box was stolen?"

"In the train you mean?" Johnson replied with a sneer.

"Oh, I thought a seaman——; but see here, Johnson, one word in your ear! The whole pack of you—Brack——*I do say*. . . . Why, d——n you, you pack of thieves! You may go to——, sir!"

Wood now interposed.

"I should have said, from your manners up to a quarter of an hour ago, that you were a gentleman. You have been gradually convincing me that I made a mistake. You have offended my friend, sir."

"He's a scoundrel!"

"You shall answer for the epithet," cried Johnson.

"With a pistol bullet or a keen blade," answered the aggressor. "When you will," he added. "Here!" he cried—"now! in an hour!"

Johnson was singularly cool, and Wood was full of business. The accuser of Johnson sat down moodily, and one of the companions who entered with him undertook to discuss the affair with Mr. Wood. All the circumstances looked like an intentional provocation, and, of course, an apology was out of the question. So the fool's appeal became almost inevitable.

"Will you apologize to Captain Johnson, sir?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"We never apologize down south," answered the gentleman spoken to. "We fight."

"Is this your ultimate resolution on the part of your friend?"

"My ultimate resolution on the part of my friend. And allow me, sir. I begin to doubt all that is said of Irish courage as I listen to you."

"Ha!"

"Precisely."

"You want a second duel on your hands, then?"

"No matter how many, if we only rid the world of men like Johnson at every shot!"

And so the devil's tribunal was erected to pronounce judgment upon honour and right, and the ways of divine justice became vindicated by malice.

A man receives an offence, and presents himself to be shot at, in order to improve his condition. A man wants to vindicate a right, and for that purpose gives the aggressor an opportunity of shooting him. All things

are surrendered to vindicate nothing, and the eternal wrath of God is defied to indulge the insanity. Oh! how "iniquity hath lied to itself, and man pronounces and enacts the judgment of the Almighty!"

"Time and place" were then settled. Time was to be the early morning, and the place, a ship-yard, well away from observation, and of which the belligerents had perfect command. It was agreed that only the company then present should be made aware of the arrangements, and that all should be completed before six, a.m., next morning.

All departed from the hotel in silence. Wood said to his companion that he should take care of the head to-night, as his life depended upon a steady hand next day. "And," Mr. Wood added, "I will kill that fellow—the SECOND."

"Not for the world!"

"What?"

"Let us be quiet, Wood! Wound him! wound him! Think of inquiries, and discussion, and explanations."

"Johnson! You took that money from the train!"

"Didn't I? Two thousand five hundred! Every cent!"

And well Mr. M'Cann knew that same, but he bided his time.

The summer morning broke, beautiful and calm, and the noble harbour of New York flung out all the colours of all the nations as a welcome home to the world's marine, or as the "hail Columbia" of the world's admiration. It was the Fourth of July, and already the great home of American commerce was astir in joyous anticipation of one more celebration of independence.

And that day is a day, indeed, which humanity may celebrate; because it is sacred to the spirit of sacrifice, courage, patience, and love, which combine to make up PATRIOTISM. Alas! for nations that imagine home-love to mean gala days and wassail, self-opinion and aggression, and which inaugurate the era of liberty by trying to make fellow-countrymen slaves! Alas! for the patriotism that is human pride and animal passion, and not virtue from the sky! Such patriotism is the chain of a freedom stronger and more cutting than tyranny from abroad and from a foe!

Mr. Wood found, on coming down stairs next morning

that Captain Johnson had left early. He had something to arrange in the city, but would be punctual to appointment, and meet Mr. Wood at the trysting-place. Captain Johnson had taken the precaution of leaving a cab at the door for the use of his friend ; so there was no unnecessary delay.

Mr. Wood flung himself into the vehicle, having flung in his large case before him, and, in a moment, was rattling along the way to the ship-yard.

As he turned a corner of a street, he passed a carriage, which he hailed, because he felt sure that in it he saw Captain Johnson. However, he soon desisted, because he argued, "this carriage is going in a direction directly opposite to that which Johnson should travel ; it cannot be he."

Not long afterwards, he saw John Teeling, who was reeling home, nearly drunk, and flourishing a blackthorn stick, while he cried out for "Old Ireland."

It was an early celebration of the **FOURTH**. John Teeling kept the vigil of the **DAY OF INDEPENDENCE!** It is a great day for the Irish—the **FOURTH OF JULY!** They see themselves in their gala dresses. The green is raised in their hearts, and over their heads, and, poor fellows, for one day they can show their power. It is something to see strangers from every country bowing respectfully before the **SUN-BURST!** It realizes the dream of honest souls who have never received their due respect, and who have been compelled to live upon memory.

Oh ! that the John Teelings were fewer ! we might then have our Ireland !

"What keeps your principal ?" asked the **SECOND** of Johnson's adversary, addressing himself to Mr. Wood ; "what keeps Captain Johnson ? It is ten minutes past the time."

"He will be here soon, I am sure," replied Mr. Wood. "Just be patient for five minutes."

"It is worry !" replied the impatient duellist—"worry !" he added, emphatically.

Meanwhile he turned round, and saw a poor sparrow on an upright post, some twelve paces away. He fired a pistol, and the poor sparrow lay dead.

Wood started.

"A fine shot!" cried Wood.

"Nothing!" cried the Second.

There was a "figure-head" in the yard. It looked with its great goggle eyes, like a staring fury waiting for a soul.

Wood held in his hand a double-barrelled pistol which he had brought from home. It had five notches upon it. Wood's grandfather thus recorded the number of men whom he had despatched "in fair fight."

"I know the meaning of the notches," remarked Wood's interlocutor. "Did *you* make them?"

"My grandfather," was the laconic reply. He was a good shot."

Wood turned towards the "figure head." His pride rose, and here he was master. For a moment he looked as if turned into a stone. His right arm shot forth. A report was heard, and one of the eyes of the "figure head" had disappeared—a pistol bullet was found imbedded in the timber.

"Stand back!" cried Wood, as he saw two persons running towards the mark. "Stand back!" And changing the pistol from the right to the left hand, Wood discharged with that hand the second barrel. Marvellous! the second eye had disappeared! At sixteen paces Wood had substituted his leaden balls for the lady's eyes! All present regarded the matter as preternatural—all but the second of Captain Johnson's adversary, who said "Psha!"

Wood's eyes glared. His blood had risen with the report of the fire-arms. He walked rapidly over to where the Second was standing.

"You appear to me to wish——"

"Wish?"

"To be shot!" hissed Wood into his ear. "*To be shot!*"

The Southern man smiled contemptuously.

"Duverne, will you arrange for this young man where he wishes to be hit?" asked the Second.

"*Certainement! Ah, mon Dieu. C'est bon—si bon!*"

In a very short time the duel of the seconds was improvised. In any case, indeed, they would have fought, we believe; but their prowess, so nearly equal, madened them for the fray.

Some people will have no one in the world a superior in *their* domain without having a fight for it. Mr. Wood and the Second were of that character.

"Ten paces?"

"Let it be."

Thus stipulated and arranged a pair of friends.

"Fire, and advance one step?"

"So be it!"

"Ready, gentlemen?"

"Ready."

"Watch my handkerchief!"

There stood or hung the handkerchief of the "friend." A flash of light swept across the yard as the handkerchief fell!

Wood's adversary *fired!*

Like a statue stood Wood—*untouched!*

He advanced a step, and paused.

He raised the pistol, and it seemed to be embedded in the air! It looked savage—savagely murderous.

"Now, God have mercy on you!" said Wood, aloud.

"Fire your shot, sir, and let's be done with it," replied the defiant Southern.

Rushing in breathless, four or five men stood with arms extended between the combatants; and a fine commanding voice cried aloud, "Gentlemen, you are arrested in the name of the law! *You are my prisoners!*"

Thus ended Mr. Wood's first duel in the United States.

Captain Johnson was a man who had more regard for his life than more virtuous people; and he thought, besides, that it was much pleasanter and more patriotic to celebrate the "Fourth" like a good American, than to be weltering in his blood in New York city, or to be exploring the secrets of a world in which he had no reason to expect pleasure. He, fortunately, met Mr. John Teeling, and by some chemical process made him sober enough to go and alarm the police, and thus save the life of the worthy republican, who so nearly escaped a journey expedited by Mr. Wood's powder and ball.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWING HOW NED O'KENNEDY SAW THE SCALP-DANCE,
AND WHAT CAME OF HIS EXCURSION.



HE late proceedings of the Great Patriotic Club and the singular scene at its close were not without their influence on "The Hall" and Jack Hazlitt. The departure of old Teeling was, in itself, no great matter to the leading gentlemen, and had unhappily become of small consequence to his unfortunate son ; but the extent to which it might complicate relations between his son and his associates on the one side, and Mr. Wood and *his* associates on the other side, was the subject of more than one discussion.

The conclusion to which the council always arrived was, that the services or silence of Hennessy and O'Kennedy should be secured at any cost, and at any hazard that might be found less than that arising from their freedom.

Meanwhile, Ned O'Kennedy and his friend have returned to St. Louis, and both of them have come to the conclusion which events had clearly demonstrated—that is, that Jack Hazlitt's position was less enviable than the world, which saw only the exterior, jealously pronounced.

Ned O'Kennedy, whom nothing escaped, read the chances of the future more readily and more clearly than John Hennessy, and he said, from time to time, "John Hennessy, the secrets which we have are like stored gun-powder, and may blow us up any day."

"Don't mind," John would reply, "you an' I, Ned, are equal to a dozen any day."

"You are thinking of the blackthorn, John ?"

"Throth no, Ned, I'm thinking of the rifle and the revolver as well."

Jerome, the Delaware Indian, was with Hennessy and O'Kennedy very frequently, and seemed to have conceived an affection for them. The small service they had rendered was ever present to his mind, and he thought he should never be able to repay it. He came often with such presents as the red-man can command; and with Jerome they were not "Indian presents" in the common acceptation, which imply that twice as much will be given to the donor as the donor confers.

One bank holiday Ned O'Kennedy and the Indian met; they met, in fact, at the church, for Jerome had not abandoned his piety. It was one of these days which bear witness that a good deed has always a spring-time, and gives its harvest equally in the snow as in the summer. We do not say it was now winter—we mean merely to lay down that the harvest sprung from goodness is independent of seasons, and is secure.

"Well met, Jerome!" Ned O'Kennedy said, "I am glad to see you in St. Louis."

"Ah!" was the quiet reply.

"Is it true that your tribe is going to have a war-dance or a scalp-dance in the prairie to-day?"

"No; Delaware have no scalp-dance now," the Indian said sententiously; "'im black gown say 'no.' Great Spirit no like scalp-dance, you know."

"Then, is there no dance?"

"Ah, ye-e-es! Long way off in prairie the Sioux have 'im dance. All same!" he added in a kind of dreamy manner.

"Will you show me the way, Jerome?" Ned O'Kennedy said; "I *do* want to see the Indian war-dance; and I shall not have time another day."

"Indian go," answered Jerome; "but 'osses, you know."

"We can have them?"

"Oh, Indian's 'oss is ober dere—Indian's 'oss very fast, you know. All same," he concluded in a low plaintive voice again.

It was not long before they were in the saddle, and had taken care to go to the camp well armed.

The horsemen went at a hard pace, and certainly

covered an immense quantity of ground ; yet, by the time they came to the wigwams, it was close to six o'clock in the afternoon. They found here, however, only a few squaws and some children, and they were informed that they had seven miles more to travel.

"Night in wigwam," remarked the Delaware.

"No danger, I suppose," said O'Kennedy.

"Ah, well," Jerome replied in his old, quiet tone, "who know. All same—all same ! But," he continued, "Cochise be strong Indian an' bad man. He kill many."

"Hallo !" cried Ned, who became more interested than ever in his expedition.

At last they arrived at the trysting place, and they came just at the time of deepest interest—the commencement of the great Indian scalp-dance.

Not the smallest movement of surprise or uneasiness took place at the entrance of the strangers. The Delawares and the Sioux had had no battle ; and, indeed, they were not so related as to be in each other's way, or offer each other temptation to plunder. O'Kennedy was seen to be the Indian's companion to the camp, and thus the visitors passed as if they every day had met the Sioux.

It was now coming towards sundown, and about one hundred red-men sat on a rising ground, with their backs to the west, flinging their thick shadows in long line across the prairie. They were all in the Indian's best attire—hideously painted over face, chest, and neck, while the blue tattooings of various patterns over the chest and arms looked more strange and unsightly than the red, green, and yellow. They all wore beads in profusion, and some had bright chains. No arms appeared, however, in the encampment.

Before the body of Indians, to whom we have directed attention, were three or four drums of the most primeval character. Deer-skins stretched over some kind of boxes, and in one case over a metal fish-kettle. The drums were equi-distant from one another, those at the extremities having been placed at the end of the line, and the others at the above-mentioned intervals.

Outside the drum-line were a number of Indians, young and old, and every one as diabolically dressed out

with paint and beads and blankets as the taste of the tribe could make him.

All this crowd was separated from the drums by a good large span, and along the space between was the ghastly spectacle which gives its name to the scalp-dance.

Twelve or fifteen poles were stuck into the ground. They were ten to a dozen feet high. And from the tops of these poles the blood-stained scalps of the enemy of the Sioux shook in the evening wind as if with horror, and their shadows moved about in agony on the prairie.

Now a muffled sound is heard. It is the beating of the weird-like drum with a stick whose head is over-lying leaves, rounded into a ball and bound with fibres of wood. Unearthly is this sound, growing louder and louder, and then joined by a second, and then by a third, and now by a fourth, while the eyes of the Sioux flash with more savage brightness, and their disfigured faces make a more horrible distortion of humanity.

"What is that?" whispered Ned to the Delaware.

The Delaware made no answer, but looked Ned right in the face—a long look.

From the midst of the rumblings and mutterings which appeared to come from the bowels of the earth, there came a dirge—a kind of long, unvaried shriek, the wail of mixed agony and hate which strove to express itself in language. Ned O'Kennedy did not understand it for many a day after, but he finally knew its meaning well.

The scene was awful—awful anywhere, but particularly out there in the wilderness, where wild passions and the calm tranquillity of nature seemed to make the battleground of barbarism more bloody.

Now a woman painted white, blue, yellow, and black, seizes a scalp-pole, and proceeds in rather solemn pace to move in a circle round to the hoarse music of the drums.

She is immediately joined by ten or twelve others, who follow her in her course.

The bloody trophy on the pole shakes and looks dripping at the head of the column.

In a moment or two another squaw rushes in, and, seizing a second pole, is joined by ten or twelve others, as in the first case, and this last column commences to move, but in an opposite direction. The two, moving round and looking into each other's faces, gradually

became more excited, while the very nature of the motion has a kind of intoxicating influence.

But now a third starts in, a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, and, with a kind of witch-like precision, they are all, like the first two, moving in different directions, and in different planes, and quickening at every round their evolutions, and raising their voices, until the wheeling, and moaning and shrieking, and swaying to and fro, and occasional spinning bodily round like a top, on their march, made the whole exhibition one more like a pandemonium than any thing on earth can ever be. In the end Ned O'Kennedy declared he felt getting mad himself, and he thought, if he had understood the language, he must have lost his senses.

THE SIOUX SCALP SONG.

Round the Chocktow scalps tread the magic ring !—

Round the Chocktow scalps let the Sioux sing !

Let the Sioux sing, and the Sioux tread,

Like warriors brave, o'er the Chocktow dead !

Till he waste away,

Like the morning cloud at the break of day,

Or the prairie's bloom in the fire-fiend's way !

Ha ! ha ! it is said,

And the voice of the dead,

From the hunting-grounds, ruled by the Great Spirit, cries—

Be the Sioux true,

And his foe pursue !

Till weak man and bold man—

Till young man and old man

Of the race of the Chocktow uprooted shall be !

Round the Chocktow scalps tread the magic ring !

Round the Chocktow scalps let the Sioux sing !

Let the Sioux sing, and the Sioux tread,

Like warriors brave, o'er the Chocktow dead !

It is impossible to convey an idea of the frenzy which filled the workers of the magic spell which was to wither the Chocktow race, when tramping, and sbrieking, and swinging round and round, the band gave a terrible war-cheer at the end of each strophe, looking with the very glare of frenzy into each other's eyes.

This had proceeded for more than an hour, and the excitement momentarily grew greater and greater,

until a casual observer would think that the scene should end in something terrible, when an incident occurred for which even the Sioux Indians and our friends Jerome and Ned O'Kennedy were unprepared.

Whether the intoxication of the scalp-dance had fixed the attention of all so entirely, that all other things were quite unobserved, or the party chiefly concerned had arranged his plans in a manner for which preparation was impossible, we cannot say; but a stranger was found among the Sioux who evidently awoke a feeling of astonished curiosity, and for a moment made the dancers pause in their rounds.

The stranger was an Indian, and he rode a horse evidently strong of limb, and fleet in action. He was of an enormous height, nearly six feet six inches, and he looked what he was—a kingly man. His eyes flashed like fire, and rolled like the balls of a thoroughbred animal that had not yet felt the curb or the lash. His nose was large and markedly Roman in its outline; and his lips thin and compressed. He did not move his head, but his eyes ranged over the whole scene, and he looked like a man of solemn will fixed on some solemn deed. It was no wonder he created a sensation.

"Cochise! Cochise!" whispered a few of the squaws, and "Cochise!" was echoed by more than one of the warriors.

The name of the new-comer evidently had an importance and a meaning; and Ned O'Kennedy, whom nothing escaped, involuntarily felt his revolver. That "tool," as Ned became accustomed to designate it, was safely placed in the capacious pocket of Ned's nether garment, perhaps to escape observation; but Ned O'Kennedy had access to it by an open in his overcoat of grey, and he could be prepared to employ it without the suspicion created by raising his hand to his bosom.

Cochise stood near Ned—Jerome being upon Ned's right-hand side.

The sun was now far down. The shades of Indian women waved here and there in confused figures over the prairie. The waving poles and trembling scalps crossed each other in horrible life over the grass, and the field began to shiver in the east wind which commenced

to blow sharply. The singers had made half a round, and their motion had grown almost to a maddening gallop, when Cochise suddenly flung himself upon Ned O'Kennedy. In a moment—the twinkling of an eye—he had passed a strap around the Irishman's body, binding both his arms in a chain of adamant; and before any one but Jerome had perceived the movement O'Kennedy was on the back of the Indian's horse, as perfectly manacled as a malefactor under sentence of death.

The Delaware now cried aloud, and rushed to the head of Cochise's animal; but Cochise, quite equal to the occasion, suddenly made the creature curvet round, and then fleet as the wind he made eastward, getting many hundred yards in advance before any attempt to prevent his escape could be possible.

On and on they flew. The skies themselves seemed to fly behind, and in a short time only the echoes of the Sioux cry could be heard in the far distance.

Jerome had great influence with the Sioux Indians, and, in fact, had he so desired, he could have engaged the whole tribe in pursuit. But Jerome knew his man Cochise was an Indian enthusiast, and had for a long time defied all the power of the United States to take or to slay him. He had a horror of everything which was connected with the invaders of his hunting-ground and destroyers of his race. No man of his tribe dare speak a word of English, and any attempt to learn it was punished by the immediate expulsion from the tribe, if Cochise could only discover it. He had an equal horror of alcoholic drinks, and was a singular illustration of a man's temperance being a public evil. Cochise could never be caught day or night, in town or desert; and all remarked that, had he the good-fellowship to drink freely of the fire-water, he might have long before ended his days and public anxiety.

Two minds became particularly active at this solemn moment—Jerome's and Ned's. Jerome quietly declined every offer of help. He had made up his mind to follow Cochise alone, and accomplish Ned O'Kennedy's liberty single-handed. Even to the proposal of setting off immediately the Delaware replied by a shake of the head and a long look. He said to the chief of the Sioux that to "run on the trail of Cochise to-night would only

cause the white man a journey to the land of the Great Spirit ; because Cochise would take the captive's scalp before white man or Indian could liberate him."

As for Ned O'Kennedy, he went on and on until the stars rose on his captor's rough road, and trees began to show that they had got to the end of the prairie. The wind blew keenly, and a rising half-moon flung a chill, cold light on the grass, on which the shadows of the two riders and the horse rushed along in ghastly outline.

Ned O'Kennedy, as we know, was no coward, and even this trial of physical and moral courage was not too much for the cool Clare-man. He felt his revolver safe—fortunately it was in the position which his hands could reach. He could even kill the horse, and leave the trial of strength between the Shannon-boy and the American Indian ; but his arms were bound, and the strap was powerful, and Cochise brandished from time to time an Indian knife, which was capable of dire deeds, and had done many. All this persuaded Ned O'Kennedy that to "watch and pray" was about the safest counsel for him in the circumstances.

Night had fallen, as we have said, and the gibbous moon, and stars, and open prairie made the scene magical. No word or few words were spoken, but those few happened to have a bearing on the situation.

"Kill white man !" Cochise said. "Scalp white man's scalp !"

"*Kadh ea', rudh è ?*" answered Ned O'Kennedy.

"Bad, bad !" said Cochise.

"*Ní lamhran tu ain Gaeling ?*" asked the yachtman.

Cochise turned Ned's face right round, and looked at him a very earnest and long look.

"*Skeel lath !*" cried Ned O'Kennedy.

For the benefit of the non-Celtic reader it is to be added here that Ned first asked him what he was saying ; was then anxious to know whether Cochise spoke the Irish language at all ; and finally he told the savage to move on.

At length the barking of dogs showed that the travellers were coming to a settlement. Ned knew well that the settlement boded no freedom for him, and might be the turning-point of his destiny. However, the poor fellow recommended himself to the great Protector ; and he always declared that he felt as tranquil as if yachting 'n a squall that same night.

The encampment of the Indians was on a rising ground of rather a conical form ; and the wigwams ran down the sides and round the base of the hill. A huge rock crowned the summit, and, at this hour, had to Ned O'Kennedy the appearance of a castle. At some distance was a lake, supplied by some of the numerous streams that go seeking the Father of Rivers, or may-be contributing its share to the rich dowry which the Mississippi bestows on the United States. Around this lake, and by the banks of the river, the shadows of tents, large and small, showed the number of warriors collected there was not inconsiderable.

A sable cloud of men and women came to meet Cochise, and almost immediately a long and animated conversation commenced between the red men. Many came and peered into Ned's face ; and the squaws supported the character which prejudice bestows upon the lady persuasion, for they were filled with a most emphatic and persistent curiosity. However, no one found out that Ned's arms were bound, till a girl of fourteen years or thereabouts caught hold of the strap, and seemed to make an enthusiastic appeal to Cochise in his favour. It had no effect, however. Ned was led bound into a wigwam.

He could see the council outside the wigwam door, and hear their loud discussion. Evidently they differed considerably, by which Ned conjectured he had friends. In fact, Ned had all along hoped that this whole thing was a mistake—that he had been taken for another, and that, finally, he should be able to make all right, and get free. Ned's eyes were fixed upon the court-martial, and his hopes varied with the predominance of threat or deprecation. That there were some for strong measures was clear ; but fortunately not a few entirely disagreed with them.

At last all the warriors suddenly rose.

"Now for it !" thought Ned.

Three old Indians accompanied Cochise into the wigwam prison.

One of them pointed towards the east, and then to his own breast ; which means you have crossed the Atlantic ?

"Yes !" answered Ned by a bow.

"*In-gil-ish ?*" demanded the Indian.

Ned shook his head and kept to his role.

"O Ehrin!" was his reply.

Again there was immense discussion among the three, who adjourned and talked loudly outside. They allowed his left hand and arm to be free this time, but that was the only improvement in the yachtman's condition.

In a short time a squaw came in, bringing bread, and buffalo flesh done upon the coals, and Indian bread. A goodly tin measure of water was added; and, apparently, by the time that all preparations had been made, the lady succeeded in obtaining another measure of indulgence from Cochise. Ned's arms were loosed, the straps being transferred to his ankles.

The first use Ned made of his arms after his dinner was, to take out an enormous rosary and commence his prayers. Moreover, he said them emphatically in the native Celtic.

"Go bhanahair dhuit a mhuire."

At every "Hail Mary" an Indian seemed to arrive at Ned's door, until the sweetness or strangeness of the Celtic sounds had gathered half the village.

Ned's hopes grew.

The yachtman calculated on Jerome with a perfect reliance; but to delay the stroke till Jerome would arrive was the difficulty.

About midnight a scalp-pole was placed opposite the wigwam.

Ned blessed himself.

A number of young girls and women now approached the pole, and began to go around it very solemnly.

In a short time a chant—a dirge—slow, low, very awful, was commenced by the circle.

"My death-song!" thought Ned.

"Very well," he thought; *"bioch she mair shin! marroh me seacht dhiv beath air dhown é!"* he said aloud—as loud as he could.

This was a pious determination to shoot seven of his enemies before he left America for the other world—having made which he again turned to pray.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHOWING HOW IT FARED WITH MR. NED O'KENNEDY
AMONG THE ACHISE, AND HOW THE DELAWARES
AND ACHISE "FIGHT FIRE" FOR JOHN HENNESSY'S
FAMILY.



HE prairie had faded away, and the shining lake and joyous river; and a night, wonderfully dark for the time and the region, had set in. Few stars shone out, and they seemed to struggle, fade, and retire. But the noise of the flowing water became louder, and a whistling wind began to travel towards the sea, and the Indian dogs barked around upon the borders and within the circle of the encampment, warning all men that Indian dogs don't sleep upon their watch, and that intruders must prepare for a rough reception.

Ned O'Kennedy had not been maltreated, nor, as we have seen, even neglected. Indian corn bread, and buffalo steak, and clear water, and good yams would have been welcome offerings to a man ten or twelve hours without food, had his mind freedom enough to wait upon his appetite. But Ned O'Kennedy had heard that low wail of the maidens around the symbolic scalp, and he believed that his hour was fast approaching. He knew the power of the Delawares, and the courage of Jerome; but how far Jerome had to travel, or the strength of his tribe, O'Kennedy did not know, and how useless his single presence would have been at the camp of Cochise, was very evident.

The prisoner had a resource unailing in his faith. God was in the camp, he knew, and a hair of his (O'Kennedy's) "head could not fall" without the Divine permission. Yet poor Ned's feelings were not, and could not, be ruled by his unselfish reliance; because he thought

upon the sufferings of others, not of himself. He thought of the widow by the Shannon, and of the little orphans to whom he had been a father; and the image of his sister's agony came upon him like the presence of death, and made him groan in spirit.

Yet Ned O'Kennedy never ceased to pray; and the word most frequently upon his lips was the word of wisdom—"THY WILL BE DONE!" Two, three, or four hours had passed. The wind had steadily risen. The hiss of the blast was succeeded by a howl, and then great Nature seemed to roar in an agony of passion. The prisoner crossed himself frequently, and, like a Christian man, bowed down before the Almighty! Flash after flash of lightning illumined the wigwam, and revealed the seams of the bark covering, which every moment threatened to blaze up. As we remarked before, had any casualty occurred, his destruction was inevitable, because he was firmly, though not painfully, bound.

At what he found to be three o'clock in the morning, O'Kennedy heard a rustling outside the wigwam, and a stealthy step. He began to feel the strength of the thongs which bound him, and what, in a life and death emergency, might be his chance of escaping or making resistance. He felt up and down, and from side to side, but the Indian knot was a gordian one indeed, and seemed to tighten under manipulation.

Ned O'Kennedy, for the hundredth time, said, "God's will be done," and he cried, "Holy Mary!"

Hush!—a light step; very, very lightly it approaches, and Ned hears the murmur of the Indian dogs expressing their delight at the coming of the stranger, who must, therefore, be familiar to them. A flash of lightning! and Ned, to his astonishment, beholds an Indian girl creeping in the door of the wigwam, and carrying a rude Indian knife in her hand.

The girl had a serene look—kind and open. She seemed sent in answer to Ned O'Kennedy's last appeal—an embodiment of Holy Mary's love. She was visible enough now to enable the captive to see a rosary round her neck, and a large medal upon her breast, and she placed her finger upon her mouth as a signal for silence.

The girl uttered not one word, but knelt down at Ned O'Kennedy's feet, and, having kissed her medal twice or

thrice, cut, one after another, the bonds which bound them, gently whispering in the captive's ear, "Pray Holy Mary for Indian girl!"

Ned O'Kennedy raised a sigh of gratefulness, and willingly allowed the young girl to depart without a word of thanks. Immediately after, he heard a heavy fall, and a smothered burst of passion, while a poor dog howled most piteously, as if howling over the dead.

O'Kennedy started! He listened as though life depended upon his ear. He heard some sounds, low, deprecating, full of anguish! In all languages, supplication has only one tone. Ned's heart began to beat. He looked forward for a second. In the next he stood face to face with the terrible COCHISE!

The moment was awful. The giant stood a few feet from the door of the wigwam, with an Indian hatchet in his right hand. A pale moonbeam revealed his ferocious look and determined mien. The girl lay stretched at his feet. Agonizingly, yet whisperingly, she made her prayer. The eye of Cochise was fixed on the angry sky—angry like himself, and he heeded her not. His dark eyes flashed for an instant. The demon took possession of him, and he raised the hatchet! Down, down, it was bringing death-doom—perhaps even to himself, for he was about to kill his only child—when his wrist was chucked with such a mighty power, that the hatchet flew like a branch broken by the blast, and fell full ten yards away!

Then, indeed, Ned O'Kennedy stood face to face with a grave! One of the two should inevitably fall.

Cochise looked at him with a tiger's eye, and sprang upon him with a tiger's leap. Ned, however, was cool as he was brave, and all the circumstances gave to his exertion the power of chivalry as well as of self-preservation. It was life or death, and life or death in a grand cause and a great one. Certainly Ned O'Kennedy's gratitude and pride were no small share of his power.

The gigantic Indian and the Clare man closed. Not a cry was raised. The Indian's honour was concerned, and the honour of his family, and he had only a single foe. He grappled with the Irishman. He seized him by the shoulders, intending to dash him down. Ned O'Kennedy, however, though some inches shorter than his anta-

gonist, had, as we know, tremendous muscle. The hunt and war had hardened the one ; many a night and day over the Shannon's waters had hardened the other. They soon felt how equal they were, and became proportionably wary. They watched, and swayed from side to side, and sometimes in the struggle seemed to bend down to the very sword, when they sprang back to their position like a bow after the flight of the arrow.

The poor young girl knelt between them both, with hands upraised, and she rocked to and fro, and cried to the God of heaven, though always quietly.

"English rogue !" hissed the Indian.

"*N'Gael go brath !*" answered Ned O'Kennedy.

"Damn !" cried the Indian ; "kill English !" cried Cochise.

"*Fainn rudh beg !*" answered Ned O'Kennedy.

"Ah—h—h !" cried the Indian, with a mighty effort to catch Ned O'Kennedy round the waist.

At this moment, a white figure, like a spirit, stole in three or four yards from the combatants, but neither saw it.

The sharp Ned O'Kennedy most innocently allowed Cochise to catch his waist, but, at the same moment, he had seized the gigantic Indian's throat, and, in a second, blackening in the iron hold of Ned O'Kennedy, Cochise, the slayer of fifty-four men who had fallen by his single hand, lay upon the ground, with Ned O'Kennedy's foot upon his body.

"*Feach e shin !*" cried Ned O'Kennedy ; when, wonderful to say, who should stand beside him, smiling in pride, and stretching out his brown, bare arm and hand to the victor, but Jerome, the Delaware Indian !

"No dead ; no kill !" said the new-comer.

"No, no," replied Ned, who, at the same time, brought forth his revolver from his pocket, showing that he was in a condition to be merciful.

The truth was, however, that Ned O'Kennedy very prudently concluded that escape from the tribe was a very different thing from escape from Cochise ; and all Ned's actions were directed to the former.

The Delaware soon became busy. He chafed the neck of Cochise with brandy, of which he had a pleasant flask intended for Cochise's conqueror. He poured some of the same liquid down Cochise's throat ; and he addressed Cochise in his own dialect. He spoke to Cochise's daughter,

and sent her on some message to the wigwam, whence she soon returned with a cup. Some of this was also administered to the prostrate chief, and he soon showed signs of returning consciousness. He was astounded at the presence of the Delaware chief, and addressed him with volubility, though not passion.

The Delaware answered in the same way, and in the same tone.

Cochise, when he had heard the Delaware, threw out his arms, looking more in surprise than pain.

The Delaware pointed the attention of Cochise to the revolver which Ned O'Kennedy still held in his hand.

Cochise cried "Yah!"

Ned began to understand that himself was under discussion and speculation.

"Tell him," said Ned, "tell him I am *no Englishman*."

Jerome obeyed.

"Tell him I am *no Scotchman*."

Jerome again spoke to Cochise.

"Tell him I am an *Irishman*, and a *Clare* man, and that I am half *Tipperary*; and if he could speak the natural language of man, the fine, honest Irish, the d——n the word of English I would speak to him!"

The Delaware made the nearest approach to a laugh that an Indian can in etiquette make, but he faithfully expounded Ned's sentiments.

"And see here, Jerome—see, tell him that Ned O'Kennedy was the strongest man in three counties—a man that could and would hold a wild buffalo by the horns, and that he (Cochise) is the finest man he (Ned O'Kennedy) ever met!"

The fallen Indian had now risen to a sitting posture. He seemed dispirited rather than hurt; and the moment the last word had been spoken by the Delaware in exposition of Ned O'Kennedy's views, Cochise sprang from where he had been sitting and reached Ned by a bound. Silently he caught O'Kennedy by the hand, and gave him, at the same time, such a blow upon the back, that Ned had a sensible proof of his own truthfulness in describing the power of Cochise.

"Make human nature happy!" Ned once more said to himself. "Cochise is not humbled, and I lose nothing by saving his self-respect."

The Delaware had travelled all night; and he informed Ned O'Kennedy that the storm must have been entirely local, as he had encountered no tempest or rain, though he had both heard the wind and seen the reflection of the lightning. The Delaware, moreover, held long council with Cochise, and both seemed equally earnest. The result was, that Ned O'Kennedy should depart forthwith. The Delaware said that all the tribe were not good Catholics, and that passion would go for more than justice or common sense if they caught the Irishman in the encampment.

"And tell that man," said Ned finally, "tell him *I am one of Father de Smet's men. Tell him THAT.*"

Cochise only beckoned to his daughter and pointed out her rosary.

He then informed Ned O'Kennedy that he had sworn an oath to kill a man named M'Kenzie, who had been teaching some of his tribe English, he had heard. He had sent M'Kenzie warning, and was at fair feud with him; and he, Cochise, had been informed that M'Kenzie was at the scalp-dance the day before.

Thus the mistake.

"What kind of man brought you word?" demanded the Delaware Indian.

"He belongs to the Bank in St. Louis," was the answer.

"*Chiem!*" said Ned O'Kennedy. "Ah, then Mr. Jack Hazlitt, only for your mother and Miss Nannie, I would make short work of you!—I would!"

"How hot it grows!" cried Ned O'Kennedy, turning to the Delaware, who for some moments had been scanning the whole south with his keen observation.

The two Indians looked into each other's faces and gave a bound.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" cried O'Kennedy.

They looked at each other again, and the Delaware spoke rapidly.

Suddenly the Delaware turned to O'Kennedy. "Take 'im hos! quick! quick! 'Im hos know way! Fast! fast! fast! John, big John 'Ennessy! Fire ate him! fire ate him like wan, wan dibil! Fast!" cried the Indian, and he hurried Ned O'Kennedy towards his own. He Delaware's horse, and Ned had no sooner taken his

seat on the cloth which answered for a saddle than the animal flew away like lightning ; but Ned O'Kennedy would take his oath he heard the Delaware whispering Indian into the beast's ear, and, more be token, the Indian was very like "*Skiall lath*," which means in Tipperary, "Off with you now !"

"That Delaware *is* the old boy," thought Ned, "but he is a good fellow at any rate."

By this time Ned O'Kennedy had some reason for conjecture, if not for alarm. Looking towards the south, in the gray dawn of the morning, he beheld almost the whole horizon in a kind of swelling, undulatory movement, that seemed to grow and grow, though gradually creeping up the sky. He remarked, too, that the heat was fast increasing, and that the horse which he rode occasionally trembled and turned north. What could it be? Possible a prairie fire, or wood and prairie in succession ; and certainly all was coming down towards the pleasant location where honest John Hennessy had made his American home. !

As the day dawned the distant dark cloud became more manifest and defined, and its life-like movement became quite evident, while a glow here and there like stars shining out from gloom, sent the warning of fate to the settler.

The prairie fire was coming.

The prairie fire was coming ; but how many woods had fed its yawning jaws and broadened its devouring embrace upon its road ! How fast it journeyed ! When would it arrive, bringing devastation and doom ?

On, on, thundering for the bare life, Ned O'Kennedy rode. He thought of the honest man's family soon to be assailed—soon assailed, and left, perhaps, penniless, if they escaped with life.

"Oh, for rain ! oh, for rain !" cried Ned O'Kennedy.

After many hours and dreadful riding he found the home of John Hennessy, and he found everything in confusion and every one in despair. Only one was cool and collected, and she was saying her beads—the mother of Minnie Hennessy.

"Oh, Ned ! Ned !" cried John Hennessy when he saw his friend, "Oh, Ned ! the poor man's hope gone !—the work of years gone in a minute !"

"John, agraph!" the wife said, "trust in God and in our daughter Minnie's prayers! Trust in God!"

"Ovoch!" He was going to lose temper, and to answer sharply, when Ned O'Kennedy laid a hand upon his arm.

"John Hennessy, isn't she right? Come; we can save the furniture, or something! The long cart will carry away all the family! We have three horses! *All* is not lost!" And forthwith Ned O'Kennedy began to remove into the yard all the light valuables, and John Hennessy perforce began to help him.

They had more than they could well carry—and the whole horizon was now on fire!

First a line of fire—then an inch or two in height—then fire-tongues licking here and there along the sky, and a rumbling sound as if the bowels of the earth were scorching!—then a leap upwards, as if the giant of flame were awaking!

"Awful!" cried John Hennessy.

"Courage!" cried Ned O'Kennedy.

The woman of the house was now outside, armed with a bottle of holy water.

John Hennessy was again going to lose his temper.

"John," said Ned O'Kennedy, quietly, "John! don't lose your memory. The POWER that cured the blind with the clay and spittle, and the sick in the pool of Bethesda, has given virtue to the holy water! Don't forget!"

But now there is a wall of fire—high, high up! It looks fifty feet, but it is double or treble that. Fortunately or unfortunately they have a field-glass, and are beginning to see not only the form of the fire, but its appetite, and nearly its velocity. It puts out its arms like a living thing! It grasps the ends of the earth! Its majesty is terrific! There, from earth to heaven, it looks over all—dominates all!—devours all! Nay, from its extremes, it skirmishes around at the east and the west, as feeling its way, and then hugging everything living—animal—man—tree—herb—house, and home—it roars over all of them in ashes! Before the prairie fire a paradise—behind it a desert and desolation!

"Nothing can save us! nothing——"

"But God!" cried Mrs. Hennessy.

"Oh, for two hundred Tipperary-men," cried Ned O'Kennedy, "to clear the fire-devil's road! Oh, murder!"

"Four hours more, and nothing can save our house and home!" cried John.

"Only God!" answered Mrs. Hennessy.

"God help *you*, poor Mary!" was John's answer. "You are carrying the cross, indeed!"

"God's will be done!" cried Mary.

"It comes!—Lord, how fast!" cried Ned O'Kennedy, who now began to think 'twas travelling too fast for burthened horses that had a long journey to make before they could get out of the fire-demon's way. He gloated, with his open, flaming mouth, where anything remained to be devoured.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Hennessy.

"What?" demanded Ned.

"Hush!" she said. "I hear——"

"What *do* you hear?" cried Ned.

"I hear the Delaware's cry!" answered Mrs. Hennessy.

"Ah, no; I left the Delaware far away!" said Ned O'Kennedy.

"By ——!" cried Hennessy, "here is Jerome!—that is his cry!"

Before he had closed the sentence, and asked pardon for the involuntary oath, the Indian war-cry was heard in upon them; and, sure enough, there was Jerome, and not only one hundred of his tribe, but Cochise and all his warriors, armed for the fray with the fire-king!

John went over and kissed Mrs. Hennessy's rosary. "God forgive me, Mary!" was his prayer.

Off the Indians dashed, three hundred strong, to meet the invader. Soon they were lost to the household, and many a mile away, cutting off the invader's supply.

An hour passed, and no change was apparent.

Two hours passed, and the fire continued to travel on!

Three hours, and here and there the crown of flames seemed to fall a few inches, and then to put on another spurt for ruin!

In four hours the line of flame looked bending and breaking—though the heat was terrific, and the progress of the fire, even still, very awful, and though its gigantic height became so much less.

The fifth hour came, and the Indian army of deliverers, worn with fatigue, and weak from want of food, were giving up in despair—though danger could not be said to have passed away. Human nature could do no more!

A clap of thunder is heard! 'Tis immediately followed by a downpour of rain—such a downpour that it looked like a deluge; and Cochise, pointing to Father de Smet kneeling under a rock, for the first time in his life made the sign of the cross!

John Hennessy's family was saved—and John made an act of reparation to GOD ALMIGHTY.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHOWING HOW MR. WOOD AND TWO COMPANIONS ARRIVED
IN ST. LOUIS, AND HOW THEY MADE ACQUAINTANCE
WITH A DELAWARE INDIAN, ETC.



OWARDS the end of August the weather in Missouri, at least near the mouth of the muddy river, is anything but temperate. The sun blazes away, and the waters look blistering in his implacable stare. Notwithstanding the magnificent bay, and the lordly expanse of the Mississippi at St. Louis, even a stranger is so much taken up with his own melting personality, that scenery is a mockery, and even kindness is hardly repaid by gratitude. What is the use of scenery, and to what purpose are people kind, if a man's blood goes on boiling, and grows hotter, until the question, "how long can one stand this?" seems stereotyped in one's mind. St. Louis has its domes and minarets, and tall factory chimneys, and its fair stores embracing with spread-out arms the "Father of Rivers;" and its steamboats rise from the waters like palaces, and its ships snug themselves all around like children at a

parent's knee ; but July and August are not the times to irritate travellers by beauties which mock them. Beauties of the kind should be seen later in the year to be thoroughly appreciated : such is our opinion, and we make the reader our debtor by pausing to give him or her the information.

Well, as we have been saying, it was towards the end of August, and towards the evening of a broiling day, that three gentlemen appeared on the western extremity of that graceful wharf or quay that, crescent-like, cuts the Mississippi's waters around St. Louis. There was at the time of which we write an office there, which gave information on sundry things regarding locomotion and commerce ; and into this office the three gentlemen afore-mentioned entered, one by one. The business department had been closed, but the department for the accommodation of visitors was quite at the service of the public, and the gentlemen, all of them, therefore entered the waiting-room, and sat down. They were alone, unless an Indian man, who sat on the floor in a corner, and unceremoniously smoked his pipe, and apparently had bid adieu to the outer world for a time.

The gentlemen talked freely, though in a low voice, and seemed deeply interested in the matter which engaged them. They remained a good long time—nearly an hour ; and the Indian, all the time, smoked on industriously.

At length the red-man rose, and snugged his blanket round his waist and shoulders, preparing to go away.

"You are a Mohican?" one of the gentlemen remarked.

"No," answered the Indian. "All same, man brodder," he continued, in that quiet, unimpassioned tone which is so characteristic of the race.

"A Micmac?" demanded another.

"No ; no Micmacs down south," answered the Indian.

"Then?" the first gentleman inquired.

"Then?" replied the Indian.

"Ah, well," resumed the red-man, "the Delawares are to be found in many a prairie, you know, and fix their wigwams in many a spot. White-men are fond of the Delawares."

"You come from the Rocky Mountains," remarked one of the party. He was the eldest, and most powerful,

physically, and he spoke with the confidence of a man who knew his ground.

"Sometime, sometime," answered the Indian ; and he began to fill his pipe for the road.

The last white speaker looked hard at his companions, and the Indian surveyed the three with his large, lustrous, quiet gaze.

"We want to ask you a few questions," the large gentleman observed. "We are travelling, and we need direction and information. You are a Christian?"

"Oh, yes."

"You go to meeting?"

The Indian shook his head.

"To church?"

"No."

"You bless yourself?" the youngest demanded, significantly.

The Indian bowed, but did not speak. His blanket, however, fell from his right shoulder—perhaps by accident—and the cross of a large rosary appeared hanging down over his broad, brown bosom.

How singular! The interrogator dropped a tear! The minds of childhood and manhood shook hands to weep! The reader knows very well that the interlocutor was Jack Hazlitt.

We need not add that he is accompanied by Captain Brackenbridge and Captain Johnson.

"Have you got a minister in your tribe?"

"Ah, yes—him FADER."

"Who is he?" demanded Captain Brackenbridge.

"Him Black Coat."

"Well, but—the Black Coat—who is he?" persisted the captain.

"Well, whiteman call 'im 'day Smay'—Indian call him 'Fader.'"

"You call him Father?"

"Yes."

The captain smiled, and his companions—one of them, at any rate—had the look of a man who pitied the Indian.

The Indian saw it at a glance, and his face darkened. The look was not passion ; it was a look of concentrated force—power—a thunder-cloud—and even the defiant seaman did not feel omnipotent in its shadow.

The Indian resumed quietly, and in a voice of wonderful pathos—

"Im fader love Indians, you see, an' love Indians children. An' 'im fader sit down in the wigwam, an' read for Indian, an' sing. An' whin Indian be angry 'cause hunting-ground be gone, an' Indian come home, an' no dinner in wigwam, fader shares all wid Indian, an' shows Indian 'im road to de Great Spirit's country, an' shows how He" (the poor savage took out the crucifix)—"how He forgives Indian, an' all."

The thing became solemn.

"Ah ! many white men's scalps would hang in Indian's wigwam on'y fader make 'im forgive."

"He shares with the Indian, you say ?"

"'Iss."

"Ah ! then, he has food always ?"

"No ; not food always. Indian give 'im corn, an' buck, an' buffalo, an' fur, and fader doesn't 'ave ate much. Ah ! poor fader no ate. He keep for Indian."

"And he is never hungry ?" Brackenbridge again inquired.

"Indian would see little papoose hungry sooner den 'im fader want bread. But a—but a—Indians child sometime want bread, an' Indian's fader too. White man left Indian little."

"But," Johnson went on, "does Father de Smet be hungry ?"

"Oh ! Indian—*me*," he said, pointing to his breast, "see fader hungry, an' kill wan dog for 'im dinner."

"He travels with you, then ?"

"Always, night an' day—in de snow, an' in de sunshine—in forest, an' in prairie ; Indian's fader stays wid Indian."

"By-the-bye !" exclaimed Johnson ; "and he gets no pay ?"

"No ; fader give every ting—day, night, summer, winter. Love he give, an' work ; an' Indian's love is all 'im fader ever get—ever. Ah ! he likes Indian's love, does fader !"

"Assuredly, yes," said Brackenbridge ; "a singular taste, upon my honour—a singular taste."

"DE GREAT SPIRIT will take fader ; an' Indian an' fader will live in de long summer of God !" said the Indian ; "live ever—ever !"

We know a companion of FATHER DE SMET, who knew this Indian well, and favoured us with his history. This, by way of sparing the reader's patience, if the author shall ever write a preface for "JACK HAZLITT." In the shadow of the Colosseum, one-and-twenty years ago, a kindly, genial, loving, and laborious missionary awakened in our soul an admiration for the noble red-man—admiration and pity which can never depart.

By-the-bye, without falling into the blatant blundering of an anti-Christian writer,* who argues Christianity a failure, because every Christian man does not practise every Christian virtue, we may well remark that Christian men have, in many cases, very odd standards of judgment, or very odd manners of being Christian. Is it with them, as with Captain Johnson, a "matter of taste" to toil, or not to toil—wear out one's life in weary want, or grub, and hoard, and lay up, as the world tries to do, "much goods for many days?" Alas! it were sad to ignore the only charter of immortality that has ever been written, and which has made the right to glory depend upon the life of love. *The de Smets'* "Bill of Rights," and yours, reader, and mine, are all identical. The writing has undergone no change, and the seal is the same.

Are the DE SMETS to walk upon thorns, with bleeding feet and panting bosom, for ever!—and WE to breathe the odour of the roses, whose fragrance we tread out in life's road, and during the enjoyment of to-day to think only of the greater that comes to bag our acceptance to-morrow.

Nay, reader, think no such thing.

We do not mean to say that you should put on a cowl and cassock, or a Sister of Mercy's veil, or an unbecoming cap and dowdy shawl, to show your contempt for the world. No; but permit us to say that a lot of us *do* seem to think that the whole pursuit of rational life is "all the pleasure you can get, and as little of irksome work and sacrifice as you can give." We do not want you to become DE SMETS, or XAVIER, or LIGUORI, or VINCENT DE PAULA, but we mean to say their work is

* Of course, I suppress the name of the book, but I cannot help saying that a more mischievous book for the *silly*, no man ever penned.

your work, according to your way. You cannot pay for it? Perhaps not; although you may have paid for many things of less value. But you can pray for their work—you can praise their work. You can make the communion of saints a glorious harmony, by making hearts and tongues vibrate on earth, and holy harps in heaven pour forth their melody, while the message of charity presents on high the petition for “the conversion of sinners.”

What we mean is this—that we ought, in some fashion, have a share in all the work done in Calvary’s shadow. “Where there’s a will there’s a way!” Try it, reader! *Mi crede*, you will not find it unpleasant!

So ends this short discourse.

Mr. Wood’s passing phase of feeling only ripened his intelligence and freshened his memory. He now struck out boldly for the real object of the conversation with the Indian.

“You pass by Jefferson City?”

“Yes.”

“You know the neighbourhood?”

“Oh, yes, Indian know every field.”

“Ever meet a person named Hennessy?”

“Big man?”

“Yes; a very tall, powerful man—as tall and powerful as yourself.”

The Indian smiled, and looked from the ceiling to the ground a little proudly.

“Ah! yes, Indian fight fire* for him. He very good to Indian.”

“Are you returning?”

“No.”

“You come with us?”

“No.”

Brackenbridge laid a ten-dollar note on the table.

“We will pay you!” he said to the Indian emphatically.

The Indian pushed the note away.

“Come, good fellow,” said Mr. Wood; “come, we will give you twenty dollars—you must come.”

“No,” answered the Indian.

“Why, confound you!” burst out Mr. Wood, in his old familiar style. “Confound you!”

* “Fighting fire” is the term employed to express the efforts made to put out prairie fires and fires in the woods.

The Indian turned and looked him full in the face—a long and terrible look ; yet it could not be called rage or fear. It was, as we said above regarding another glance—it was power.

Curiously, in a fold of his blanket—no one could have observed it—the Indian carried a five-chambered revolver. The red-man took the weapon out. He merely looked at the capping, and placed the pistol in his pouch again.

"Good bye, white man," he said ; "good bye !" and he went his way as quietly and composedly as if his only pre-occupation had been the colour of the sky or the height of the water in the harbour.

Within a quarter of an hour the Indian was at the lodgings of Ned O'Kennedy, under-clerk and guard of the "RESERVE" in the "Eagle Bank" of St. Louis.

"Why, you HAVE made a mess of it, Wood, by your powder-and-ball temper. We might have made something of the Delaware."

"'Tis nothing," remarked Brackenbridge. "Wood knows that Hennessy lives within hail of Jefferson City. He wants no more."

"True," Johnson replied ; "but how do you account for the Delaware's stubbornness ; it was singular—wasn't it ?"

"Do not mind," was the reply. "With Indians silence in many cases is an instinct, and it is in many a point of honour."

Now there was heard a ringing of a bell, and a shot from a field-piece of some description.

All three started !

The two captains turned towards Mr. Wood.

"Well, sir," Brackenbridge said, "there is the signal ! You try your fortune with the yachtman and Hennessy. We go to prepare your fortune at *Rio*. Of all the projects which, in a half score years, have made me master of a half-a-million, not one has been so simple, direct, and business-like as this of *La Plata* ; it will bring *one million two hundred thousand* ! It is the safest—clearest investment we have ever made."

Mr. Wood's eyes flashed. It was the flash of steel—not fire—the *flash of the eye which gloats on gold* !

Mr. Wood was sensible of many feelings, some of them not comfortable ones ; but this last grand "VENTURE"

had all the attraction of great peril—of great need of exertion, and great results. It was to be the very last—the very, very last, too, as well as the greatest. In the prosecution of it was to be found all the dazzling romance which would be required to fire even a sluggish nature ; and in the success of it the reward of the noblest achievement, and the possession of all that the highest ambition could desire. Beyond !—afterwards !—there was a new world—a world of rare glory—a world where pride could never have a master, or passion a stop or stay. A monarchy seemed quiet and unenjoyable beside the exciting and varying pictures which fancy painted, and in which fear, danger, or responsibility found no place ever, evermore !

As Brackenbridge had said, the possession of Ned O'Kennedy's confidence was a matter of importance—of life and death importance—to more than to Mr. Wood ; and John Hennessy's knowledge was equal to O'Kennedy's, if Hennessy's did not exceed it. All the magnificent visions conjured up by the name of the enchanted river *Rio de la Plata* darkened and disappeared in the presence of the power which the two Irishmen possessed.

Meanwhile Jack Hazlitt is making his way through St. Louis.

"Surely—surely he shall be mine—he *shall* !" muttered Jack Hazlitt, as with well-informed and firm step he directed his course towards the house in which his old servant lived. Hazlitt's look was the look of *will* and resolution—will and resolution chiselled in marble or cast in bronze.

Ned O'Kennedy was reading when the visitor knocked at his door ; and as he said "enter," he rose, still holding his book in his hand.

Jack Hazlitt presented himself, and was received with "Welcome, sir," and a ready chair.

It was clear to Hazlitt that the old time of demonstration had passed, and that he had now to deal with a new man. Yet O'Kennedy's brow was bowed lower than Jack Hazlitt's, and had in it the measure of a due respect, though not a profound one. Even this did not escape the new-comer, and did not help to re-assure him.

Hazlitt commenced to speak of the day of their separation, and the great pain it had given to himself and every

one at "The Hall." He had never since felt the same, he said, and he once thought that his foster-brother loved him better than to have remained so long without making the thing up. They might be "rich and happy yet."

Ned O'Kennedy gave an ominous shake of the head.

Oh, Mr. Hazlitt said, every one knew the great change which had taken place in his old friend and foster-brother (a name constantly repeated by Mr. Hazlitt); but high as his hopes were, he, Mr. Hazlitt, could present him with hopes a thousand times greater, and he could realize them, too—these very hopes. Ned O'Kennedy need not long be a clerk in a bank. He might be a man of estate and power, and "might rival the greatest of the O'Kennedys that had gone before him."

Here a servant knocked at the door, and presented a card. Mr. Ned O'Kennedy disappeared, having first craved pardon.

He remained only one or two minutes away.

One or two minutes oftentimes decide life interests, and one or two minutes now had their own importance, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SHOWING HOW MR. NED O'KENNEDY LOST HIS REVOLVER,
BUT NOT HIS PRESENCE OF MIND; ALSO THE NEWS
MR. WOOD HEARD ON HIS WAY BACK TO NEW YORK.



"HALL," sadly remarked Mr. Hazlitt, "do you surrender old times; Ned, and old friends—I might say, your own flesh and blood—for strangers?"

"No, Mr. Hazlitt; I am nearer to the old times and old friends than you."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Hazlitt, old times are old feelings and old joys, and all that *make* them; old friends are the friends

whom you loved for their ways, their principles, and their virtues. I am nearer to them than you."

"How know you that, Ned O'Kennedy? How know you that? Clothes do not change the man, and talk is nothing, and so are manners. Quite certain, if you give up an old friend he may become even as bad as you think him; but you have been wronging him, badly wronging him, Ned."

"I wish I could believe that you were or could become your mother's son, Mr. Hazlitt; but I cannot."

"You cannot?"

"No."

"And pray, sir, why?"

"Ah, well, Mr. Hazlitt, let us all be free in a free land. Your views and mine differ. Our pursuits differ. Let your old servant take his own old way."

"What is that?"

"The old way? What is the use of saying? There is no use—none."

"There is! there is! It is not yachting. It is not. See here, O'Kennedy, two thousand dollars a-year shall be yours—two thousand!"

O'Kennedy shook his head.

"What say you, Ned; answer me. Come, what say you?"

"I enjoy something more than I could enjoy money."

"What?"

"Honour, honesty, God," answered Ned O'Kennedy, reverently. "Mr. Hazlitt, leave me in peace, I pray."

"Come, Ned, we must be friends. Come, three thousand, four thousand—six."

"Not for a million, sir."

"You fool! you coward! Do you think I am to be balked?"

Ned smiled. Ned smiled, and Hazlitt became infuriated.

"Well, my fine moralist," Hazlitt said, with that contemptuous grin and serpent hiss so familiar to him. "Well, my grand Christian, people say you can handle gold not your own, though you are too wise to risk your neck, my man. I have heard it said that the clerk of the 'RESERVE' knows how to abstract a bag, or ~~two~~ or three."

"You mean," asked Ned in his turn, though evidently not in such anger as might be expected, "you mean to charge me with robbery?"

"I mean that before a week you will be in chains—and the case is conclusive and mortal. Come, Ned! come! *I can save you.*"

"Fly, and allow the world to say I fled from justice! Me, sir—fly! Oh, no—death first."

Then came that change over Hazlitt's face that represented a soul of agonising malice and death-like resolution. He bit his lips until the blood started from them, and he bent his head, and *hissed*—really hissed.

"Then," he said in a hoarse horrible whisper, "YOU SHALL DIE!"

"And you shall be hanged," added O'Kennedy.

"No," hissed, in poison-like whisper, the reckless assailant. "No," he said; "look here! It is your own revolver. I have got possession of it. Your own balls, and your own caps."

He lowered his voice, and spoke into his old servant's ear the awful sentence of a cool murderer's vengeance.

"I WILL KILL YOU! Kill you! and place your own weapon in your quivering hand, until your dead fingers stiffen! You shall be a *suicide* who committed self-murder to escape the gallows! Come, what says the Christian O'Kennedy to that? What?"

Hazlitt's eyes flashed with the fires of a damned soul's hell.

"What say you?"

"Well, I say," replied Ned O'Kennedy, "I say this——"

Like lightning he descended upon Hazlitt. He caught his right hand as if a powerful vice had grasped it. A moment, and Hazlitt uttered an involuntary cry of pain.

Dislocated at the wrist, his hand hung useless by his side.

Hazlitt's cry seemed to have brought some notice upon them, for the door was now opened, and the majesty of the United States presented itself in the form of a policeman.

"Ho!" the new-comer said.

"Ah, nothing. Just this gentleman's wrist has been put out of joint."

"Let me out of this d——d den," cried Hazlitt.

"Stay!" answered the officer. "Mr. O'Kennedy——?" he asked.

"No charge, sir," Ned answered. "No charge. I would thank you to accompany Mr. Wood to a surgeon's; that's all."

And he handed the worthy preserver and vindicator of peace and morality a ten-dollar note.

But Hazlitt pitched them all to ——, and made his way from the house "a wiser, if not a better man."

Mr. Wood was still a young man, and vitality works double speed up to one score and a-half, and sometimes after.

He of course saw a surgeon, and his limb was set, and he modishly placed his wrist in a very handsome mauve silk scarf, and went around for one or two days like a man who had met an accident, or been wounded in a duel, or was hit by chance while out in search of game. In a word, Mr. Jack Hazlitt, or Mr. Wood, was all the better of the freedom taken by his foster-brother, and from time to time he acknowledged the same to himself.

But a concentrated quenchless hatred was burning in Hazlitt's soul. The grand "venture" of La Plata saved Ned O'Kennedy's life—though not his liberty.

He spent just four days and five hours in St. Louis, but saw his yachtman no more. He saw every one else, however—at all events, those he wanted to see; and if Ned O'Kennedy escape gaol and gallows, Mr. Jack Hazlitt will not have to blame his industry or the non-elasticity of his conscience.

How many things he found in St. Louis to engage him we cannot even guess, but one thing our friend the Indian enabled him to know, and that was his aunt in the convent. The Indian fell in with Hazlitt one day, and proposed a visit to the hospital. Hazlitt assented; but the Indian's charity was useless.

The Superioress of the nuns, or the Assistant, we do not care to say which, was Grace O'Brien's sister. She saw her own flesh and blood—talked with him over "the fall he had had;" employed embrocations of various kinds, and supernatural love to make the patient good,

happy, and well, but the good nun never guessed that she spoke to her own sister's child—never. And was it not a mercy?

And, oh, how much was spoken—spoken by the lips of love, purity, and truth! How many lessons upon the events of human life, called accidents, but which a good God sends as ANGELS, and which lead us, and teach us, and save us, and bestow upon us bliss! "Ah," she said one day, "my dear sir, this stay in St. Louis may be intended to make you know yourself, God's way, and God's will the better. Allow an old nun—well, yes, and an Irish nun—to say it, these teachings which come so singularly, unbidden, flitting away, and marking the parting of roads for eternity!—ah, sir, there is something awful in them, both in significancy and results."

Hazlitt knew her well. She was the image of his mother, and the original of the picture he had seen at New York on the occasion of his first visit to the convent there; but her love and lessons were lost upon him.

Long, long ago the habit of his mind to sneer at sentiment and mock faith had prepared him for the phase of character which from time to time we meet in the bad world of passion, where the highest philosophy is the greatest selfishness, and dignity of character a denial of humanity.

Jack Hazlitt! has he committed the "three crimes of Damascus?" And if so, what next? What next?

He certainly has escaped all priest-craft and Ultramontanism, and has had a "fine liberal education."

Mr. Jack Hazlitt directed his steps towards Washington, for some reason sufficient for himself, and as this was four, or five, or six days after his interview with O'Kennedy, his wrist had been comparatively restored to articulation. He thought of his aunt the evening before, and he asked himself would he go see his mother's sister? But Jack Hazlitt smiled! What was she to him? She was a fossil, an old trumpery, an Ultramontane, dressed-out doll! He smiled at the idea of Mother Mary Vincent being the flesh and blood of such a man as he!

So he departed for Washington.

A wonderful surprise awaited him one day in that city. He was quietly sauntering down by the Capitol when a horse madly dashed by in the direction in which he was

going. The furious animal bore a lady, a young lady, on its back, who appeared pale with fright, and likely soon to be flung headlong upon the flagway.

All Hazlitt's old ardour rose, and all the old vanity which passed among the innocent for chivalry, but he could do nothing. His arm was still in the sling, and, besides, no human activity could overtake the fleet quadruped.

There were cries in plenty, though the street was comparatively empty and tranquil ; but no one seemed to comprehend how a rescue was practicable.

The rescue came, however, in God's time, as all things that can be called blessings come.

Two or three hundred yards in front of Hazlitt str-de along a tall man, a very tall, powerful man—as tall as Lowry M'Cabe—and a well-dressed young woman by his side. This tall powerful man turned his head round to see the galloping thoroughbred. The supreme moment had come. The young lady swayed, swayed in deadly peril, from side to side. Her death-knell seemed to have rung when the tall man slipped off the sideway, awaited the approach of the fleet, fiery creature that tore along, and—stopped the animal? not at all ; such a thing would have been very unlike the man, and useless or injurious to the lady. No, no ; but he put out his right hand, gently caught the lady by the bridle arm, and, raising her off the saddle as one would raise his hat, and placing her on the flags by his young companion at his side, he told her “the wicked villain might go to the d——l now, and he hoped she would not be frightened, poor child.”

The young horsewoman became immediately the centre of all kinds of sympathetic demonstrations. In the great republic, as we have more than once remarked before, woman is a crowned queen ; she commands without speaking, and service is not only at her bidding, but her wishes are anticipated. The young lady soon found herself in a fine drawing-room, with old and new friends around her, and had the satisfaction to hear that her runaway horse was brought back.

The great tall man proved to be an Irishman on his way to St. Louis, in charge of a young girl, his lady's ward. He pooh-poohed all the thanks and admiration, and no one would think of offering such a man money as a re-

ward. He waited just long enough to see all things tranquil, and then went his way.

Mr. Wood never lost sight of the tall man, and overtook him at the door of a hotel.

"You are a noble fellow," Mr. Wood remarked.

"Oh, yeh, 'twas no great thing of an effort; she was as light as a feather, little lady."

"You are an Irishman, I perceive."

"Faith, see here! as I know your ways in this country, I am so; an' I'll save you all kinds of trouble at once by sayin' out o' hand, my name is Lowry M'Cabe. I'm a coachman and a groom by thrade, and my master is Judge O'Connor Moran."

"And this young lady?"

"Oh, she is Miss Hammond, and Mrs. O'Connor Moran loves her very much, an' is sending her to school."

"Where?"

"To St. Louis."

"A fine girl, indeed."

"Ah, her mother and father are both dead; her mother was an 'angelic person,' the very word I heard the Judge himself pronounce."

Lowry was quite determined not to abate his master's titles.

"And where is the Judge, your master? In America?"

"Well, his lordship is on his way to the English provinces, an' he came all this round to see Mrs. Browne an' Mr. Browne an' a gentleman named Mr. M'Cann, the finest people in the universal world."

"And who is the Judge's lady?"

"His lady?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she is Lady Euphrasia Haydock. So that's all, sir. I must be doing something now. Good-bye, sir. Mrs. Browne's mother, the widow, is coming to New York, and I must be back in no time to look after every one."

Mr. Wood was not thunderstruck. Nothing would surprise him now. If the arrival of his mother had been the only announcement made to him he might have had the fitful feeling which springs up at the touch of a memory, and vanishes away; but the association of O'Connor Moran's name, titles, and position, with the

other pieces of news, stung his self-love. One of Hazlitt's misfortunes always was to aim at being everthing everywhere ; and now this moralist, Moran, who had so often advised him and tried to correct him, and whom he began to hate even for his very virtue, here he was, judge of the land and apparently married to a noble.

Hazlitt stamped, stamped fiercely, and his eyes flashed with rage. The intellect had been subdued, the affections withered, natural love had died in the desert of a conscienceless heart that now accepted no creed unless one that wore the chains of passion.

Verily Mr. Jack Hazlitt has been emancipated !

But then, he mused, when he would have had his *million*, that full million now well-nigh counted and in his coffers, what would a miserable colonial judgeship be compared to the position which he would occupy ? And assuredly Grace Brackenbridge would compare with this English dame. He wondered was she a Protestant ? To be sure she was ! Well, all he would give to know ! That sublime Papist took a Protestant wife and went "to Church." These grand Christian men are always hypocrites ! Confound them !

Mr. Jack Hazlitt would have given a thousand dollars that O'Connor Moran's wife was a Protestant ; and why ? Alas for fallen nature ! it is the enjoyment of the infernal to desire the multiplication of iniquity !

Mr. Wood was awakened from his meditations by noticing a letter upon his dressing-table.

The direction was in handwriting now familiar and dear, but half his interest in the contents had evaporated by the nature of his preceding thoughts.

He broke the seal listlessly, and then found an enclosure that stirred his blood. It was from Captain Brackenbridge, and dated "Buenos Ayres." Many instructions and much information were given, but the electric passage was the following :

"So all is now right. We have shipped eight of *ours*. Whole crew is twenty-one. Johnson commands. You go as passenger. You sail in nineteen days. *Your million is sure !*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHOWING HOW MR. WOOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD IN IMPRISONING NED O'KENNEDY, AND HOW HE GAINED THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND MORE.



HERE is very little passenger traffic by water between St. Louis and Jefferson City on the Missouri. We must, however, be understood to speak of fourteen or fifteen years ago; and fifteen years in the United States is like a century to older nations. The muddy river was becomingly engaged in carrying the heavier merchandise which could bear some delay, and not so well bear the expense of more rapid transit by railway.

One day in September a few people of Jefferson City, on the river banks, were engaged in viewing a steam-vessel, which struggled along not much more than a quarter of a mile to the eastward, but nearly a half-mile away from the shore. We say struggled along, not that she was in danger of sinking, at least just then, but because she was of that asthmatic construction, that coughs, and puffs, and stumps, and gets onward only by a kind of life-and-death exertion.

The hour was evening, and the golden tints of the rich autumnal sun were just fading away, and the woods, and water, and city wore that dreamy and weird-like appearance in which the twilight of the autumn in America wraps the scenery.

The steamer kept pounding and coughing in the distance, like a worn-out traveller seeking help; and, as she neared the city before-mentioned, attracted a little more curiosity. It was clearly perceived, or understood, that she had an unusual number of people on board, considering the nature of the vessel; and, besides, it was

becoming late in the year, and neither safe nor profitable for such passages to be undertaken.

Thoughts of a character likely to arise from these circumstances were expressed among the couple of dozen who stood on the quay, or landing-stage, and curiosity and conjecture became busy. The shadows were falling, and the ship was becoming only duskiy visible. The yellow wavelets came rattling in, and hardly reflected the weak rays of a crescent moon. A sudden gust of wind from the north made the river shiver and the waters hiss. The horizon darkened, the blue of the sky disappeared, and, with a suddenness which no one could anticipate, down came a thundering squall that swept over land and water like ten thousand furies.

Just as the little crowd was flying to seek some refuge from the storm, a roar was heard, and a flash seen, at a half-mile's distance. It was not thunder and lightning. The flash revealed the steamer which they had been watching; and some declared she looked half torn asunder.

The excitement was naturally growing, and discussion becoming louder, when the discussion, at least, was suspended by a scene such as, even on the Missouri or Mississippi, is, thank God, rarely witnessed.

From two or three gaping mouths, in rapid succession, after a loud detonation, were vomited forth torrents of living fire; whilst the stern of the vessel seemed surrounded, embraced, and canopied by a white flame of vengeance, that was crushing the creature to ashes in its embrace. The flame daintily, though rapidly, stole along the vessel's side. It then rushed bodily, as if preparing for a savage leap! It even paused! And then erecting itself ten—fifteen—twenty feet high, it looked a hundred-headed monster with fangs, and tongues, and lips of a hundred serpents of fire.

It was terrible.

The standers-by on the wharf began to cry out! The bells started to ring. Crowds came running from the town. The wharf was soon crowded by an immense mass of people, who shouted out a thousand commands and advices, to which no one appeared to give any attention; and scores ran hither and thither, crying aloud, and not knowing what they did.

Although the scene on board the burning vessel became

so appalling, the whole result had been produced in half the time we have taken to set it forth, and no mind could be prepared for such a catastrophe.

Everything was now seen on board as plainly as in broad day, and more plainly. In the strong light of the blazing pine oil, the smallest cord and crevice seemed revealed on deck ; and there a score people, apparently, or more, were making for the figure-head, fore-maintop, or any place forward, where life might have a chance, and the last resolution, for a while at least, be suspended.

One passenger on board seemed quite demented—a fine-looking, tall man. He ran up and down, wringing his hands most woefully, and finally jumped overboard ! He was soon followed by a second, who appeared to catch the mania ; and they were succeeded by a third. A crowd still remained, packed forward—some working at life-preservers around their waists—some holding oars or spars, getting ready for the supreme moment—some merely swinging their hands and arms, and shrieking for assistance.

The end was rapidly coming on—the illumination growing, until the wretched victims' features looked transparent.

There were three men on the deck—two tall men, and one who was under the middle size—who were distinguished for a wonderful calmness. They seemed to move up and down, and try to re-assure the despairing. A moment, and one of the three was seen to take off his hat and bow down before his less athletic companion, who immediately placed his hand upon the tall man's head. The second of the tall men did precisely the same, and a stretched-out hand fell on his head in like manner ; and then from the quay there arose the cry of " a priest ! a priest on board ! " and the solemn office of preparing for judgment struck the lookers-on ; and the calm resolution of Christian resignation was revealed to them all ; and some there felt how good the Almighty God had manifested himself to the poor travellers in that terrible moment, by sending them the message of power and the assurance of reconciliation.

It is not to be supposed that no effort was being made to save the poor people in the channel. On the contrary, everything that could be done was being done ; but it

must be remembered that the crisis arrived in a moment, and whatever the necessity and danger, some delay was inevitable.

Long, however, before any boat could be made available, and, indeed, almost as soon as the three men we have spoken of were first seen, a white figure flitted through the crowd and made for the river's edge.

The crescent moon sent down a ray ; and a cheer like a tempest burst from the sympathizing multitude as they beheld an Indian flinging off his blanket, and shooting his canoe like an arrow right into the centre of the Missouri.

It was that singular being, Jerome, called the King of the Indians. In an incredibly short time he had cleared the quay, and soon himself and his canoe were only an outline on the dark water. Again, however, they became sharply defined as they swept into the strong light of the burning vessel ; and, finally, they were seen sweeping rapidly around the prow, near enough to afford help, but far enough away to escape the hissing and even howling flames in which the ship was now enveloped.

The man who was recognised as "the priest" was active still. He was likely to become the first victim. He was here and there, as demand after demand was made upon him ; and often in the midst of his work, himself and the object of his ministry had to run for life to some spot where standing-room was more possible.

Thus it happened that the Indian was not a moment too soon. The clergyman was engaged with one of the seamen, just behind the steward's room, on deck. The fire had been rapidly gaining, but here had yet presented no appearance. Suddenly, however, it caught everything around, as if they had been saturated with petroleum. In a moment the clergyman's clothes were on fire. He cried aloud involuntarily. The fire spread around him, and even seized his hair. The clergyman was destined for the glorious death of a confessor, apparently, when the man with whom we first beheld him, rushing across, seized him around the body. Another moment, and he stood on the crackling rail of the fated steamer, holding up the priest as if he held up a child. Then down, down into the deep river he plunged, with a cry

which was like a cheer, it seemed so like the voice of one equal to his mission.

In a moment the second of those whom we remarked with the priest was beside the swimmer ; and evidently the waters and the swimmers were old friends.

"No fear, no fear, Father," cried the tall man ; "just hold on by my hips. I can swim the whole river."

"Come, Lowry, my boy," cried the other voice, "here I am. The Shannon for ever ! Hurrah !" and he clove the waters magnificently.

The words had hardly escaped his lips when the Indian and his canoe shot up alongside.

"Glory be to God !" cried Ned O'Kennedy, "the priest is safe ! Glory be to God !"

And so he was safe and sound ere long in King Jerome's canoe ; while Lowry M'Cabe looked astounded, even in his excitement, when he surveyed the magnificent chest and muscular development of the red-man, and saw a pair of brown scapulars, large enough to make a dozen, hanging over his shoulders.

The voyagers had neither coats nor shoes, and the clergyman was nearly as bad, because his coat was in tatters from the burning ; but, in their joy, they felt no cold, and cared for no loss—and that joy was "saving the poor clergyman."

Any amount of thanks was offered to Jerome, who answered sententiously, "All same, all same ;" but he made Ned O'Kennedy understand that he owed him a life for a good while.

Lowry M'Cabe, for his part, saw clearly "the Injins were not all heathens, an' his heart warmed to the man with the scapulars."

When spoken to about his feelings in the water, Lowry declared "Quite comfortable-like, bekase the priest was there, you know, an' one wasn't dhrown'd like a dog."

Lowry had a share of superstition, of course, and that was the reason he was convinced that some of his people from the land of love had come that night and spoken to him. What, however, was more singular, the priest had heard the same sounds, and so did Mr. Ned O'Kennedy. Lowry M'Cabe was tumbling the clergyman over the side of the canoe, and in imminent prospect of turning the canoe upside down, and bringing all to an end, when he

heard—and all of them heard—in the darkness, “*Shau-chin ! Shau-chin ! anyeer ! anyeer !*” He saw at once that he had to swim astern and keep the canoe balanced, and he did it handsomely ; but he declared most solemnly that when he laid hold on the stern rather roughly, and caused some oscillation of the little bark, the same voice (he said it was like his father’s long ago)—but the voice cried, “*Succourh ! Succourh !*” which, of course, the reader knows, was “*Quietly ! quietly !*”

The whole circumstances brought them in the presence of the supernatural, and made the hearts of all thankful and more joyous.

We do not realize the PRESENCE ever benevolent, and ever watchful, and ever speaking. Ah ! just because we are always looking for “some one from the dead.” The river and the sea “have they not voice and sound ?” and the winds upon the prairie, and the dead leaves falling at the cold autumnal touch, and the ring of the child’s laugh, and the mother’s counsel, and the father’s warning, and the expanding earth, and the sunlight and moonlight, and the *graves*—are they not all monitors, preachers, missionaries, kindly sent by God—every single one—just as he sends the seasons, and the dews, and the blessed Gospel. But we remember not, and in our hardness and insensibility we reduce every interposition to the category of the merely natural, unless we behold a miracle. “Moses and the prophets” are not enough for us, we want some one “risen from the dead.”

Reader, we do not see Him in everything, and, in every place, hear him. If we did, it would be the same to us whether God had sent back the father of Lowry M’Cabe to speak to him, or so arranged that a human mind should foresee his danger, and a human tongue warn him to avoid it. “In Him we live, move, and have our being.”

The condition of affairs in this portion of our history is the most natural in the world.

Mr. Wood’s failure in his attempt upon the life and honour of his foster-brother made the purchase or removal of Hennessy and Ned O’Kennedy a greater necessity than ever. Not that the people at “The Hall” feared any immediate action on the part of the two Irishmen, but because the power which these Irishmen seemed to possess poisoned the air, and darkened the blossoms, and

blackened the sky ; and, right or wrong in their fears, they, at "The Hall," could not get on tranquilly. Evidently, and the reason was operative, if anything should arise to demand "clean hands," in the past, such men as Hennessy and O'Kennedy would be mortal assailants. What remained then but one thing ? And why not carry out the rule of self-preservation ? Was it not the rule of society and of common sense ?

Once more we say, get rid of a conscience, reader, and where can you find a flaw in the reasoning of "The Hall ?"

If your interest, or the interest of your kindred, your fears, hopes, or rights, behold in your way an opponent, an enemy, a rival ; and if to secure yourself, or those who are dear to you, you have no help remaining unless the poinard or the cup, what holds your passions in check, your desires restrained, and your power manacled ? Fear ? Why you can so plot, and plan, and arrange as to exclude danger—many have done so—why not you ? Law ? What is law to you ? A name, an abstraction, an enemy. Conscience ? All conscience is on the side of selfishness. You have *to-day*—to-morrow belongs to fate. "Eat, drink, and be merry ; to-morrow we die." Conscience points out as a duty the very thing which Christians call an abomination—the conscience which is not Christian, and is therefore not a conscience at all. Remove conscience, Christian conscience—and "success" is the only creed. And that is not the success of your nation, or the success of your kind, or any species of philanthropy or patriotism—it is simply YOURSELF. Take away Christian conscience, and "The Hall" teaches sound philosophy—and the only sound philosophy.

America ! America !

"*A conscience ! A conscience ! my life for a conscience !*"—the dictum which heaven teaches your moralists and your statesmen to inculcate.

Yet what have Europeans to boast ?

The Communists threaten Paris. The Republicans hold Spain. The Jews and Freemasons hold Austria. Fidelity to conscience is in Switzerland forfeiture of right. Germany whips, and robs, and expatriates conscience. Victor Emmanuel has made Rome the grave of conscience, and locked the prison-door upon the only power on earth that can restore and give conscience healthy activity !

What has Europe to boast of?

Yea! we must conclude for Europe what we conclude for America—the *destruction of liberty and civilization, or the restoration of a conscience!*

Who is to enthrone the prostrate power of conscience? Only God.

We repeat that nothing was more natural than the combination here encountered.

Lowry M'Cabe had gone to St. Louis to "settle Miss Hammond with Reverend Mother," and the faithful man had accomplished his purpose. He was quite aware of his cousin Ned O'Kennedy's position, and Ned declared that "St. Louis and the sky over it was handsomer from the day Lowry M'Cabe entered the town." They had the real affection of men—men who really love their friends and not *themselves* in their friendship. You will meet many a one kind and considerate, and even sacrificing as long as he finds his friend an instrument—an instrument to attain something more valuable than what is given up; but not many who see nothing but the being to whom sympathy springs with an unbidden bound, and care nothing, and calculate nothing only what the instincts of nature, approved by reason, suggest.

Of the few were Ned O'Kennedy and Lowry M'Cabe.

Old times were talked over, and old plans, and the poor fellows' souls visited all the old spots at home, and some tears were shed—shed by men who cared little for life or death, and whose eyes would fill at the remembrance of an old haunt, and the play-time love of a sunny Sunday evening by the river, or in the old ruin's shadow. If you meet such men, reader, do not condemn them—cherish and trust them; for the better half of man's soul is dead who doth not feel as they feel. Their thought is the comeliness which God gave their souls.

Lowry M'Cabe soon became acquainted with what modern writers call "the situation," and the thought of Ned O'Kennedy's "conversion," and even of the attempt on his life, only made Lowry laugh. He had a confidence in his own invincibility, and he believed his cousin quite his equal. But when Ned O'Kennedy informed him that "another deputation" was to wait on himself and John Hennessy for a purpose similar to the former, Lowry's mind was at once made up. Lowry would stay

out the whole of the trial of the deputation, and he felt a kind of joy at the thought of being on the spot to have his share in the scrimmage.

The cousins had not long to wait. A few days brought them information regarding the day, the route, and the conspirators; and these conspirators, of all people in the world, were Mr. Gretrix Meldon and the patriotic John Teeling, who came on this errand to "vindicate his creed and country," and earn two hundred dollars for drink.

"Meldon! Meldon!" cried Lowry M'Cabe. "Arrah! is he the thief from Louisiana? Is he?"

Of course, that was a question which Ned O'Kennedy could not answer; but the curiosity of both of them was stimulated to a very high degree.

It was easy to watch and use the arrival at St. Louis; and the emissaries had men to deal with who were no sluggards or laggards. Their coming to St. Louis was known, and their determination to take the river route, and not the railway, was soon discovered.

"What are you goin' to do, Ned O'Kennedy?" asked Lowry.

"To do? Why I am going to travel with them. How should we know, Lowry, the way they might descend upon our old friend John Hennessy?"

"Have you any arms?" Ned asked.

"Och! if I havn't a beauty!" was the reply.

And thus were the cousins found on board the ill-fated boat that burned to the water's edge opposite Jefferson City.

We might most interestingly engage the reader on the sights and scenes on shore; and the grand reception the Irishmen got from John Hennessy; and the joy of the Indian people, who waited their chief in John Hennessy's neighbourhood; and the red-men's pride at the glory and honour won by their king; and on the number of things John Hennessy required to know, and Lowry M'Cabe was able to answer. But we must hurry on.

Meldon, Teeling, and their companions perished that terrible night. They had been drinking and playing cards, and in a drunken fit jumped into the muddy river. Whiskey is not equal to the steady daring called courage. With whiskey—a whiskey spirit—it is a *rush* or *run*, or *rush and ruin*. The drunkards could not wait, not they;

and so found their graves in the Missouri. *No other passenger was lost.*

John Hennessy became aware of his danger, and solemnly thankful for his deliverance. He was warm in his acknowledgments to Ned O'Kennedy, and again and again reverted to his long and dangerous journey.

"Well," Ned said, "more is due to Jerome than to anyone. He has twice saved my life."

"An' you ! an' you !" answered Jerome.

"Oh, Jerome, mine was only a little service, yours was downright salvation. Jerome, the three gentlemen at St. Louis would not sell the secret for a million of dollars, which they gave you for nothing ! That secret saved many."

"That secret and God," remarked Hennessy.

"Yes, Mr. Hennessy ; but you know that secret came from God's goodness, like everything else," answered the more acute Ned O'Kennedy.

"Ah ! ah !" quietly added the Indian.

"Irish !" demanded the Indian, looking from Ned O'Kennedy to Lowry M'Cabe.

"Oh, Irish ! yes, indeed."

"'Im name."

"M'Cabe."

"M'Cabe !" the Indian repeated, "M'Cabe !"

"Yes, Jerome. Why do you ask ?"

"Oh, wan man in Indian country, and 'im name M'Cabe."

"M'Cabe !" thundered Lowry.

"'Iss—'iss—far in Indian country ; de Line (himself) see him."

"An Irishman ?"

"'Iss."

"Where did he come from ?"

"Oh, from one place ober—de sugar place."

"Bermuda."

"'Iss, 'iss," answered the Indian.

Lowry was nearly beside himself. He had had a brother who had travelled to Bermuda at the public expense, for services he was supposed to have rendered to "White Boys," and of him the family had never heard.

All this was progressing satisfactorily at breakfast the second day after the arrival of the strangers, when a knock on the door announced a visitor.

John Hennessy went to do the honours, and to serve himself.

He found *two* visitors. They were well-spoken, well-mannered men from St. Louis, whom John Hennessy knew as belonging to the United States police force. He was naturally a little surprised ; but not startled.

"Mr. O'Kennedy here?" demanded the superior officer.

"Certainly."

"I can see him?"

"Oh, yes."

Ned O'Kennedy heard the voice, and immediately remembered it. Instantly he knew all the circumstances.

"You come to arrest me?"

"Yes."

"The charge?"

"Robbery, speculation, and a thousand things," said the officer.

"Is Harris in St. Louis?" asked Ned O'Kennedy.

"No."

"He knows something of this, and Jerome here."

Jerome came forward.

"You no say who know it or who don't know. Good time ; good time," said the Indian.

"The Lion is right," said the officer, who really did not seem to make a great deal of the arrest. But he said O'Kennedy ought to have left St. Louis if he knew anything of the kind was turning up. He believed that Mr. O'Kennedy would clear himself.

We have performed one-half our promise. We have narrated how Jack Hazlitt made good his threat against his old servitor. It only remains now to show how the same gentleman realized five times the two hundred thousand dollars, and twice that sum.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHOWING THE CONSPIRACY ON BOARD THE "CALIPH,"
AND THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



N the month of October, a magnificent ship lay at anchor at the quay of Colonia, opposite Buenos Ayres. Every one knows that Colonia is a kind of resting place where deep water and tranquil life are boons to ship and sailor, either to rest at the end of a voyage, or to gather energy and get ship-shape at the beginning of one. Well, there, in Colonia, or at that misnamed place—because it is hardly large enough to hold an Irish fair—rode the *Caliph*, as fine a vessel as ever bent her prow before the wind. She was as stately as a queen. Her yards seemed morticed to the masts, and the reefed sails gracefully showed their triple cross-like painted imitations of folding and cordage, all had been so symmetrically laid down. The pennant streamed from the maintop. The sailor lounged with folded arms around the forecastle. Capstan and compass, and boats and anchors, and small boats and cordage, seemed all spick-and-span new, and all of them lay in their places with that order and regularity which are the sailor's eye and step when he gets the word of command.

The "grand venture" of life, the "safe investment," was on board the *Caliph*; and so was Mr. Eardley Wood.

Mr. Wood's mind was, of course, filled to that mind's uttermost capacity by the anticipations which were now rapidly taking form. He had always lived more or less in a dream—the dream of the future, or the dream of what men or women thought of him. Since he had received the letter from *Rio* no room was left for anything unless the golden hope which fortuneed him above kings, and would enable him to set his foot upon competitors, and annihilate pretenders for evermore.

And this had its useful effects for Mr. Wood, at least in one regard.

Mr. Wood travelled with great rapidity to New York from Washington, but he made no stay whatever in the city. He found his plans understood, and his men prepared for their work ; and it was from Brooklyn they entered upon their mission. But what at another time would have given him a blow under which he would have reeled, or which would have driven him to some awful act of aggression upon other men, was now heard with sufficient composure : *Miss Brackenbridge had left for Canada, and would not return for three months !*

"I know your grand culmination comes !" she wrote ; "the captain has so informed me. I will triumph in your exaltation, and would pray for your success if the Brackenbridge faith had not taught me that a true man *makes his fortune and himself. We shall meet the day your voyage closes ! Till then farewell.*"

Mr. Wood smiled at the lady's force of character, but the River Plate was too large an object to permit the presence even of a Grace Brackenbridge to occupy his mind.

It is marvellous, even psychologically, how men whose only creed is to assist themselves when they can do so safely, hazard all things, and more than hazard them betimes, under the domination of an idea. The soul becomes replete with the image of some success, and, at the same time, conscious of a thousand chances of reverse. These chances stare the daring dreamer in the face. They come again and again ! Dishonour threatens him ; death flings its shadow on his way ; his strongest fears, and his strongest passions, save the *one*, stand gloomily warning him ; yet the dominant, absorbing thought triumphs over them all, and fate itself is defied for the chance of the victory which may realize a fancy or a fortune. And these children of reckless adventure are not mad—nor even heartless—nor men who seek self-destruction, as is evident by the case of Mr. Wood now on the *Caliph's* quarter-deck. Such men are only the animals of the rational world, without a creed ; and, alas, the world has too many of them for its peace.

Mr. Wood did not find everything exactly as Brackenbridge had pictured. Captain Johnson, after all, was not in command. A week before sailing, the brother of the owner of the *Caliph*—an able commander, and one

who had commanded the vessel before—was appointed in Captain Johnson's place, and the "particular responsibilities" of the case were quite a sufficient reason for the owner wishing the change; besides which, however, he gave Captain Johnson a noble compensation—in fact, as much money as the trip would make, without the trouble of making it: and, besides, the firm was one with which Johnson "would not quarrel at all."

The *Caliph* was laden entirely with guano and gold and silver bars, and with an immense amount of coined specie besides.

Captain Johnson expressed himself not only content, but obliged; and, in fact, he was rather "pleased to take a trip to London, where he had much business to transact," and he was well pleased "to have his hands free for ten or twelve months to wind up his European transactions."

In these circumstances, and in this mood of mind, Mr. Wood, as we must continue to call him, found his friend Captain Johnson.

Captain Bonner, the responsible commander, rejoiced heartily in the anticipation of a voyage commenced under such happy auspices; and when Mr. Eardley Wood became a messmate at the captain's table, the summit of Captain Bonner's rejoicing seemed to have been reached—in fact, he looked like one who thought every minute an hour until they should weigh anchor.

The relations of Mr. Wood and Captain Johnson were sufficiently known. The captain had been Mr. Wood's patron; and Mr. Wood was known to be a "gentleman who took to the sea for love of the rollicking billow." It would be hard to find sympathies much stronger than these, and still with varieties of feeling that made sympathy the salt of association, by imparting a speciality to every man's impressions.

At length came the hour of departure. The cordage rattled over the deck. The song raised the anchors from their deep beds below. The canvas flapped around the masts, and played around the yards; and the white lines gambolled in a kind of exultation at their freedom—and the noble ship shook herself for the homeward journey. The commander looked a proud man when, having

"Yoked his naval chariot to the gale,"

she bowed her obedience to the helm.

No incident of importance took place for three weeks or more. The passage is a safe one enough—plenty of sea-room, and no sunken rocks or threatening shoals; there is, moreover, a good capful of wind; so that the crew felt all like a holiday-time, wanting the additional grog.

The gentlemen in the cabin got on in wonderful amity. They discussed the merits of ships, and their owners, and their builds—of compasses, chronometers, and lifeboats—and they played backgammon.

Mr. Eardley Wood nearly broke down once or twice, when Captain Bonner gave a dash against the ignorance of the Irish; but Mr. Wood's wrath, as we know, arose from the fact that he thought the right of attacking his countrymen belonged to himself exclusively, and he could not tolerate any invasion of his monopoly.

There are many Mr. Woods in the world. Mr. Wood, however, watched himself, and most wonderfully governed himself—assisted powerfully by Captain Johnson. The captain's eye, and tone, and changed manner were a constant reminder to Mr. Wood that the "last grand venture" which should stamp his fortune with royalty was in process of being made.

Well, the *Caliph* is fifteen days out, and has been rapid and prosperous. She makes an average of eight knots, and sometimes runs eleven and twelve. The captain looked over the side; and, as he saw the flying waters, and heard their farewell to his ship—flying off in foam—he rubbed his hands and looked up to the sky, saying, "Doesn't she do it!"

A trivial incident happened one day about this time. One of the sailors came to the captain—we mean Captain Bonner—and informed him that he believed one or two of the men were hanging about the places where the specie was stowed away.

"Who are they?" demanded Bonner.

"The boatswain and the mate's assistant."

Bonner laughed.

"Oh, very well, sir; I have done my duty—very well."

"How now?" asked Captain Johnson coming up. "What brings *you* aft?" he demanded, eyeing the informer.

"Why," said Bonner, "he is rash-judging his mess-

mates—that's all. He is an honest fellow, however. He saw two of our men executing some orders of mine about the specie, and he thought they were thieving. He is an honest tar."

"Go below, you fool!" said Johnson. "Go below!"

"Do not blame him too much, Captain Johnson."

"Well, Captain Bonner, he is a man of ours whom we recommended to your brother; and I do protest that Brackenbridge is such a saint he will destroy our fellows by psalm-singing and odd ways of honesty. Much will not go wrong where he is."

In fact, however, it was Captain Johnson who had sent the sailor to give information; and thus early to inspire thorough confidence in *his* men.

The night on board the *Caliph* was divided into two watches—one relieving the other about three o'clock a.m., and permitting the other to turn-in for repose. Now, out of the number recommended by the firm of Brackenbridge and Company, only one belonged to watch No. 2; and this made the watches—nine and the first mate for No. 1, and nine and the second mate for No. 2. So the work and repose were pretty fairly divided.

One night No. 1 were at their posts. It was just half-past eleven p.m. The wind was sou'-east, and the ship was sailing gallantly. Captain Johnson was still on deck, and was smoking his tenth cigar. The stars shone dimly down. The sea had risen, and from time to time a wave struck the vessel's side like a gigantic sledge. There was that metallic ring in the seething sea, and that moan which mourns so melancholy; while occasionally the beautiful craft shook from stem to stern as if she had seen a phantom on the ocean!

Johnson suddenly stopped. He shook the cigar dust over the side, and walked—"one," "two," "three."

It was perceived that the second mate was now asleep on the hen-coop, and he snored vociferously!

Johnson stood in the midst of *their* men—down far towards the forecastle; and talked rapidly. There was a shriek of the wind—a terrible sea struck the *Caliph's* quarter, and simultaneously with the sound of the blow emerged the man of the "second" watch, and he walked right in amid his messmates.

"Well?" demanded Johnson.

"'TIS FACT," was the reply.

"Tell our messmates, then."

"Messmates!" whispered the man—he spoke so low that had he not drawn them close, near, they could not have heard a syllable. "Messmates!" he continued, and his voice trembled as he went on, "the second watch have determined to seize the ship!"

There was much commotion.

"And the captain?" demanded one of the hearers.

"No, messmate; but to kill every man of us, and share the treasure with the officers—and to live independently for evermore!"

"By Jupiter!" an old fellow remarked, "we must be up and stirring."

"Up and stirring!—up and stirring!" repeated all of them in a hoarse whisper.

"And *when*, messmate, are they going to get rid of us in this neighbourly way?" demanded Captain Johnson in a measured significant tone.

"This day week, sir—this day week," he whispered. "This day week, when your watch—I mean No. 1—turns in, No. 2 will follow them, and No. 1 shall never rise again. That's all."

Of course the reader knows that only to the murderous greed of "The Hall," and the genius of Mr. Eardley Wood and the captain, this "conspiracy" is to be credited; and the invention of such a conspiracy shows how thoroughly these gentlemen had investigated the character of their companions.

Singularly enough, it is questionable whether that rude and ruthless knot of men who had just listened to their companion of the "second watch" lying so methodically could have been brought to the terrible decision at which they finally arrived, if the lie had not been summoned to inspire a kind of justification. They knew that the *Caliph* was to be seized—that the great treasure was to be carried off—nay, that the *Caliph* was to be scuttled, and many lives necessarily sacrificed for plunder; but, very likely, a wholesale slaughter, and a hand-to-hand encounter in which possibly all might be lost, never had entered into their calculations. Murders according to one idea are different from murders according to another, as the "nursing system" has taught us.

The sailors accepted a reason and an excuse, even though the wretched men could hardly have believed them. Alas! the dominant *idea* of evil defies prudence and accepts any testimony against conscience. It will excuse itself, and tranquillize the corrupt mind, and plead to the corrupt will, and accomplish the iniquitous end, and keep saying to itself, "*I could not help it—I could not act otherwise!*" The other soul of truth and right, which is dumb only because it will not be heard, will arm retribution with scorpions, which bite and do not die! *That makes the hell of memory!*

And so the "second" watch is doomed!

The night preceding that which the supposed "conspirators" had fixed for piracy, murder, and robbery was to be the night on which the "great venture" was to make the epoch in Jack Hazlitt's wild career.

Seven days were to pass, and notwithstanding the peculiarly elastic mind of the unfortunate prodigal, the days seemed more than weeks—longer than months which he could remember long ago. And during these same days his mind reverted more frequently to his early days and Hazlitt-ville and his mother and Nanny! In fact, he felt the cold affections warming, and the heart taking the old shape. Then he would remember Lelia Moran and the child-love once so rapturous, and the sweet gardens by the Shannon side; and if Grace Brackenbridge came across his thoughts, he gave a sigh, and sometimes was tempted to grow angered even. Alas! alas! for him whom the avenging angel PAST accuses! For him a happy FUTURE is not fate's award.

But the week was passing. There was worse weather—blacker squalls; and that horrible shriek, like the agony of a wailing spirit damned, was heard by the "first watch," or by some of them, every night! Nay, it was heard many times a night! and the "first watch" kept more grouped up, on the deck, on these nights than is wont, or even than is safe. The clouds, and sounds, and wails began to frighten them!

At last doom—the night of doom—has come!

With a precision most observant, and a completeness fiendishly perfect, the details have been arranged; and the first watch stands each at his allotted post, waiting for his moment or his orders.

It blew fresh and irregularly. Clouds hung heavily above, and frequent gusts made the helmsman's work of keeping the vessel "up" a thing of some difficulty.

The helmsman was equal to his task—it was Mr. Wood.

The hand has covered the hour!

Johnson opened the tragedy.

He was talking to the first mate, who was standing near the wheel and admiring Mr. Wood's wonderful power. He told Johnson how much he liked Mr. Wood, and how glad he was to have known him. "He ought," added the first mate, "to become a great man."

"True, true," said Johnson; "true; but"—feeling his necktie, and looking all around him—"mate!" he cried, "mate! I have dropped a diamond pin!"

"A diamond pin—surely no!" cried the mate; and he *fell upon his knees* to recover it!

That was the signal!

In a moment the flat end of an axe struck the poor man on the head! In another, two men had dropped him overboard in a state of insensibility, and the murderers stood face to face, darkly defined.

"That was well done," whispered the man at the wheel. *He thought of the million.*

Two men now stood at the fore-castle entrance, a little aside. One man stood looking in, and appeared to be about to go below.

"Come along, messmate," said a voice from inside.

"Come on up," cried one of the two; "don't mind."

The other held the axe, and soon did his bloody work. The two additional executioners soon buried the poor body in the sea.

Not a drop of blood was spilt.

"Capital!" whispered the man at the wheel.

One by one disappeared the second watch, even to the last man.

This man appeared at the entrance of the fore-castle, and Wood had only just given the helm to Johnson. The victim's doom was descending, when Wood caught hold of the axe-man's arm, and cried out, "Enough!"

"You join us?" Wood said.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the man.

He was saved! Why? why? The whim of the moment—a chance liking—GOD'S MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE—but he was saved.

Only Captain Bonner, the commander of the ship, remained !

He slept tranquilly in his state-cabin ; and maybe he dreamt of home, and saw his children in his dream of hope, and saw their mother sharing and making the ecstasy of home's sweet joy.

How was he to be come at ?

Captain Johnson was equal to the occasion.

"A man overboard !" he cried. "A man overboard !" he repeated.

Bonner came to die in the cause of mercy ! In a moment he was on deck—and he came almost naked, for his was a goodly and courageous heart.

Johnson grappled with him. A dreadful struggle ensued, but no one stirred to interfere—not one ! They swung, and they swayed, and they reeled, and neither seemed to gain an advantage.

"Mate ! mate ! mate !" roared Bonner.

"*He is dead,*" answered Johnson, half choking with exertion.

"Boatswain ! boatswain ! my arms ! my arms !" cried the captain.

"He is dead !" answered Johnson, with a horrible guttural sound.

"Men !—men all ! Men of the *Caliph* !" roared the captain.

"They are down deep in the sea ! You are alone !" cried Johnson.

Just then Johnson's call out was the cry of one choking : "*Oh ! oh ! oh !*" he jerked from his heaving chest.

No.

The captain had caught Johnson with a terrible hold ! He wrung him and rolled him, and Johnson staggered and lay on the deck. But it was the captain's death-struggle ! His heart had broken ! Bonner of the *Caliph* had passed away ! May he rest in peace !

In a few moments all seemed over ! There was silence—even tranquillity ! the silence and tranquillity that hail the coming of vengeance ! The resource which sin and folly seek, grog came to loose the tongues of the victors of the 20th November !

The chapter has not yet had its last word written, nor its strangest. Remember, reader, the imagination is no'

now your entertainer or your teacher. You read TRUTH ! You read *truth*, not simply in substance, but nearly in detail. The reporter speaks to you, not the novelist.

"Why, Wood, what are you looking at so steadily?" Johnson asked, seeing Mr. Wood looking out over the side very steadily.

"*I am looking at a hangman and a gallows tree !*" Wood answered with strange earnestness—and a coolness or recollection more earnest still.

"Psha ! Wood, you did nothing, and you get on so. I am afraid of your pluck."

Wood turned on him a smile of withering contempt.

"Pluck !" he hissed—"Pluck !" And Johnson seemed well to understand him, for he shrunk away towards the forecastle.

This occurred the day succeeding the dreadful night of massacre.

Strange things are coming.

About noon the gong sounded loudly, and Wood rushed up from the cabin where he had been lying down. He found Johnson and the men standing around the capstan.

"How now ! how now, boys !" demanded Wood.

"Why," Johnson answered, "our old friend here—he who found out that foul conspiracy—insists that all arms be flung overboard, and all the poison from the medicine chest also. What say you, Mr. Wood ?"

"Why, I say, if the men demand such security from one another and from *us*, it ought to be given," answered Wood.

"Aye, aye, sir ! Well done, Mr. Wood ! Well spoken, sir !" cried all.

Captain Johnson bit his lips.

"There, sir," the old fox continued, "me and my mess-mates here may as well begin—may we be at bis'ness, eh ?"

"Of course ! Why not !"

And off they go !

Within three weeks or four from that time, two of the remaining wretches appeared one day at the same capstan, and with them all their mates ! Their faces were all pale, and their lips twitched with suppressed despair. Two of them ran down to the cabin, brought up a chair, and perforce placed therein Mr. Eardley Wood !

Johnson writhed.

"We demand justice!" cried the crew.

"Justice?"

"We have elected you our chief, and we demand justice!" the old man cried—the old man whom we so well know.

"Justice! Justice!" cried all of them again.

Oh, the ways of God's great judgments! A full half of the companions in a bloody drama accused Johnson of plotting the death of half the remaining number of the crew, and among the victims, *the first to be killed was Mr. Eardley Wood!* All—all that the number to divide a fabulous wealth should be *fewer!*

The case was proved to demonstration. Concealed arms were brought forth—concealed poison discovered—three with whom he had tampered swore "by the heavens and the earth" he had been bribing them! And then again all the pirates cried for "justice."

Nothing could save Johnson. *He was devoted to the wave!*

He obtained three hours' respite—not a minute more! That three hours he spent in blaspheming God, and cursing his murderers. He lay all the time bound neck and heels on the quarter-deck. The sea drenching him, and the wind flinging about his hair.

The moment came! The cords were loosed. His last word was an imprecation and a blasphemy.

"What of the *boy?*" demanded the sailor.

"Overboard!" cried the new captain—Eardley Wood.

The boy was Johnson's son, a lad of fifteen, travelling with his father. We forgot to mention him before.

Johnson was swimming. He was a wonderful swimmer, too.

When he saw the boy descend into the gaping water, he rushed to the place where his son disappeared, and sank down in the very same spot, never to rise again by mortal power.

And thus Jack Hazlitt has become master of "a million and very much more."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SHOWING HOW NED O'KENNEDY'S TRIAL ENDED, AND
GIVING SOME EXPLANATION OF THE IRISH SPOKEN
THE NIGHT OF THE SHIPWRECK.



M ARREN HASTINGS is said to have declared, after he heard Sheridan's impeachment, that for a couple of hours he thought himself the greatest villain in the universe. It is questionable whether Ned O'Kennedy, when he found the singular combination and harmony of evidence against him, did not make up his mind for a moment that he must have committed robbery and broken trust. The officials of the bank, whether high or low, were explicit and unanimous. The chief cashier, the accountant, and the "runner," as we call him in Europe, attested and declared, each in his own evidence, a series of facts and circumstances with which Mr. Ned O'Kennedy's innocence appeared quite incompatible.

At the first examination before the magistrates in St. Louis, when that case called a *prima facie* is organized, not many people were present. Ned O'Kennedy's friends had not been made aware of the state of things, and the prosecutors had no special interest in too early a publicity. In fact, O'Kennedy was a very popular young fellow—freehanded to those who wanted, and the ready champion of the aggrieved; and often put an end to fights, though he rarely engaged in them; and the authorities of the Eagle Bank had too much Yankee acuteness to wish the public present in great numbers.

We are quite aware that justice succeeds in our "cousins'" courts sometimes just as well as in more pretentious and formal places of judicature. Diadems of horsehair and powder, and crimson cloaks, and ermine

have little judicial intelligence or force *per se*; and they have crowned and covered rogues besides Norbury and others of infamous memory. But, somehow, to "gain your cause" is the superlative justice of the great American States; and if, in order to gain your point, you badger Justice, and knock the covering off her eyes, and send her scales spinning or dancing up and down in the air, do not the professional Pharisees elsewhere do their very best to accomplish the same thing by the way they badger unfortunate witnesses every day?

O'Connell defended a case in Cork. The charge was robbery. Three witnesses were brought forward. One caught the prisoner in the act of stealing; a second came up and found the stolen article in the prisoner's possession; and a third was called who aided the preceding witnesses in securing the capture. One would think Justice might lay down her scales and rest herself that morning, and that the whole "crowded court" would do her business at that trial.

No such thing.

O'Connell so confused the second witness, that he swore point-blank the first witness had spoken falsely over and over again; and the third witness was so affrighted by the figure which his companions had been making, that, to avoid complications, he swore at random, and lost his head. Most Irishmen remember the last question of the great Tribune, and the last reply.

"Come now, my good fellow, answer me one question more, and I shall let you down."

"O Counsellor, agra, I will! Do let me down!"

"Well, then, on the virtue of your oath, is not the prisoner at the bar an innocent man? Come, sir!"

"On the vart' of my oath, he is, Counsellor!"

The prisoner was acquitted. A good bill at ninety-one days may prove efficacious on the banks of the Ohio, and a good badgering of a witness on the banks of the Lee! "*All de same wan brudder*," as the Delaware Indian said. "*All de same!*"

Ned O'Kennedy's case, or the case against him, was nearly as clear as the Cork case. He had charge of the reserve vault, of which two of the head clerks had kept separate keys. His business was to hand the specie to the head clerk, and to receive the bag from that official

when he desired to return it. The bags were duly investigated at stated times, and everything appeared regular; but one day, in the absence of the head clerk, the second in command was astonished, on opening one of them, to find it filled with metal anything but "precious." Like a wise man he simply sent it back and obtained another; and waited for a day until his superior officer came back to direct the establishment.

The whole thing was clear. Ned O'Kennedy was the only man who ever handled the specie: Ned O'Kennedy had by some means exchanged the specie-bag for another bag while carrying the money to the vault. Although marvellously alike, the material of the false bag was quite different from the material of the true one, and even the workmanship—the stitching—upon close examination, was found to have been done by a different hand. The "runner" or "messenger," however, had a suspicion—which naturally arises in the minds of astute people who think themselves "ill-used" and "looked down upon by upstarts." He, worthy man, had watched Mr. O'Kennedy going to a place where dowlas-bags were made; and he brought the identical man who made the false bags, and placed him before the Court and the accused. He looked at Mr. O'Kennedy steadily.

"Yis, sir," he replied, "that's him as sure as I came from Kentucky."

What could the Court say? And what could Ned O'Kennedy say? And what the Delaware, or John Hennessy, or Lowry M'Cabe, or even Mr. M'Cann say? Had they not the case proved as clearly as the equality of the angles in an equilateral?

It was now Ned's time to act the philosopher and the Christian. His very first thought was, would his sister in Ireland hear of it, and Father O'Riorden? What would they think? The first blot on the "ould name," they would say, and out there among strangers. And then poor Ned felt his heart moved and his eyes full. The judgment of home—of the poor widow's heart—and of the old priest who had taught him his catechism—was more to him than the judgment of the thirty millions of America. He had the feeling that the old familiar hills, and the trees by the Shannon, and old Ireland through would have a consciousness "that Ned O'Kennedy turned robber!"

Never fear, Ned O'Kennedy ; as long as your heart is fresh, and you travel back, to feed its love, to the land and associations in which you were cradled, you have the marks—at least one great one—of the Spirit of Truth, which is also the Spirit of Power. He who forgets what innocence loved, or undervalues what innocence treasured and esteemed, is growing sensual and selfish, and forgets the way to the post-office. Think you the Spirit of Love abideth in him ?

"Come, Ned, my boy !" cried Mr. M'Cann, as they met in a private room to await the committal warrant. "Come ! Surely you are not afraid of that trumpery accusation, are you ?"

"No, no, Mr. M'Cann, not in the least."

"Why are you sad, then, Ned ? Why sad ?" and he came over to him kindly, and laid his hands upon his *protégé's* shoulders, just as an affectionate father would.

Ned was now in danger. The touch of true sympathy is more powerful than the agony of pain.

"O Mr. M'Cann ! Oh !" cried the poor fellow.

"What—you, Ned ! You ! The bravest man in America !"

But Ned had made a supreme effort now, and he was able to explain. He talked of "the poor sister, and the priest, and poor Peggy," and how much *they* would suffer.

"Stop, now, Ned !" said M'Cann. "Of course, that sailmaker swore falsely."

"Never saw him in my life, sir."

"And the messenger ?"

"Oh—a perjurer !"

At this moment Hennessy, and Lowry, and the Delaware made their appearance.

Hennessy at once comprehended the whole affair, and the Delaware looked rather excited. He had heard the whole conspiracy between Brackenbridge, Hazlitt, and Johnson. He had warned O'Kennedy, and prepared the American policemen for the contingency. And now the perjurers had made all his work useless. It was deemed better, in fact, to suppress the defence, as it was plain the people of "The Hall" would work heaven and earth to render the proofs of *their* guilt and *his* innocence impossible.

"Don't fear ! Don't fear !" said the Delaware.

"No," answered Ned. "I do no fear at all. I'm not out of God's hands, nor are my enemies neither! No. I'm not afraid; because, Mr. M'Cann," he said, turning to that gentleman, "nothing can happen me without HIM, an' I'm *not afraid of my FATHER!* Ah, no, Mr. M'Cann; HE has been a good Father to me."

"Nobly said! nobly said! Ned O'Kennedy," was Mr. M'Cann's reply. "You can never be trampled down."

Trampled down! In the FATHER'S hands the child's fate is always secure!

"Still, in all, sir," said Lowry M'Cabe to Mr. M'Cann, "I wish I had the whole three of the vagabones in an open field!" He cried, furiously, "Och! if I wouldn't——"

"Why, Lowry!" cried Ned, laughingly, "what on earth do you mean? 'Tis hardly worth your while to leave St. Louis till I am with you."

Here a knock was heard.

"Now we part," said Ned.

Mr. M'Cann turned round; welcomed the sheriff, who was quite unattended; drew Ned O'Kennedy's left arm through his own right, leaving Ned freedom to shake hands all round, and bid many and hearty good-byes. No one seemed to fear, or seemed depressed, but Lowry M'Cabe; and the last word he said was, he would "thraavel America, an' find the vagabones, so he would, an' bate them within an inch of their dirty lives—the vagabones!"

And so Ned O'Kennedy has, so far, realized Jack Hazlitt's prophecy.

Some delay occurred in bringing Ned O'Kennedy's case to trial; and all the friends made due exertion to vindicate the innocent. Mr. M'Cann was a host in himself; but Jerome, and Hennessy, and Lowry M'Cabe were not idle.

Of course, the nuns of the hospital employed all their influence, which was prayer; and day and night the mercy of God on the innocent was besought. Novenas without number were said, and holy Masses were celebrated, to obtain freedom for the "friend of the friendless" and the "friend of the poor." Poor O'Kennedy heard all this daily from the Delaware or some other visitor; and derived from the whole that happiness the warmth of other people's hearts pours into ours. He

felt from time to time as if it were too much for *him*. How did *he* merit it? Because Ned O'Kennedy had the grace of humility, and felt how gratuitous all the gifts of God must always be. The prison became a place of wonderful comfort and tranquillity! And when he heard of the novenas and prayers, Ned smiled, because he knew that the POWER which inspired the LOVE answered the appeal. He felt then just like Samuel waiting for a revelation.

And it came—the revelation.

The first interposition was during the nuns' visitation. Mother Mary Vincent, Jack Hazlitt's aunt, went to see the child of a sail, or tent, maker. She heard these people talk of O'Kennedy and the bags; and she heard the tent-maker say, "I made the bags for a man named Johnson; and I intend to go to the trial, for Mr. O'Kennedy visited me often when I was sick!"

"There is No. 1 of God's replies!" said Mr. M'Cann, when he heard of this fact. "Testimony disproved, and the tables turned!" he said.

Ned O'Kennedy passed his hand across his eyes when *he* heard it. He felt as if the light of God's presence was getting too strong, and his heart swelled till the tears came down. "My God!" he said, "my God!"

Most singular of all, however, the original and true bags were found by the Delaware!

Mr. M'Cann, at the Delaware's request, obtained from the bank one of the genuine bags, and placed it at the Indian's disposal. Long and anxiously Jerome examined the bag—its make and texture. He then fell into a train of thought, and was pursuing a series of memories and impressions which connected themselves with his view of the fabric before him.

At length, "Ha!" he cried. "Ha!" cried the Indian, and in a minute he was in the street—in another he was on his way for the Mississippi—and before twenty-four hours a Choctow was unbuttoning a pair of gaiters which he wore over his mocassins, and in due time he presented them to the Delaware, who gave his fellow red-man a substantial reward.

God's providence! Something had brought the Delaware far away towards Memphis a few months before. He turned into one of the river-theatres, while

from town to town betimes on the Father of Rivers. An organ was being played by steam, and pit, boxes, and galleries were full. In the middle of the porch the Delaware met the Chocktow, and remarked the leggings, then new; and, notwithstanding the noise, music, and all the excitement of a circus, he now remembered the likeness which the gaiters bore to the specie-bags of the Eagle Bank. He brought them to St. Louis, and with them the Chocktow Indian himself.

The Indian had got them from the servant of Captain Johnson, who, with Captain Brackenbridge, was the security the directors of the bank had received for the integrity of the chief clerk.

"They fell into the pit which they digged!"

The day of trial came. Ned O'Kennedy, it must be admitted, entered the court with a light step and a little chastened pride. If people should ever have heard of his imprisonment, they would hear also of his victory and release; and his "poor sister, the widow, would hold up her head among the neighbours."

The proofs of Ned O'Kennedy's guilt came slowly and powerfully.

The discoveries had all been kept secret, and the prosecutors looked upon their charge as irrefutable. The court was full, and people looked at each other in a stupid, bewildered way, just as if to say, Whom can one trust? The Irish element was strong, and looked reliant, because they saw the priest of the parish sitting near the dock; and people's hearts bounded when the counsel for the defence rose up.

The reader knows the case. The policeman heard Hazlitt's threat to have O'Kennedy charged with robbery. The man whose family had been visited by the prisoner in the performance of a work of charity swore to his own work. The bags were purchased by a Captain Johnson. He swore that positively, and could produce some of the material still. And the counsel asked, could any man in his senses think so intelligent a man as the prisoner would hand out to the second clerk the very bag he had dishonestly substituted. The Chocktow succeeded, and made the chief clerk feel very uneasy, as he, the said chief clerk, was the only living man who could have given them to Johnson—his security. But the Delaware

was the man who was felt to be the man of the future. He gave his evidence with such a staid, assured, truthful look and bearing, that no man could doubt or even resist him.

"Wood," demanded the prisoner's counsel, "Brackenbridge, and Johnson plotted the death of the prisoner?"

"Aye."

"If he would not join them?"

"'Iss."

"In what?"

"Oh, you know!"

"Where were they going?"

"To Rio."

"What for?"

"Take ship-load of money—an'——"

"And what?"

"Kill all the crew, an' take 'im money away."

"Three of them?"

"Oh, no; white-men had one, two, three, ten aboard."

"Sent by Johnson?"

"Aye."

"To murder the other part of the crew, and take the specie?"

"Take 'im money—yis."

The counsel for the prosecution had been looking very indignant for some minutes. He rose in great anger.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you, an Indian, followed a long English conversation, carried on in an undertone, and that you are able to repeat it here?"

"'Iss."

The counsel looked at the jury, and shook his head. The appeal seemed to tell against the prisoner.

"Have you ever sworn an oath before?"

"'Iss."

"Do you know what perjury is?"

"'Iss."

"Have you not sworn falsely now?"

"Let 'im judge, or white-man, you, or you," said the Delaware, "spake 'im small, an' fast, an' Indian will tell all same 'gin."

"Fair," remarked the judge.

The trial was made, and all ears and all eyes were open and awake. The Indian listened attentively while

the counsel read or spoke some narrative ; and he seemed to count events upon his fingers, though he looked up to the ceiling of the court. During this process Lowry M'Cabe was looking at the Indian, and his eyes blazed like burning fire, and his cheeks were flushed like the red sundown. The Indian went on never minding, but in due time repeated very accurately the dialogue read or spoken by the counsel for the prosecution. He then rose, and in a majestic tone he said :

"'Im judge will read the news o' the big ship from Rio, an' Johnson, an' Wood, an' the specie."

This time the word "*specie*" clearly pronounced by the Indian startled the hearers momentarily.

"God is just," said the Indian.

Just at this moment MR. M'CANN made his way to the bench. He was very much agitated. He had a whole sheaf of messages in his hands, and he laid them one by one before the judge.

The judge read—paused—struck the bench ! He handed the telegrams to the jury.

The bar looked at one another ! The court became like a tomb !

The judge now handed the messages to the counsel for the prosecution—who in *his* turn encountered a surprise. He paused like the judge. He reddened deeply. Then, bowing very low,

"I withdraw from this case !" said the counsel.

And so amid cheers, the like of which have not since been heard in St. Louis, Ned O'Kennedy was pronounced,

"NOT GUILTY."

Ned O'Kennedy, Mr. M'Cann, John Hennessy, Lowry M'Cabe, and the Delaware went off straight to the Convent to "show the nuns they got their prayer," said Ned, "and to give God our thanks !"

In due time they arrived, rang, and were admitted.

"Mr. M'Cann was beaming, Lowry M'Cabe was clapping his hands, John Hennessy had his eyes on heaven, and the Delaware held his crucifix—looking at it steadfastly.

After a while the good mother came in. She was deeply affected.

"To the chapel !" said the good mother.

"Just what I desired," said Ned O'Kennedy.

And to the chapel they went. And though no organ swelled in grand harmonies, or enthusiastic voices rang out "*Te Deum laudamus!*" never was there a little band more grateful than that evening returned thanks to God in the hospital chapel of St. Louis.

Nothing was heard of but God's goodness and protection—and all the sisters were jubilant in their success. Moral after moral was pointed—and illustration of God's loving providence was set forth. It was near the time for departure—the inexorable bell for vespers would soon ring—and time should be improved.

"Jerome," said the good mother, "you have met Mr. M'Cabe's brother?"

"'Iss, modder. 'Iss."

"You promised to show him to M'Cabe the day this trial would end happily?"

"'Iss."

"And you will keep your word?"

"'Iss—sure I will."

The Indian turned his eyes upon Lowry M'Cabe, but Lowry's were blind with his tears. The Indian shook more and more, and then he, poor fellow, wept also.

"Ah, ma'am, Jerome has kep' 'is word, an' more. I saw my brother in the court to-day, an' I was proud of 'im."

In a second Lowry hung around the Indian's neck sobbing—sobbing both of them.

The Delaware is the escaped convict from Bermuda, and EDWARD M'CABE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHOWING THE SHADOW OF THE END.



HE Chief Justice of —— was in many respects a remarkable man ; but in some he was distinguished by the noblest characteristics of an exalted humanity. He was at the period of which we write, perhaps about middle age, not of large stature, but of unquestionable grace of bearing ; and calm, full blue eyes, looking bright, trustful, and steady, gave his handsome features an attraction which even an accidental meeting or commonplace conversation could not resist. The Chief Justice was well read in everything as well as in law, and his felicity of thought and correctness of expression made his addresses appear like masterpieces of composition. His lordship was, moreover, a wonderful compound of deep feeling and judicial coolness, so that the culprit whom he condemned had perforce to believe that no man sympathised more deeply with suffering than the man who decreed punishment. The Chief Justice was in fact all intellect and heart, over which the serenest reason that ever swayed the broad domain of a great mind reigned supreme. He was a man of whom friendship never tires to think, and to whom want never vainly appealed. We are glad to say the original of this picture yet lives—as beloved as ever and,

“ Like some fine music, sweetness to the last ! ”

is the charm of a circle for which he has made an elysium.

Well, the Chief Justice was in his study one morning in April, and as usual deep in the consumption of rich thought, when a visitor was announced who was deemed worthy of immediate attention. He was a smart active man of business, and wore an air of great pre-occupation. He looked, in fact, what he was—a man who felt himself

in a great necessity, and without any special claim upon the official from whom he came to seek relief.

After some apology, he announced himself to be that mysterious person, "Lloyd's Agent," and that from the absence of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, he was utterly unable to decide upon the course he should pursue in a case of overwhelming importance.

"Well, sir?" quietly interrogated the Chief Justice.

"A ship has gone ashore at ——— bay. She was evidently making for the St. Lawrence, and came on shore in the fog."

"And——"

"Well, my lord, the ship is laden with specie, and only half manned. The log has been kept very irregularly, and the account given of the deaths of ten or eleven of the men are contradictory and impossible. The name of the ship has been painted over, and the sailors are all dressed in fine linen. Finally, the specie, when I went on board, had been gathered together in nine or ten great parcels or heaps, as if the men on board had made a division of spoil."

"I see—I see," said the Chief Justice, half musing. "We should not be too rapid in coming to a conclusion," continued the Chief; "but your duty is clear, sir. The vessel has been insured at Lloyd's?"

"Partly. We took £200,000. She is insured in other offices to the amount of a million."

"Very well, then. You swear an affidavit, and take a warrant to bring up the crew in custody."

"Thanks, my lord!"

"Not in the least! Had you lost an hour you would have jeopardized the public interests, and to public men the public interests are supreme. They are every man's business, but particularly the man's business who is connected with the administration of justice."

The next day, at noon, "Lloyd's Agent" arrived in the city at the head of a company of soldiers, which in two lines enclosed nine sailors. Eight of the seamen were manacled two and two, the ninth was manacled singly.

Wonderful was the excitement which their appearance created in the streets through which they passed. They were fine-looking men; but one was quite unlike all the rest. His form was refined, his bearing erect, and his

whole presence commanding. People clapped their hands as they looked at him and asked, "Is that the captain—the captain of the pirates?"

The windows and sideways were, of course, crowded. Heads and shoulders were thrust out dangerously far, and the line of the military was more than once broken in upon to the great hazard of the invaders, one of whom was wounded by a bayonet thrust.

The prisoners finally arrived, however, at the city gaol; but as they passed by a respectable-looking house, in the neighbourhood of the prison, there was heard a shriek—a shriek of such protracted agony that it seemed to have a distinct life, and to smite the most indifferent of the soldiers with dismay.

The shriek was from Grace Brackenbridge, who has kept her word, "I will see you on the day you land!"

The man, who, singly manacled and defiant, enters the prison gate, is Jack Hazlitt, or "Mr. Eardley Wood."

Only a week or ten days were required to prepare for the inquiry, and then the unhappy culprits stood in the presence of the magistrates. Clearly enough eleven men had disappeared from the ship. The unanimous declaration was "they had all died of fever!"

Being questioned on the painting over and effacing the name of the *Caliph*, the reply was, "It was a freak;" and putting on fine linen was a "freak also," and gathering the treasure "into heaps" was an amusement likewise. All were freaks.

When asked who became their commander when the captain had died,

"Mr. Wood," they answered, "a passenger."

All looked towards Hazlitt.

"Are you Wood?" demanded the magistrates.

"I decline to say anything at this moment," answered Hazlitt.

The ring of the voice, and the intrepid look of the young man, won every heart in the court.

There was a long consultation. The magistrates determined to remand the case for a week, just to try whether any chance information would present itself; and, besides, every half-puzzle or whole-puzzle in a court is the father of a remand.

The bench was just about to make its award, when one

of the prisoners stepped to the front of the dock, and, amid a silence which was terrifying, and with a voice that had a deep metallic sound like a bell, cried,

"Gentlemen of the court, listen!" It is not too much to say that the listeners "hushed their very hearts" while the terrible accuser proceeded. "Gentlemen," he repeated, "you see before you a set of the foulest, blackest murderers and pirates that ever set a sail or reefed a piece of canvas! To that I pledge my life and soul," he said, "and here is the black history," he continued, handing a roll of paper over the dock to an officer who had come to receive it.

The approver was the very man whose life Hazlitt had saved the bloody night on the line, and whom vengeance reserved for her justification. Hazlitt himself placed the dagger in the hand of fate.

"Pride of heart hath raised thee up while thou dwellest in the holes of the rocks!" Alas, that men forget the government of their destiny, or deny or defy it. As all things "co-operate" for the succour of love, all things "co-operate" for the vindication of justice. And the most awful thing which man can contemplate is the combination of man's free deeds to bring about the unalterable decrees of the ETERNAL WILL. Yet we are transformed by pride; and the impetuosity of blind passion sweeps us on and on until we think ourselves beyond the reach of retribution, or ignore its existence. But "even if thou makest thy nest among the stars, I will drag thee thence!" remaineth for ever.

We need not say that now the fountain of information flowed rapidly. Every man had a "declaration" to make, and every man found every one but himself "guilty."

The ferocity with which they slew their victims on the high sea now raged to slay one another, and aimed only at some extenuation of their own crime, or of their punishment. The magistrates finally turned to Jack Hazlitt.

"Your name is Wood?"

"Yes."

"Your profession?"

"An able seaman."

"A seaman!"

"Yes, a seaman."

"Do you still decline to make a declaration?"

"Gentlemen—no," he said; "not now."

"Well, then?"

"Well," said the prisoner, in that same old hiss, which was heard like a voice from the other world, and swept around the court like a seething wave—

"I am guilty of every one of the deeds imputed to me, and many more. I am guilty!—guilty!" he cried, emphatically, and stamping violently at the same moment.

The assemblage absolutely froze with horror; and while they turned their eyes on the self-accusing malefactor, a moan of pain rose from the throng.

A paper was handed to the prisoner.

"Will you sign that?" asked the crown prosecutor.

"Don't write, sir."

"You don't write?"

"No."

The attorney looked around with a knowing smile.

"Your mark will do, Wood," he said.

"Very well," answered the wretched exile, who thought with himself he had saved his mother and Nannie a twist of the heart by setting himself down as an illiterate sailor! and he thought of Lelia Moran. Singular, his mind fled from the image of Grace Brackenbridge.

That night, sitting in his cell—sitting on his poor straw pallet, he thought of Grace Brackenbridge and "The Hall." He thought of the fascination which she had given to gold, and the confirmation she had given to free-thinking. Evidently the impulses had been imparted and the restraints swept away by the same power—and all "*led to this*," he bitterly said, looking down upon the chains which locked his ankles together.

"To this!" repeated Jack Hazlitt, in a hoarse, abstracted whisper.

From this abstraction he awoke, pronouncing the dear old word "mother!" but immediately his indignation rose against the invading sentiment, so unworthy of his modern realism, and he cried, "Nonsense! Am I losing my pluck?—nonsense!"

Hazlitt recoiled from the memory of Grace Brackenbridge, because failure always kills the affections of the guilty—such affections live upon the success of iniquity.

And yet Hazlitt was not just in his imputations, or in examining the causes of his ruin. He had, on surrendering his conscience, shaken hands with his present fate.

The United States was the theatre of his wickedness, and his impulses were found at "The Hall;" but any other country would have supplied other agencies, and the same result would have followed from the condition to which his college days had gradually led him. Gunpowder will explode whenever it comes in contact with fire, and no particular hearth or particular hand is required to apply the match to the explosive material. Hazlitt had given up Divine protection; and the paternal Providence which man deserts often allows him to fall "into the pit he has digged."

It is plain that the trial which succeeded the investigation should be brief indeed. The Chief Justice tried the case—if trial it may be called—and nothing was left undone to give a fair chance of escape or commutation of punishment. But what hand could efface the confession, and how lessen the guilt? It was impossible.

Eleven murdered men—murdered in the hour of their trust, and murdered in the discharge of their duty, cried to justice in the name of outraged humanity, and of the very existence of social life. The jury began to look excited at legal details. The crowded court was becoming impatient. The benignant Chief Justice was the only one on whom pity seemed to have descended, although pity could not stay the steady step of approaching doom.

The jury never left the box—nay, they hardly appeared to consult one another. The foreman's voice was hard, and threatening, and indignant when he answered the demand of the proper officer.

"GUILTY! Guilty on all the counts!"

A cheer received the announcement from the jury-box! Every one felt reassured. To the unfortunate culprits that cheer was a second death. The life of human sympathy was quenched, and left the wretches in gloomy darkness.

The nine murderers were condemned to be "hanged by the neck;" but nothing was said of the disposal of their bodies. The man saved by Hazlitt was acquitted. He had done the work of Divine justice, and guilt itself it was which strengthened him.

The mercy of the administration in the place to which we refer gave a "long day," indeed, to the wretched culprits; or it may be the singular clemency of the amiable

judge. We knew him well, and he is just the man who, like our Lord, "knows how to pity."

Six weeks from the day of trial was fixed upon as the day of doom!

From the time of sentence the prison was changed—the vigilance of the officials was doubled, and, we must add, the comforts of the prisoners were not increased.

The cells of the condemned were in a line practically underground. They were built in a long excavation, on the edge of which, all round, rose a high wall. The cells were all small, and poorly furnished. A pallet, a counterpane, and a thick-set deal table were all the cell contained, unless a small pillar, to which convicts were chained after their condemnation, and which served for them at the same time as a seat. A slit in the wall—high up near the ceiling—let in light, and cast on the floor the shadow of an iron bar which quarter-filled the slit, which was narrow.

Here, one evening in May, Jack Hazlitt sat perched upon his pillar, alone with his memories, and looking into an open grave. It was the first evening after his condemnation. Long, long, he thought, and ever varying were his feelings, but the presiding and prevailing feeling was one of bitterness.

A Protestant clergyman sent in his card. Hazlitt returned the answer, "not to be seen."

A Catholic priest called; the prisoner thanked him, but he was not a Roman Catholic.

"Then," said the governor, who came kindly to inquire after him, "will you have any clergyman?"

"I shall think," was the reply.

"Ah, good fellow, I ran your way once. 'Tis a fever—'tis a fever. We can't get on without God."

The governor was waiting for an answer, and Hazlitt seemed to pause. Just then a voice was heard near the iron bar of the slit.

"Holy Mary," said the voice at the slit.

"What is that?" cried the prisoner.

"Holy Mary!" repeated the voice at the slit.

"Governor," cried Hazlitt, "this is not fair. You should not allow a persecution of this kind!" cried the wretched man.

"Do not mind for a moment, sir. It is not a persecu-

tion. It is only a starling—a pet belonging to one of the poor debtors, and the magistrates allow him, poor fellow, to keep it ; but I shall take care it does not annoy you again.”

All this time a little child, the governor's daughter, of nine years, was standing by her father's side.

“ Papa ! papa ! ” she cried, “ papa, take me away.”

“ Why, *Nannie* ? ” asked the governor. “ Why ? ”

“ Ah, that gentleman does not like Holy Mary ! ” she said.

“ I *do* want to go—to go,” she said.

“ *Nannie, Nannie,* ” said her father.

It was too much for the unfortunate convict ; he gave a roar—a shriek ; and he sprang up, until the chains on his legs dragged him down again.

“ Oh ! leave me alone ! ” he said, “ leave me alone ! ”

Such was the condemned man's first sad evening.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SHOWING TO WHOM LELIA HAD BEEN “ IRREVOCABLY ENGAGED ” WHEN SIR EMERY MADE HIS OFFER : AND SHOWING JACK HAZLITT'S LAST DAYS, AND HAPPIEST.



HETHER the governor gave any hint to the Roman Catholic clergyman, or the reverend gentleman's own zeal brought him again, he did come next day ; but again his services were thankfully declined. Hazlitt wrote all day, from early morning until two P.M., and the governor said *that* might have occupied him. They then had some confidential chat—the clergyman, and the governor, and the priest.

Two, three, four days passed over, and Hazlitt was the same, only a little less defiant in his looks. Moreover, he

had made the acquaintance of the child, whom he had called for, and he told her the starling might sing its song, and that they would both be friends.

"Then you will love *ma Mère*?" said the little lady;
"*ma Mère Marie* is so good, sir, you know!"

"Will you not, sir?—will you not?"

"Yes, Nannie—to be sure?"

He spoke to please the baby, but oh, he began to have such a curious feeling.

The child was a well-bred, sweet innocent—and her name was "*Nannie*." Was it wonderful that a soul re-entered the buried sensibilities of a half-score years before? It did enter, but it was yet weak and sickly.

One day a surprise overtook poor Jack Hazlitt—a great one indeed. Thus it happened.

Without waiting for an invitation, or permission, or anything but the collusion of the governor, two ladies walked into the cell. Nannie was with them, and the starling sang his "*Holy Mary*" at the crevice.

For some time there was a dead silence. The ladies wore dark dresses, and were thickly and deeply veiled.

Hazlitt was the first to speak.

"Ladies," he said, "you have made a mistake."

"We think not, sir," answered the taller of the two, in accents so sweet, and voice so gentle, that the ear opened yearning to hear her again.

"You are nuns?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you mistake in thinking me a Roman Catholic."

"Not in our hope to make you a good one," answered the same heavenly voice.

Hazlitt shuddered. There was something supernatural in the feeling of the moment, but his pride rose.

"Madam," he said, "I believe in no revealed religion."

"Ah, well, sir, you will pray with us for faith!"

"I do not want faith!"

"You will never know the want of it until you enjoy the life of it. 'The just man lives by faith!'"

"I am not just, and I do not want your justice, madam. I want to die like a man, and I do not want——"

"Oh, we beg your pardon, sir, and——"

"I will have no intrusion and persecution, madam!"

"Oh, papa! papa! come and take me away! Take me away," cried the little child.

But no papa came.

"Perhaps you had a Catholic sister, sir," said the nun, mildly, "and a Catholic mother, and Catholic friends."

"And this supposed, madam?" demanded the prisoner, warming.

"Ah, then, we want, sir, to be sister and mother to you, for we came from your land, and we are of their faith."

"Sister and mother!" answered the culprit; and then after a pause, he said aloud, "I am thankful to you, but I decline your services. But pray, madam," he said suddenly, "how do you happen to know my country?"

"We think," said the same charming voice——

Hazlitt suddenly rose into one of his uncontrollable furies. His chains shook, and his whole frame quivered. The mood of mind so terrible was upon him.

"Come, ladies," he said, peremptorily, "no more of this! no more of this! Be good enough to leave my cell! Leave me alone! Let me die in peace! Why! by the Eternal——"

"O sir! O sir!"

"Well, madam, no matter what I am, I have a right to be left alone. I care nothing about your forms, and ceremonies, and absolutions, and all that. Let me die! let me die in peace! Governor!" he cried, "governor! Come, madam, I am not going to be——"

The nun with the sweet voice shuddered. She gave a deep sigh—a long, long sigh, and stretched her beautiful fair hands out like one going to grasp the air, and she fell back. The other nun was immediately beside her. Crying out for "help," she took her sister in her arms.

"O darling Mrs. Mary Francis," she cried, "darling Mary Francis!" and tearing the veil from the fainting sister's brow, there was revealed the most celestial countenance that the imagination ever pictured!

Hazlitt looked at the pale face for a moment and then gave a cry—the cry of one whose breast had been suddenly pierced by an arrow.

"Lelia! Lelia! Lelia Moran!" he cried, "O God! O God! Lelia!"

The governor now came on the scene, and the governor's lady, and the governor's other daughter, and a shower of tears ended the nun's sudden swoon.

Yes, it was O'Connor Moran's child. Lelia did not refuse Sir Emery Haydock's hand without having her mind made up to wed another. She had now been for some years a nun, and God's mercy brought her to the cell of Jack Hazlitt.

The governor conducted the nuns to his own apartment, and locked after them the condemned cell.

Little Nannie was not remembered, and the child had no mind to go. She sat down by the prisoner's feet and flung her little arms around the heavy chains that bound them. She looked up at Hazlitt lovingly—so lovingly—and, poor baby, saw a tear flowing down his cheek.

"Holy Mary!" cried the starling at the slit in the cell.

"Poor bird!" cried the prisoner.

The child rose up. She laid her little hands on the culprit's knees, and her little mouth was turned up towards him.

Hazlitt bent down his head and kissed her, and the face of the innocent was wet with his tears.

"You are not afraid of me, Nannie?" he said, softly.

"Oh, no," answered the child! "Oh, no, sir. I think Mother Mary Francis likes you, sir."

"Likes me—a prisoner, Nannie?"

"O sir, yes; she would never have wept so—Mother Mary Francis would not—if she had not liked you ever so much. She does, I know, and——"

"And what, Nannie," asked Hazlitt.

"*I like you too*," answered the little angel. "And I will give you my medal, Mother Mary Francis gave me—shall I?"

The child slipped a blue ribbon over her head.

"Will you wear it for *Nannie*?" the child asked, "and for beautiful Mary Francis?" she continued.

"Nannie" and "Lelia!" "Nannie" and "Lelia." From the mouths of "infants and sucklings you have made perfect praise." Hazlitt's soul bent down—deeply, deeply it prostrated itself—and as he took the medal in his hand, the starling's shadow fell upon the floor of his cell, and the bird sang out its "Holy Mary!"

"Pray for a sinner," answered the prisoner.

It was a relief when the governor came in to look after his little daughter; and, good man, he at once saw the change.

"Nannie seems to have taken a liking to you, Mr. Wood," remarked the governor gently.

"God has sent her to me," answered Wood, with a husky voice.

He still held the blue ribbon in his hand.

"Papa!" said the child.

"Well, Nannie?"

"Mr. Wood cannot put on Mother Mary Francis's medal. Ah, papa!" cried the child, and she clung around her father's knee and wept.

"I know, darling," said the proud father, "I know. Mr. Wood," he said "allow me," and in a minute the chains fell from the wrists and ankles of Jack Hazlitt.

"I have no fear that *you* will abuse your liberty *now*."

That was the first night of a mystical life. Lelia Moran and Nannie, and the singular coincidence in the combination of names, and the unlooked for presence of the nun and the little child, all seemed to act like a power miraculous—some such power as transformed the soul of St. Paul, and gave the hearts of heroes to the timid Catherine, Dymphna, and Cecilia. The next morning Hazlitt awoke from a dream of home, and a kindly Providence united with the memory of home home's dearest feelings. The joys of his innocent days rushed back and mingled with the affections of that blessed time. His heart was filled with them, and they crowded his imagination; and in the midst of them all was old Father Riorden, and the old chapel by the Shannon; and Frank O'Connor Moran, and Lelia with her sunny tresses, and Nannie and his queenly mother, and the honest, though mistaken man who had given him his name. He then remembered his father's last hours, and he thanked God. He now knelt down.

"Thank God!" he said, "thank God!"

The transformation was perfect. The only things remaining in his soul were fresh, pure memories of youth—and a sorrow—a sorrow deep, deep and agonizing, yet wreathing pain with the light of heavenly hope. The interval between the time of peace and the time of guilt seemed to him a kind of dream; and all the feelings, hopes, and fears of that interval seemed to have died and disappeared for ever.

Jack Hazlitt is under the wand of grace. "The spirit

breathes where it WILLs," but its WILL is regulated by the power of prayer which has ascended like odorous incense from many a home.

When Hazlitt knelt by his pallet next day, he employed the words of St. Peter, "Lord, it is good for me to be here."

We need not say that the Catholic clergyman was now a frequent visitor, and, of course, Mother Mary Francis came every day. Occasionally a word on old times was indulged in, and answered by the holy nun, who had leave to inform him that his mother was on a visit to his aunt, and after some time going back to Ireland with Nannie and her children.

"God bless my mother!" cried the young man.

"Amen," answered the nuns devoutly.

"Ah," he said, "Lelia—you must allow me to call you Lelia, you know," he said in a softened voice. "Am I not too great a reprobate? Can you forgive me? Can I be forgiven?"

"And you ask that—you whom I have heard reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, and who often made me weep when you read the story of the 'Good Shepherd.' Oh, you must not ask such a question."

"I am so terrible a criminal!"

"Have you not heard, Jack," she said in her most musical tone, "have you not heard when sin most abounds GRACE most abounds. Why the very sentiments and facilities God gives you are his angels—ah, angels! You have had a number of them."

Many conferences of this kind ended, as might be expected, in a wonderful tranquillity of soul. To the Catholic clergyman he was a phenomenon—a man who by one bound had cleared the chasm of vice and infidelity, and who miraculously reached a high elevation of sanctity by the effort.

Was the priest right? Who knows? Yet some singular signs were given. One was a desire which had taken possession of Hazlitt to die for his crimes.

"Well," the clergyman said, "the desire, subject to God's holy will, as every good desire must be, is a good one."

"Father," was the reply, "I would not for worlds, not for worlds lose my present chance."

"You would not?"

"No, Father, no! I know myself too well. And the real trysting place, which I so long forgot—the real trysting place for me and mine is——!" he pointed upwards.

The clergyman was deeply affected, and no wonder.

Five of the six weeks passed in this manner, and every day intensified the young man's desire to meet his doom, and repair his scandal. He was aware that Grace Brackenbridge was in the city, but he had made up his mind exactly how to manage in her regard. He had directed Lelia to send for her and give her constant information of how her former suitor was progressing; and the descriptions had, it may be supposed, their own influence on the young lady. Thus a kind of communication was held which Hazlitt had made up his mind to crown by a personal interview with her on the day before his execution. During this time he learned that Providence aided his designs by striking events. Captain Brackenbridge had disappeared, and "The Hall" had been burned to the ground. It was supposed that Brackenbridge met his fate in the conflagration, or *made* his fate in it.

Hazlitt had the grand test put to his spirit of penitence before the final day.

About noon, the third or fourth day before his last, a large shadow fell upon him on the opening of the cell door. His head reeled, and his eyes swam.

There was Ned O'Kennedy!

In a moment the foster-brothers were in one another's arms. Neither spoke a word for minutes. The silence was broken by a groan from Ned.

"True to the last," cried Hazlitt, "true to the last!"

"O God! O God!" cried O'Kennedy.

"Come now, my old friend, my brother, my friend, whom I thought to——"

"Oh, don't speak—don't speak, or you will break my heart!" cried Ned.

Hazlitt remembered.

"Come, Ned," he cried, "come, we will say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin!"

Ned became still more affected, and was poorly able to say "Pray for us;" but he got through.

After much conversation, however, it turned out that Ned was on no errand of mere sentiment. Ned had arranged, as clearly as possible, a plan for his old master's escape that very night.

It was in vain.

The Yachtman prayed and wept, but 'twas all in vain. He went down upon his knees, and he kissed his old master's feet.

It was all in vain.

"Ned, my dear old friend and brother," Hazlitt said, "I love you!—oh, I do!" the poor fellow cried. "See here, Ned, we—you and I, and mamma and Nannie, and Lelia and my father, Frank *and all*—WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON—VERY SOON. No! not for the sceptre of the universe would I run the risk of losing God and all of you again. Come, Ned—COME, KISS ME NOW!"

But Ned sat down upon the bed, and simply cried away until the governor was obliged to lock up for the night and send him home.

The awful eve was coming fast. The day for meeting between himself and Grace Brackenbridge was near. He had received Holy Communion six or seven times. He had prayed every day for hours, and many times with Lelia. Ned O'Kennedy never left him when he could find a chance of being with him—not for one five minutes. Jack Hazlitt was the happiest of men.

Many a time he talked to Ned of old friends and old haunts; and he heard from Ned all the "news from home," and even enjoyed the conversation intensely. He heard how Lelia had refused Sir Emery, and how every one said that Lelia had never forgotten her child-love for Jack Hazlitt. And the observation brought a beam on the prisoner's face, though he sighed immediately after. He heard of the fortunes and merits of Frank, and how Jur Grogan and his family now lived in the Great House, and how the old blind man had a nice cottage on the property. Nannie was a constant topic, and the "wonderful good match" she found in Mr. Edmund Browne, who refused to be made "a barronet," and so forth. Jack Hazlitt became his young self again—yet his strength of soul never failed him.

Turning suddenly one day upon Ned, he said thoughtfully, "Ned, you are the person who employed all the lawyers?"

Ned smiled.

"Ned, how much money had you to bribe the officers of the prison?"

"Ten thousand pounds, if I wanted it," Ned replied firmly.

Hazlitt turned an earnest look on Ned O'Kennedy.

"Ned, my friend," he asked most anxiously, "Ned, who supplied the money?"

"Your brother-in-law, Mr. Browne."

"Oh, Ned—Ned, does my sister——"

"Ah," said the Yachtman significantly, "do not fear. For the wealth of India Mr. Browne would not cause your mother one single tear; and as for his lady!—Do not fear, sir! Mr. Browne has been watching for years to do you a service!"

"Turn out!" cried the warder from outside. And the key turned in the lock.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SHOWING WILLIE LACEY'S GRAND DESIGN, AND WHY IT
FAILED.



A GENTLEMAN had arrived within the week at the Atlantic Hotel, and awakened immense interest by his youth and distinguished manners. He spoke little to anyone, and he had an air of pre-occupation which resisted or deterred inquiry. He had not mentioned his profession; but every one saw by his bearing that he was a military man, and though hardly of age, he looked like one who had seen service.

It was remarked that this young gentleman very often walked in the direction of the public prison, though he never entered it; and that his observation comprehended all the approaches to the city connected with the great road to the same gloomy abode.

Somehow the people began to associate the young soldier with the condemned pirates—not that any one dreamt he had shared their misdoings, but that some

one among them had hold upon the young man's regard, and that everything connected with the prisoners' fate had an interest for him, and thus engaged him.

When Ned O'Kennedy was coming home after his fruitless endeavours, he met this young man coming towards the prison.

Ned O'Kennedy had not seen him before ; in fact, Ned saw little, and heard little unless in and about the gaol, and it was almost a chance now that he looked in any one's face, his soul was so subdued and sorrowful.

"Good morrow," said the young man.

Ned bowed his answer.

"Come, I must speak with you," said the stranger.

"I am much engaged," replied O'Kennedy, "and I would rather not delay."

"Look at me—look well !"

Ned looked, and did not look long.

"Ah, I know you. The boy is nearly a man."

"Who am I?"

"Ah, Willie Lacey, Willie Lacey. You are come to see the life taken away that gave *you* life. O God !" cried Ned O'Kennedy.

"I'll give a life for a life ! Life for life !" cried the young fellow.

"Useless !" cried Ned.

"Stop ! Let us see. I cannot fail—no, no !"

Ned told his story, and then looked at Willie Lacey.

"What do you say now ?" asked Ned.

"He must be saved !" vehemently asseverated the young man. "I am an officer in the U.S. army. I am an only child. But my mother some way found out this before me ; and she bade me never see her face again unless I risked my commission and my life, if necessary, in saving Mr. Wood. I will !" he vehemently said ; "I will !"

It was the same daring little fellow of a half-score years ago whose courage flung him into the yawning Atlantic, and whom a whole ship's company loved for his frank, manly soul—Willie Lacey, whom Jack Hazlitt saved from drowning.

He explained his plan. He had two dozen men under his command. They would meet the chaise containing Wood and the Roman Catholic priests. The driver was

in their pay already. He would suddenly break from the line at a certain point agreed upon. In a quarter of an hour the vehicle would arrive at the woods. There would be no cavalry at the execution. The infantry never could overtake the horses; and, besides, only thirty men would be there entirely—and they would not leave all the other culprits unguarded. "My two dozen men would fight a hundred," cried Lacey, "and a ship waits Mr. Wood at Egernon."

"But if he will not consent?"

"By my mother's command and love!" cried Lacey, "I care not—he must be saved!"

Ned O'Kennedy could not restrain himself from embracing the young enthusiast.

"God bless you! God bless your good heart," he cried.

They parted—and it must be added that Ned O'Kennedy hardly touched the ground, for strong was the excitement of hope that evening.

"Oh!" cried he to himself, "if I could only tell Sister Mary Francis!"

Poor Ned went to his hotel—to watch—not to sleep.

The fatal day before the last has come. The scaffold is erected on a rising ground outside the city, and looks towards the western sea. Behind it the woods crowd round and stretch far towards the east. Before, roads cross and converge and hide themselves as if they themselves were travellers. The world is busy. Commerce is active. Trade is alive. Pleasure sweeps by, just stopping to look at the "gallows-tree," and fixing its place for sight-seeing on to-morrow. The birds are busy, and the flowers, and the rich vegetation of the laughing May breathes forth its compounds of nameless odour—and all, around the scaffold, where, on to-morrow, the poor strangers are to die! But why reason thus? Whilst we have been writing this one paragraph *have not hundreds of people died?* Certainly. Yet, we never thought upon death!

Let us leave the scaffold, which now flings its gigantic shadow across the gold of the rich sunset. Let us once more go back to the prisoner's cell. A lady is just leaving. She is in a passion of grief and agony, and is led into the governor's apartments by that official himself.

It is Grace Brackenbridge.

The writer of this story was made aware of the details of the awful interview which concentrated all the convict's power of will and deep contrition.

It is not too much to say the results were miraculous.

But the last night has come.

Till morning the warder sits in the condemned cell. The law will take care of its victim. He shall not escape her award.

Ten, eleven, twelve, *one o'clock* ! Hazlitt is still on his knees !

About *one* he bent over the crucifix taken from Lelia's Rosary, and now lying on his straw pallet. He kissed the crucifix and little Nannie's medal. He then lay forward and rested his lips upon the feet of Christ, holding the medal in his right hand all the time.

The prison clock struck *two* !

The warder slept, half unconsciously, and, after he awoke, wondered how the condemned man could kneel so long.

The clock struck *three* !

The warder leaped to his feet.

"Come, sir, come," he said ; "you never can be able for to-day ! Come, some rest."

No reply.

"What is the matter ?" the warder asked. No answer.

The warder rushed across and raised the prisoner to his knees ; but he found the arms of the condemned man cold and rigid.

"My God !" he cried. "My God ! Is he dead ? Is he dead ?"

JACK HAZLITT IS DEAD !

Only Johnson's "eight" stood upon the scaffold.

The following appeared in the local papers next day :—

"ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

"We recorded on yesterday the sudden death of Wood, the pirate. The coroner's inquest has been able to discover no cause of death, all the organs having been found healthy. He certainly was a man of awful power and fine ability ; and he has paid all the penalty he could pay for his crimes. The oddest and most incomprehensible thing, however, is that he not only became a Roman Catholic during his imprisonment.

but induced Miss Brackenbridge—an out-and-out Protestant—to become a Papist also! The young lady has left for the United States. He had only one half-hour's conversation with her. Of course *she is mad.*"

Little remains to be chronicled regarding the other personages of our story. Frank Moran has inherited a large property from an uncle-in-law, and lives the life of a cultivated Christian gentleman on his own estate. Himself, mother, wife, and children, are as happy as virtue makes people. Miss Haydock has "chosen the better part" and entered a convent in Yorkshire. The baronet will never marry, and begins to swear against Puseyism, Ritualism, and Popery. Lowry M'Cabe has become a "strong farmer" on his master's property; and we regret to say that his brother, "the Indian," tolerated civilization only one month. He is off among the Delawares, where Lowry will never be able to discover him.

"God is a patient rewarder;" but we draw no moral.

Our friend Ned O'Kennedy is a great man in St. Louis, and is fulfilling Mr. M'Cann's prophecy. Of course, he has "settled down" in life, and Mr. M'Cann it was who gave Peggy a large fortune. A fine fellow, Mr. M'Cann. We hope to meet him again, for he is always making sunshine.

The widow Hazlitt and Nanny are in mourning; for by the industry of Ned O'Kennedy, they received a newspaper from California one day, and read the following:—

"MR JOHN HAZLITT.

"We regret to announce the death of this very able Irishman. He was an A.M. of the Queen's College, ———, and belonged to the county of Clare. He died a most devout and edifying Roman Catholic."

"Thank God!" cried his mother, though bursting into tears.

"Thank God!" echoed poor Nannie, sobbing deeply.

Mr. M'Cann and Mr. Edmund Browne, with tender pity, answered, "Amen."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

[One Year After.]

SHOWING TWO OR THREE THINGS WHICH THE READER
DESIRES TO KNOW.



THE reader will now pass with us over to Martinique, and we will make our way to the city of Port Royal.

The time of the year is the middle of June, and the sun burns down with a vehement ardour that sets the blood boiling in one's veins. Lazy negroes are lounging on the wharves or looking in at the windows in the streets. White men and coloured are leading beasts of burthen to and from the port. Numbers of children of all ages lie here and there by the sideways, or accompany their dark mammas chattering loudly along the streets; while occasionally a curse or a cry that marks his independence and equality rings out from the carter from the docks or the porter from the public stores, who carries the domestic luxuries or necessities, as the case may be, to the homes of the well-to-do purchasers.

We have said it was the middle of June; and it may be well supposed that a public school or an hospital in the most unhealthy of the West India Islands was about the most trying place to European strength and courage which one can well imagine.

It must be said that the negro habits are not the most cleanly, and that sickness makes ill companions of the best of us—not to say of the lowly-coloured people of whom we speak; yet among them, both in the schools and in the hospitals, there are devoted servants of humanity who rise above the weakness of sex and the disgusts of constitution, in teaching and tending the young in the schools and the sick in the hospitals.

On the day which opens this chapter a clergyman of the

Catholic Church was hurrying along a narrow street, apparently on duty, when a single cloud centered itself in the lovely blue of the zenith. The priest hurried his steps. He seemed to grow apprehensive. The little cloud blackened—blackened and grew, and the priest nearly ran on his way. The earth became dark, a horrible crash of thunder succeeded. Peal upon peal followed, and the flood-gates of the empyrean were flung open! Down came the deluge, creating rivers suddenly, sweeping along the streets and over the land and sea like sheets of the ocean, and, for the moment, apparently burying the world in a deep sea. It was perfectly terrible, that down-pour of West India rain.

The clergyman pulled a bell-handle at the porch of a large wooden building, and, as he did so, was nearly blinded by a flash of lightning. He blest himself and cast his eyes upon the ground to offer a prayer.

When he raised his head a lady stood beside him. She was habited entirely in black, unless one single frilled border round her brow, and a white rosary which hung from a kind of girdle round her body.

"Come in, sir," she said. "You must have got a great wetting."

"This is the hospital of St. Borromeo," he said.

"Yes," answered the lady. "But pray follow me to the parlour, and I will call the Directress."

The clergyman followed, and he found himself in a parlour very plainly furnished and uncarpeted, but clean.

In no very long time the Directress came in accompanied by another lady similarly attired, but of a more imposing presence—tall, commanding, and yet young.

"Have you been long in Kings-ton, Rev. Father?" was the first question.

"I came only this very day, and was making my way to the Bishop's house when that dreadful downfall of ruin submerged me."

"You have come at a trying time."

"How?"

"We are in the midst of 'yellow fever.'"

"I have been living in the midst of it for three weeks."

"On board your ship?"

"Yes. All are down! It was by almost a miracle the ship came to port."

"Then we shall have them to our hospital, I suppose, at once. We must see."

"Thanks madam."

Immediately the Directress rang a bell and left the apartment.

"You are not a Religious Order?" observed the priest to the lady who remained in the parlour.

"No, we are not worthy of that dignity. We are merely a congregation of women—just nurses, and no more."

"But you intend, I suppose, to apply for confirmation."

"That I do not think. We strive to live in penance and humility—in the spirit of St. Charles."

"Live for death."

"Live for death."

"That is the true life."

"We have not here a lasting city; but we seek the future."

"Twenty have died this morning," said the Directress re-entering, "and before ten this afternoon, as many more are likely to take their way to God's judgment."

The tall young lady smiled.

"Sister John, you must have some rest—you have been now two nights on your feet."

"I am not in the least fatigued."

"Pray, madam," said the priest, "remember you prepare the system for yellow fever by over fatigue."

"Ah, well," said the Directress, "I suppose Sister John would rather ambition that kind of thing—she never, never ceases."

Sister John again smiled, remarking at the same time that she really would not like to lessen the number in attendance on the sick. "As for myself," she continued, "I think I would rather like to live and suffer on—suffer *ever*, Madam Directress, and you know, madam," she said again smiling, "that is not strange."

"The hospital must be terrible this weather?"

"Well, no."

"Why the very odour of the place?"

"I must say," Sister John replied, "that I seldom heed what people think offensive. You see poor mothers in the last embrace of their children, and children in the last embrace of their mothers; and you are made to learn how little your sufferings are compared with the agony of those to whom you minister."

"A grand view, Sister—a grand view."

"Then," Sister John, the Directress remarked, "there is the surpassing comfort of seeing the grace of Christ in the minds and hearts of those simple, ignorant children of wretchedness."

"Ah, yes, Madam Directress. Their resignation, their faith, their love of God, and their innocence of life! How humbled I have felt by the bedsides of these poor creatures, when I thought of the pride of life and the false phantoms which it follows after! How often I would have wished to die, only I desired more to live for penance."

In less than half an hour a ring! and a heavy step in the corridor. A curly head in at the door and a loud voice:

"By no means ma'me, men not move, 'oo know. Too bad. Dam want priestye, an' priestye want lady fom 'opittle, ma'me. Werry bad place de ship, ma'me!"

"Wants one of us?" demanded the Directress.

"Iss, ma'me," answered the negro.

"Send me, Madam," cried Sister John.

"Nay, Sister, you are not able."

"Send me, madam, for God's sake!"

"But must I not consider—am I not bound—am I not to——"

"Mother," said Sister John, going down upon her knees and laying her face close to the feet of the Directress, "I ask it as the greatest favour! I have a most intense longing. It must be from God! Oh! it must, and He will protect me if He will! Pray, pray, send me!"

Sister John finally engaged the strange clergyman to interfere in her behalf, and at last she triumphed.

There was a lustre in her dark eyes and a radiance all over her queenly brow that seemed to form a halo.

"Heaven bless you, madam—Sister John," said the priest. "Heaven bless you!"

In a few minutes after, Sister John was in the chapel. The rain was still incessant, and there was little appearance of cessation. She knelt in a stall near the altar platform, and the lamp of the sanctuary was almost within her reach. It swung to and fro, to and fro, as gusts from the little gate or side-doors swept along; and it seemed to make a lullaby, or to wreath a fillet of light around the footstool of the Divinity. She had not been

long in prayer when another sister—a creature of great grace—silently knelt in the corresponding stall at the opposite side of the sanctuary.

It was evident that a new and heavenly thought filled the soul of Sister John, for she raised her hands towards the altar in thankfulness.

She quietly stole over and knelt beside the new-comer. They then adjourned to the sacristy.

"So, Francis, we are going to the ship together, as we came to this strange land together—may-be to die."

"O John!"

"Nay, sweet Francis, I would fear death—not because I wish to live—but because I wish to suffer! O God! transfix my heart with the anguish of contrition and love!" she whispered. "Yet, Francis, what would I do without you! Sure God will leave *you* to me!"

"Fie! O Sister John!"

"Well, it *is* human—it *is*, I believe. Yet you have been everything to me. You taught me the world of soul, dear Francis, and took me out of the world of sense. And, O Francis! You made hope grow up where arid defiance had withered everything!"

"We are now on God's errand, my dear John, and let us do it God's way. Shall we not?"

"Well, yes; yes. But see, I *do* want one thing! I asked it once before!"

"Well, dear John, now come."

"Nay, one word. Will they make us rest together—you and I, Francis?"

Francis was softening.

"Well, I may be in error; but, Francis, I think you choose this mission for my sake—I mean to save *me*. You saw I should do something desperate. You saw I needed help—love, and you offered yourself for yellow fever and the plague in this yawning graveyard! Is that not so? Well, you need not answer. I know it."

Francis took Sister John's right hand in her left then, and both proceeded to the centre of the chapel.

They both knelt before the tabernacle. It was the person called Sister Francis who spoke.

"God of mercy and suffering and love! God of Calvary and of Thabor! God of the poor! We devote ourselves in sorrow and suffering, in life and death, we devote ourselves to the poor and to *You*."

Half-an-hour saw the Hospitalers on board the ship *Kangaroo*. They had evidently made the journey on foot, for they appeared drenched with rain. The clergyman who called at the convent had fortunately heard the confessions of the sufferers and administered Extreme Unction. The Hospitalers had the way clear.

The only person on board who had escaped the fever was an American, whose astonishment was profound when the ladies requested to be allowed down below, and whose astonishment grew still more when he saw the facility with which they bent over the poor creatures in their berths, or raised themselves up to reach the hammocks.

The place was horrible. Over a score lay sick. Not a fourth of the number had beds at all ; and those who had beds were worse off than those who lay on the hard boards. Six or seven sailors swung hither and thither in hammocks, some crying, some cursing, and most of them delirious. The filth, the stench, the confusion were frightful, and two-thirds of the way below was pitch dark, as only the hatchway above gave light to the whole ship's bottom.

The two ladies separated to double their work, and wherever they found sorrow or want they continued to relieve both. They met a young boy from New York who looked out from his hammock.

"Ah, misses !" he cried, "see here !" he said. "You are the person I saw in a dream ! Yes, indeed. I had the clergyman. See, misses ! Write to mother, and tell her the clergyman prepared me, and tell mother he said that I would be saved. Oh, do say *he* said her little Johnny would be saved ! Will you ? I ran away, you know, and—oh, my head !"

The poor boy died in Sister Francis's presence !

Down on the floor lay in a line men full-dressed and half-dressed—some unconscious, some in agony, and not a few perfectly insane. Among the latter was a poor fellow who kept constantly calling the dogs and crying "Tally ho, ho !" and his accent proved clearly that he had crossed his hunting-fields in the Green Isle. He had been prepared before he lost his reason. And there was a young man who held a photograph in his right hand to which he constantly addressed himself. "Ah, yes !" he said in good French. "Ah, yes ! I know the climate is

unhealthy, but *le bon Dieu* will spare me for you and *ma mère*. Yes, yes," the poor fellow went on, "and I will send you the money to redeem Joseph and to send Marie to the *Pension*. I will! I will!"

Poor fellow! He died, too, while the ladies were looking at his suffering and sympathizing with his home-love!

After some hours they are retiring. The clergyman has come to meet them. They ask the mate are there any more sufferers.

There is one man more. He is in a small state-room, up there under the hurricane-deck.

The ladies proceeded thither. The mate followed them and said, "Ladies, I think the gentleman is mad. Do you not think——?"

"Oh," Sister John said, "we will see him."

"Be it so, ladies."

Sister John entered the state-room, and immediately was heard a roar that shook the whole apartment.

"Who are you?" the sick man cried, "who are you? Why, by —— you are the ——. Out of my sight! out of my sight! My arms! my arms!"

Sister John came out deadly pale—but brave and determined.

"Go in, Francis! O Francis, go in! Go in! and by all your hopes of mercy try and appease *him*."

Sister Francis was soon by the sick man's side.

He looked out at the lady and strained his eyes long, long; and he drew the back of his hand twice or thrice across his forehead. He beckoned.

"Come here!" said the sick man.

The Hospitaler obeyed.

"Ah, yes, yes," he cried, "*you* do not think I burned down that place—you do not!"

"Compose yourself—compose yourself, I pray."

"But see! I like you! A demon was here just now! A demon! May curses——"

"Think of God now, and ask pardon for your sins! Your judgment may come soon. Say with me now——"

"So near success!" he cried, "so near success! If that d——d scamp. See here, do *you* know *me*?"

"I think—O sir! O sir, *do* pray! O Captain Brackenbridge, do pray with me! Shall I call the clergyman?"

"Clergyman !" he shouted. "Clergyman !"

"Father ! father !" cried Sister Francis from the doorway where Sister John was on her knees. "Father, come ! come !"

"Father !" cried the sick man. "Father ! How absurd ! Lost a million !—a mil——"

They were the last words the sick man spoke ! He had passed away !

* * * * *

The fever-ship was the last poor Sister John ever saw. That very night she lay down in yellow fever, and the symptoms grew more dangerous from day to day. The sixth or seventh day of her illness was another day of thunder-storm and rain. Sister Francis knelt by the bed of the invalid, and held her hand.

"Francis !" she cried, "how like the day we saw *him* !"

"Hush ! hush, dear John ; do not excite yourself."

"Ah, no, dearest Francis—no ! I am going from you !—going from you to—to——"

"To God, my darling."

"Yes ! The proud, self-willed, ignorant scoffer has been received into the grace of penance ! He will take my life as an offering, will He not ? Say yes, dear Francis ; because *you* know His ways. He has been ever and always with you. He *will* ?"

"Why speak so, my dearest sister ? Why speak to a sinner !——"

"Sinner ! Sinner ! Oh, no, no—not you. My angel ! my angel, come over ! You are not afraid to kiss me ? No, you shall not—you shall *not* ! Ah, well, do not cry. Come, come ; you may, darling—you *may*."

"There now, dear sister. Be calm, now. Be calm, and think of the Crucified."

"Oh, if *he* had died a Christian death ! Is there any hope for unfortunate uncle ?—any hope ? Well, Francis, singular that Uncle Brackenbridge should bring me death and liberty—*liberty* !" she cried emphatically.

"Francis," she said, "bring me the crucifix ! Quick ! Lay the sweet, dear face of Jesus on my sinful lips ! Oh, thanks ! God be praised ! Kiss me now, once again ! Bless—bless—you !"

Sister John had given her last breath to God and to her friend.

The Sister Nurse was no more !

* * * * *

In the little cemetery near the hill outside Port Royal there is a small grave and plain headstone. The headstone bears a double inscription :—

Here lieth

GRACE BRACKENBRIDGE, U.S.A.,

One of the Hospital Nurses who died of Yellow Fever,
in the year ——— aged 32.

AND ALSO,

MINNIE HENNESSEY, an Irish lady,

Who one year after followed her friend to this grave
at the age of 29.

R. J. P.

THE END.



